DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

5¢ a copy
September 5, 1931

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

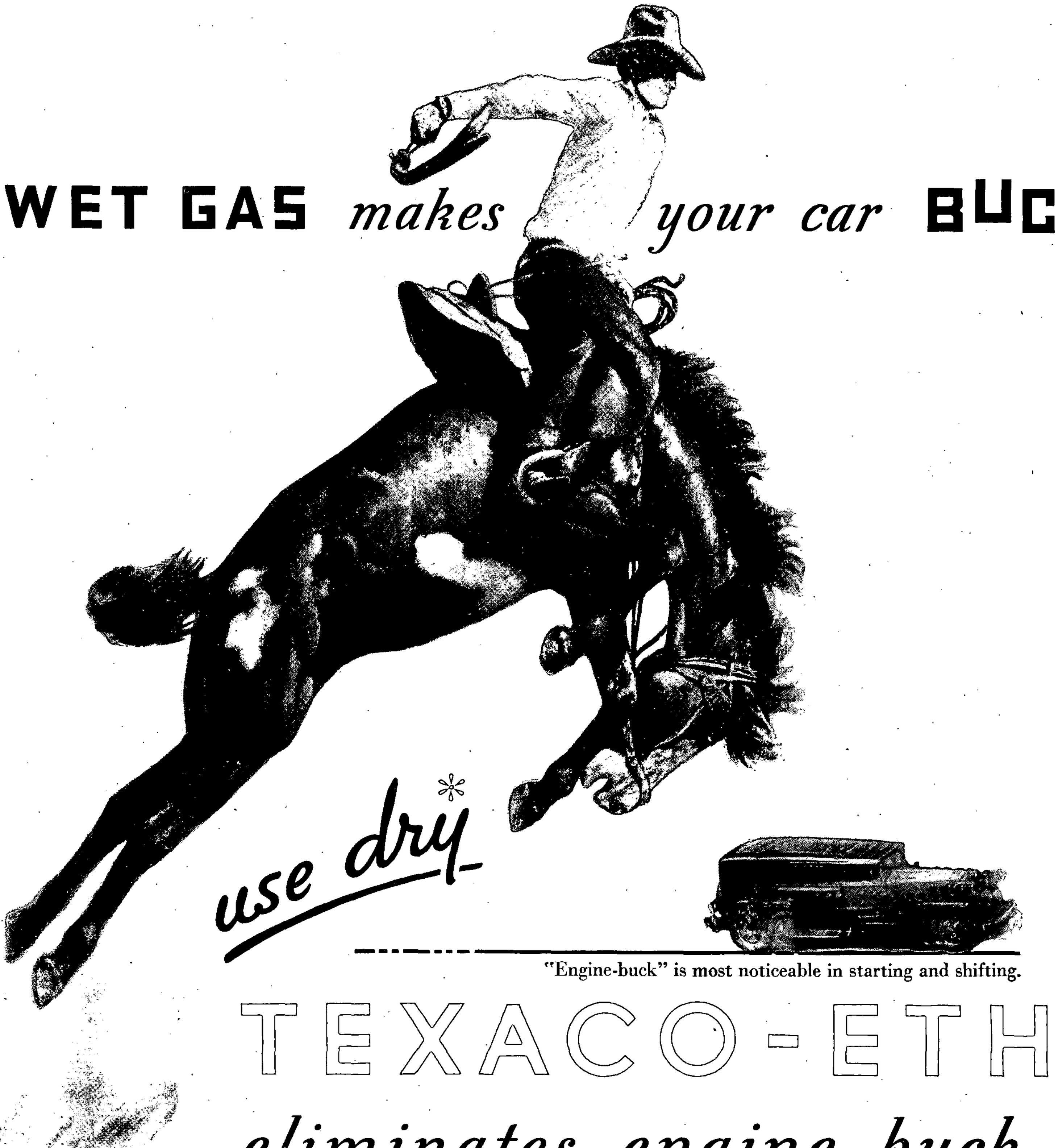
## Racing Final

a short story
to talk about

By
**Richard Connell**

E. Phillips Oppenheim – James B. Connolly – George Creel – John B. Kennedy

# WET GAS *makes your car* BUCK



*use dry**

"Engine-buck" is most noticeable in starting and shifting.

Reproduction from a painting by Will James

# TEXACO-ETHYL

## *eliminates engine buck*

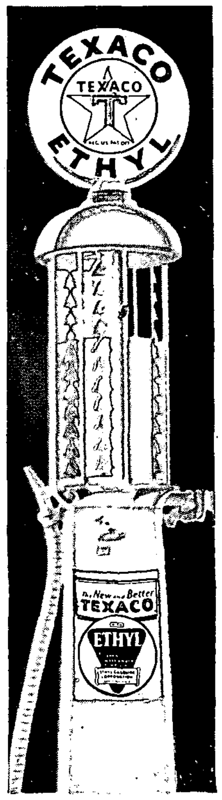
**A bucking car is uncertain** as a bronco fresh from the plains. You can break your car of this habit. Nine times out of ten wet gas is to blame. It flows unevenly to the cylinders. Some of them flash into power—others fail to fire. Bucking is hard on any car.

**Texaco-Ethyl, the dry* Ethyl gasoline,** smooths out engine-buck. It enters the cylinders completely vaporized—a dry* gas which fires instantly. The result is uniform power—which means even pick-up, gliding acceleration and smooth engine pull at every speed.

**Drive to the near-by Texaco-Ethyl pump for matchless dry-gas power.** Use this dry* Ethyl gasoline always. Texaco-Ethyl is the only Ethyl gasoline sold in all our 48 States

THE TEXAS COMPANY

*Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products, including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial, Railroad, Marine and Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing.*



DRY TEXACO + ETHYL COMPOUND = DRY TEXACO-ETHYL

THERE IS NO BETTER GASOLINE

*

*Dry* gas vaporizes completely because it is properly refined. *Wet* gas vaporizes only in part. *Wet* gas carries an uneven spray of raw wet gasoline which chokes some cylinders at the expense of others, causes crankcase dilution and wasted power. *Dry* gas goes through the manifold evenly. It burns completely, delivering all its power into every cylinder.

LISTEN

—*and for perfect lubrication, use*

"CRACK-PROOF"
TEXACO MOTOR OIL

© 1931, The Texas Company

*An enlarged reproduction of this photograph, suitable for framing, will be mailed upon request—Oakland Motor Car Co., 182 Oakland Ave., Pontiac, Mich.*

MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

# A FRIENDLY BAKER'S DOZEN . . . .

You know how agreeable it is when someone tries to please you by giving you something you didn't expect to get.

We like to feel that way ourselves—and long ago we made up our minds to give you the baker's dozen in Oakland and Pontiac cars which will make you feel that you are getting a little bit more for your money.

For example, we could install very satisfactory pistons of the usual type in your engine. But instead, we have worked out a new method of electro-plating the pistons that means a great deal to you in better performance and added engine life. It's an interesting process that gives interesting results.

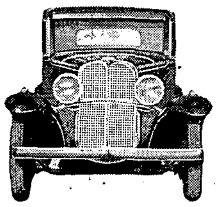
The plating material, a comparatively soft alloy, makes it possible for us to hand-fit the pistons very closely into the cylinders. Because we fit them so closely, you get every possible ounce of power from your fuel.

And as the pistons work, the plating material 'flows' and gradually fills up the microscopic variations in the cylinder walls, making them smooth and durable. Owners who drive a lot report that their engines retain excellent compression and power even after as much as 50,000 miles of service.

Or take another feature of motor design. We could, no doubt, build good motors for you with conventional crankshafts and bearings. But we increase engine life and engine smoothness by using extra-heavy counter-balanced shafts and man-size, bronze-backed main bearings, anchored on tremendously strong supports cast right into the motor block.

If you could go right into the car with us, you would find just such extra value all through Oakland and Pontiac. They might be good enough cars and fair enough investments even without these added margins of value. But when we hear the fine things people are saying about our cars, we're glad we took the trouble to give you a friendly baker's dozen.

**OAKLAND 8**



**PONTIAC 6**

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

Bodies by Fisher

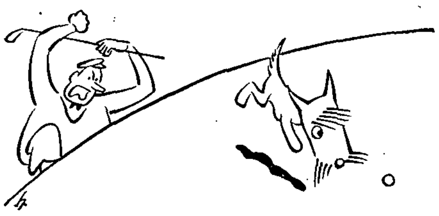
# Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

## Next Week

FROM the age of nine Mr. James K. Whipple had been on his own. The stern necessities of a hard life had kept his nose pressed close to the grindstone, as the figurative phrase goes, and he had never learned to play. And now elderly and retired and holding all games to be silly, he lived on his country estate and glared at the members of the Happy Hours Golf Club as they trudged past his hedge.

Grantland Rice tells us, as frequently as we will listen, that a slice cannot be cured by edict. Thus you can see at once that a great many golf balls landed inside Mr. Whipple's hedge. They caused all kinds of trouble, especially when followed by their owners, but Mr. Whipple went too far when he trained his Scotty dog to chase golf balls. That brought on The Great Crisis.

"Lost Ball," by Talbert Josselyn, is an amusing story that teaches the great lesson that one is never too old or too busy to play a game even if it is only golf.



AS THE Federal Farm Board continues on its economically oblique way, it becomes more and more a matter of grave concern to you who pay taxes, buy food and spend money in even more pleasant ways. The history of the Board's experiment, noble in purpose, with the workings of the law of supply and demand, is told in a clear but disturbing article by Owen P. White.

—

BUT nowhere in the world is political ferment so confusing as in Spain. Not so long ago you could be sure that a Spaniard on his way to the bull ring had nothing in view but a pleasant afternoon with blood and sand. Nowadays he is going, most likely, to a "mitin," which is merely "meeting" spelled to fit the Spanish palate.

At our request Mr. T. R. Ybarra went to Spain for the recent elections to observe the actions of a people to whom the ways of democracy are new and thrilling. He found them playing politics with Latin enthusiasm and tells about it in his gay, colorful article: "A New Spanish Custom."

—

THE filming of the gang picture of the century is described in Jerome Beatty's "The Man Who Ran America." Spatelli himself insisted on playing the lead and journeyed from Chicago for that purpose. But Jane McCall, in the publicity department, wanted Eddie Steele to have the part. What chance, you ask, had Jane against one of our best Public Enemies? You know very little about the resourcefulness of American girls. *They* could probably break the crime wave if we had sense enough to set them at it.

—

DANA BURNET writes an amusing adventure of Willie Lord, his New England ne'er-do-well; W. B. Courtney tells about the autogiro; Grantland Rice; the Short Short Story; Mr. Oppenheim; Mrs. Norris; Freling Foster, Milton Work and others make it advisable to shoot a nickel.

## THIS WEEK

*September 5, 1931*

Cover—Earl Oliver Hurst

Page 7—Richard Connell

RACING FINAL: The incredible experience of Alf Bewell.

Page 10—John B. Kennedy

PILLARS OF SPORT: They made her what she is today.

Page 12—George Creel

SET FOR TWO: Monk Torino frames an Irishman.

Page 14—Kathleen Norris

IRISH EYES, Part VI: Sheila commands.

Page 16—Nugent Dodds

THE MORTGAGE RACKET: The disciples of Ponzi take up real estate.

Page 17—The Short Short Story

LUCK BAG: By Octavus Roy Cohen

Page 18—James B. Connolly

AFTER YOU: Heroism on the Grand Banks.

Page 20—Grantland Rice

THEY'RE ALL LONG SHOTS: The amateur golf championship.

Page 21—Frank Buck with Edward Anthony

MITZI, MIKE AND OSCAR: Animal comedians.

Page 22—E. Phillips Oppenheim

THE MAN FROM SING SING, Part II: Ambouyna sets a trap.

Page 26—Betty Thornley Stuart

STEP SISTERS: Teaching America to dance.

Page 28—Freling Foster

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD: Facts, neatly served.

Page 32—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Bridgework.

Page 36—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

THE LONG, HARD ROAD: Toward international coöperation.

Page 58—Editorial

THE MACHINE HITS THE FARM.

## Any Week

"LET'S get this straight," demands Mr. Ed J. Thalberg of Pittsburgh, Pa. "We elect public officials who permit the racketeers to establish themselves in our midst and then, when the racketeers in the interests of their profession begin shooting us, we demand that these same public officials protect us. No wonder the cops are flapping around in circles. They don't know whom they're working for—us or the racketeers. They figure they have to protect the crowd that pays them most."

—

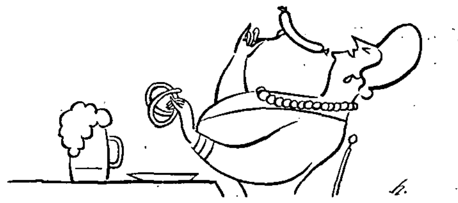
SEVERAL of our readers are all agitated about the Keynote Speech (of all things) that will be delivered by Colonel Fess or somebody at the Republican National Convention next June. To what, they ask, is this keynoter going to point with pride? Knowing Colonel Fess, we leave that to him. But the next question leaves us numb. Mrs. G. H. Corcoran of Seattle wants to know what reasons can be advanced for the election of any of the candidates visible at this distance.

And here's one from Mr. John H. Myers of Portland, Oregon, which informs us that most of our political, economic and social troubles are due to the fear men have of changing their minds.

—

"IF THE women of Park Avenue, New York, and the likes of them in other cities, would wear more cotton stockings and eat more bread and bologna and drink more beer it would help us farmers to reduce our surplus of buckwheat, barley and hops, to say nothing about cotton in Arkansas and Texas. We want them to look slick but also to remember us folks in Jerusalem Township, Lucas County, where our Postmaster General hangs out when he is not in Washington."

There's more to this letter but we have to leave some room for the name of the writer—Mr. Thomas W. Latham of Toledo, Ohio, who describes himself as "Former State Senator and Republican who will be damned if he will be that sort of animal again."



WHEN it gets cooler we may count the number of sure-fire solutions of the international debt problem we have received. Or maybe we won't. Anyway we will remember the one from Miss Zelma Corris of Connersville, Indiana. She suggests that the nations hire debt collectors just as business and professional men do. She suggests that we engage Brazil to collect from our debtors and that the firm of Norway, Sweden and Denmark be retained by the European nations.

—

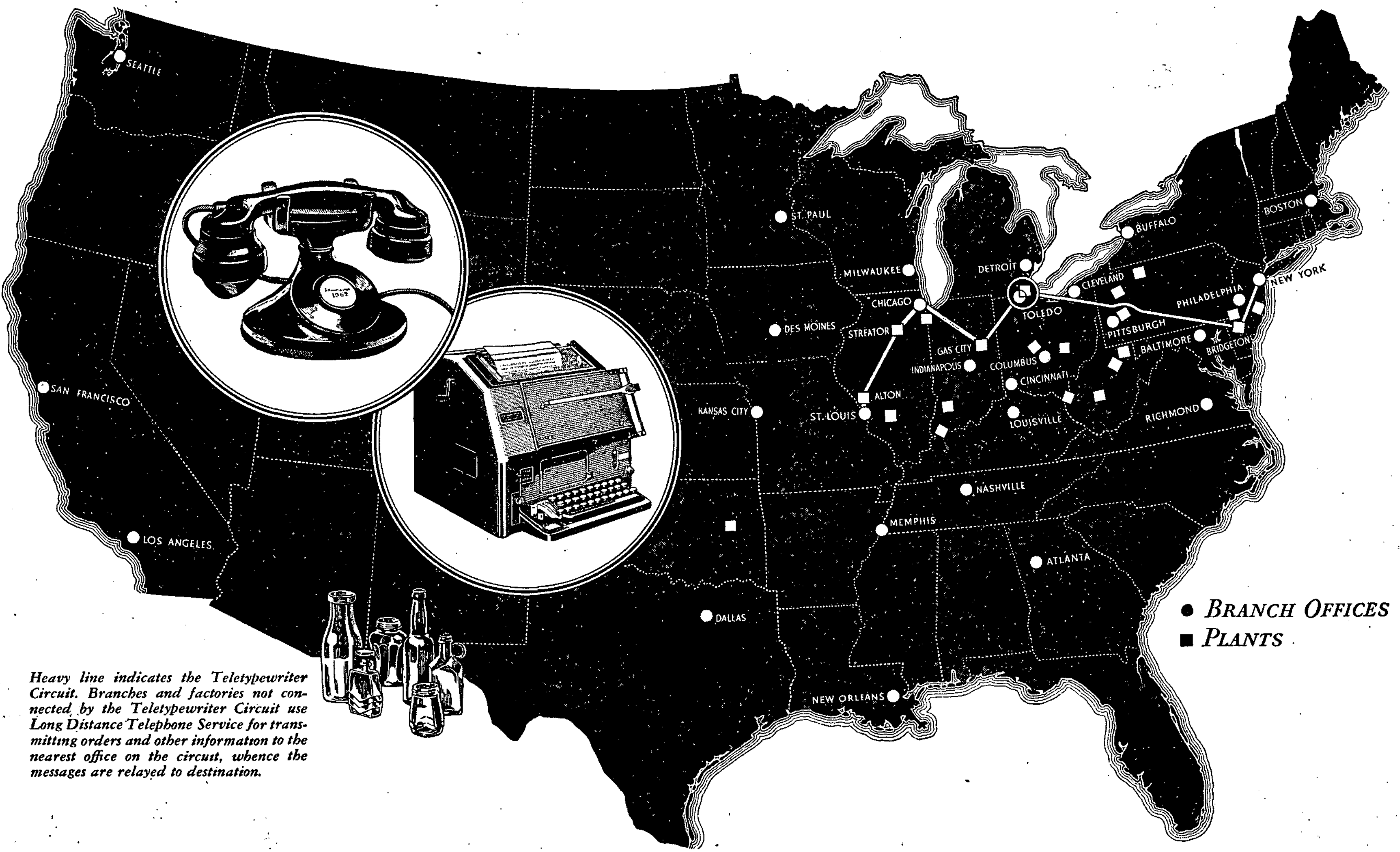
"BY HOW many members would our national House of Representatives be reduced if we eliminated those whose only qualification for governing us is that they are either wet or dry?" asks Mr. George W. Keller of Baltimore.

We don't know, but our guess is "Not enough."

Vol. 88, No. 10. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1931, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by return postage. The Publisher is not responsible for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

*$2.00 a year in the United States; $4.00 a year in foreign countries.*

# LONG DISTANCE



*Heavy line indicates the Teletypewriter Circuit. Branches and factories not connected by the Teletypewriter Circuit use Long Distance Telephone Service for transmitting orders and other information to the nearest office on the circuit, whence the messages are relayed to destination.*

## *and Teletypewriters help Owens-Illinois speed the sale and delivery of a billion bottles a year*

ONLY through an efficient, diversified communications system is the Owens-Illinois Glass Company able to carry out successfully its widespread activities. Long Distance Telephone Service and Teletypewriter Service combine to give this nation-wide organization the speed and directness of a highly centralized unit. Headquarters at Toledo keeps in constant touch with factories and sales offices at fifty-one cities from coast to coast.

Teletypewriters connect offices and plants from Missouri to New Jersey. Points not included in the teletypewriter system use Long Distance for transmitting orders and other information to the nearest office connected with the system, from which the messages are relayed to destination. The thirty Owens-Illinois sales offices find this flexible communications set-up of inestimable value. In the space of minutes, facts needed to service orders may be obtained from any of the twenty-one factories.

The communications network also gives the production department instantaneous supervision over the activities of any plant. Instructions for shipments are quickly transmitted, service to customers accelerated. In addition, Long Distance is used extensively by Owens-Illinois salesmen in covering and expanding their territories.

The Bell System has developed a Telephone Plan of Market Coverage to help its customers increase their business and cut costs. The plan is adaptable and its features* can be custom-fitted to the needs of any business, whatever its size. An experienced telephone representative will show you, without obligation, how they can be adapted to a special plan for aiding *your* company.

*THE KEY TOWN PLAN lets salesmen contact more people at less expense. They visit certain key cities in person and conduct their business in nearby towns by telephone.

SEQUENCE CALLING LISTS enable a person to make a number of telephone calls in quick order. The operator has a new connection ready as each call is completed.

CREDIT CARDS make it unnecessary to carry cash for telephoning. They also provide helpful records of contacts.

OUT-OF-TOWN NUMBER BOOKS are prepared by the telephone company from names furnished by the subscriber. They make it easy to get out-of-town connections quickly.

THE COLLECT CALL PLAN brings business when salesmen's visits are intermittent. Customers are urged to telephone orders and other important matters at the selling company's expense.

TELEPHONE REMINDERS are attached to outgoing sales correspondence and other material. They include gummed labels and cuts which give the business company's telephone number and other information.

JUST CALL YOUR BELL TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE

***First came loose coffee***

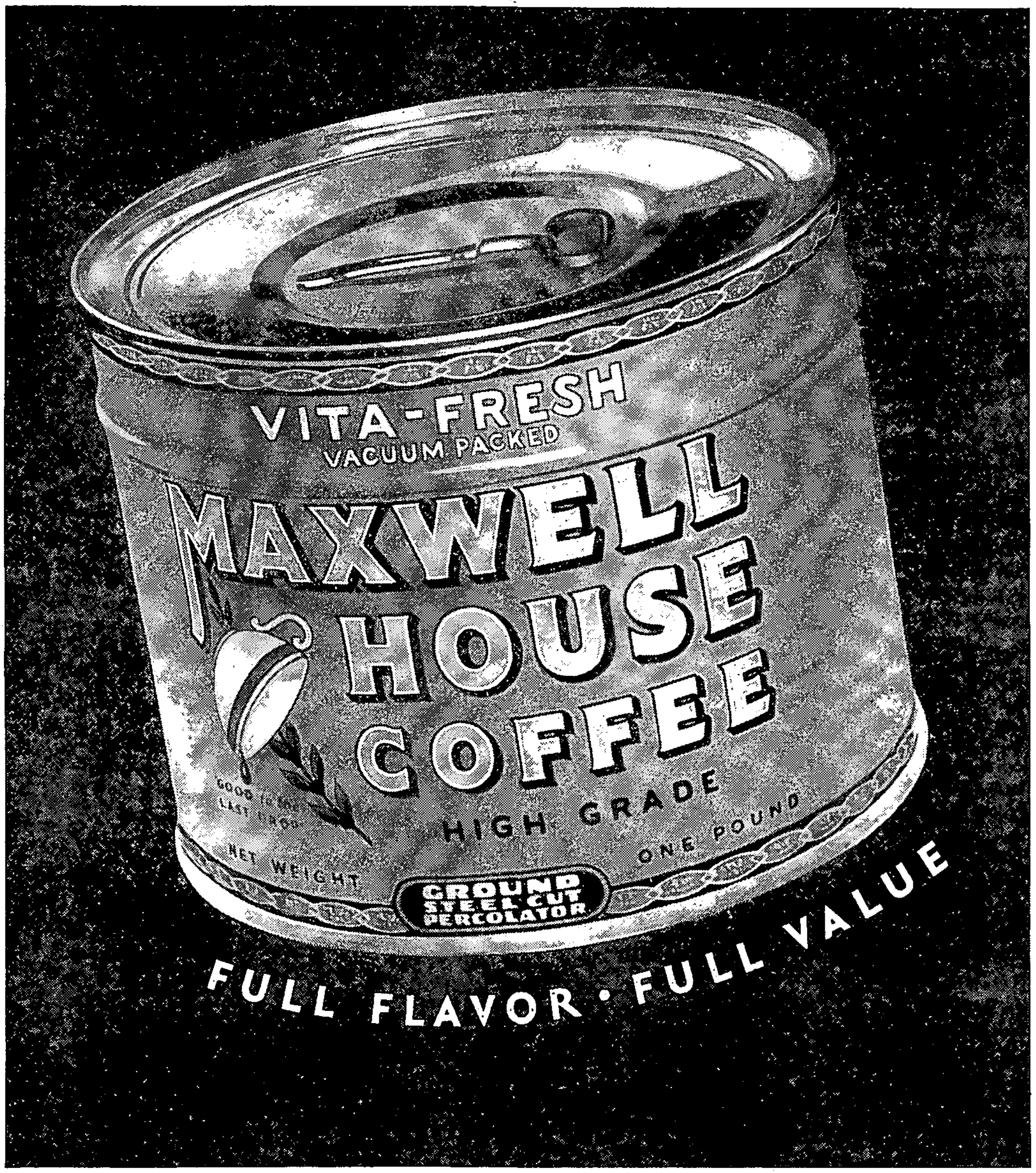
***Next came "bag" coffee***

***Then, coffee in old-fashioned cans***

***Then . . "Vacuum" coffee***

# NOW VITA-FRESH

**NOTE TO COFFEE PACKERS**—*Coffee packers desiring to employ General Foods Corporation method of packing Maxwell House Coffee should communicate with the American Can Company, 230 Park Avenue, New York, New York, which is exclusively authorized to grant the right to use this method.*



FULL FLAVOR · FULL VALUE

## The new MAXWELL HOUSE Process surpasses them all

UNTIL you taste Maxwell House Coffee as it comes to you in the new Vita-Fresh can—you do not know how delicious, how delicately fragrant, how full-bodied and full-flavored coffee can be.

### *Oxygen, the enemy of flavor, defeated at last*

Only recently science discovered the real enemy of flavor — air (Oxygen) — against which previous protective methods have not availed.

Just read these amazing laboratory facts. These facts were established in a leading eastern university and were published in Food Industries (September, 1930).

*In 9 days after roasting, coffee, loose or in bags, loses 65% of its flavor*

*In 9 days, coffee in old-fashioned cans loses 45% of its flavor*

—flavor you pay for but do not receive!

Even the "vacuum" package—the best previous protection—leaves in *ten times as much air* as does Vita-Fresh.

That is why old and new friends of this famous Southern blend are finding new and piquant pleasure in this magnificent coffee. Order a pound from your grocer today—it's a flavor revelation.

## *We invite* YOU *to try . . . at our risk*

This full-flavored Maxwell House Coffee is waiting for you at your grocer's. Please do not accept what is said here on faith. Try for yourself—and be the sole judge of merit. Order a pound of Maxwell House Coffee. Prepare it in your usual way. Serve it to your family—and if all do not agree that this is the finest coffee they ever drank—if you do not find that you get extra flavor for your money in every pound—simply return the can with unused portion to the grocer and he will gladly refund your money.

*Now you can serve fresh coffee every time. Thanks to the new Vita-Fresh Process, each can of Maxwell House Coffee (no matter when, or where, you buy it) reaches you with the last whisper of its roaster-freshness retained. The first sip of its inimitable full-bodied flavor will convince you.*

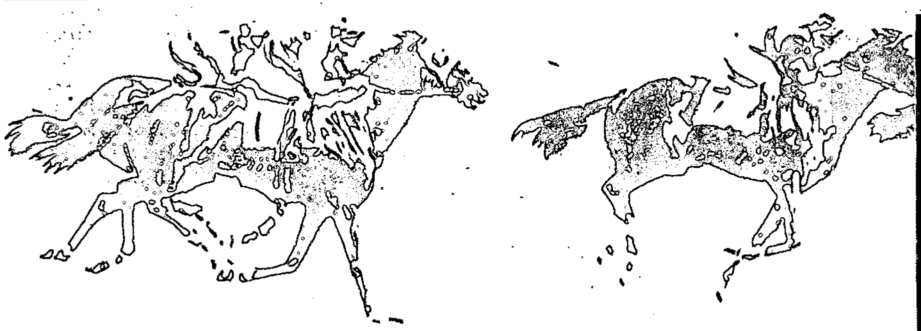
# MAXWELL HOUSE Coffee

*Good to the last drop*

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

© 1931, G. F. Corp.

Collier's The National Weekly for September 5, 1931

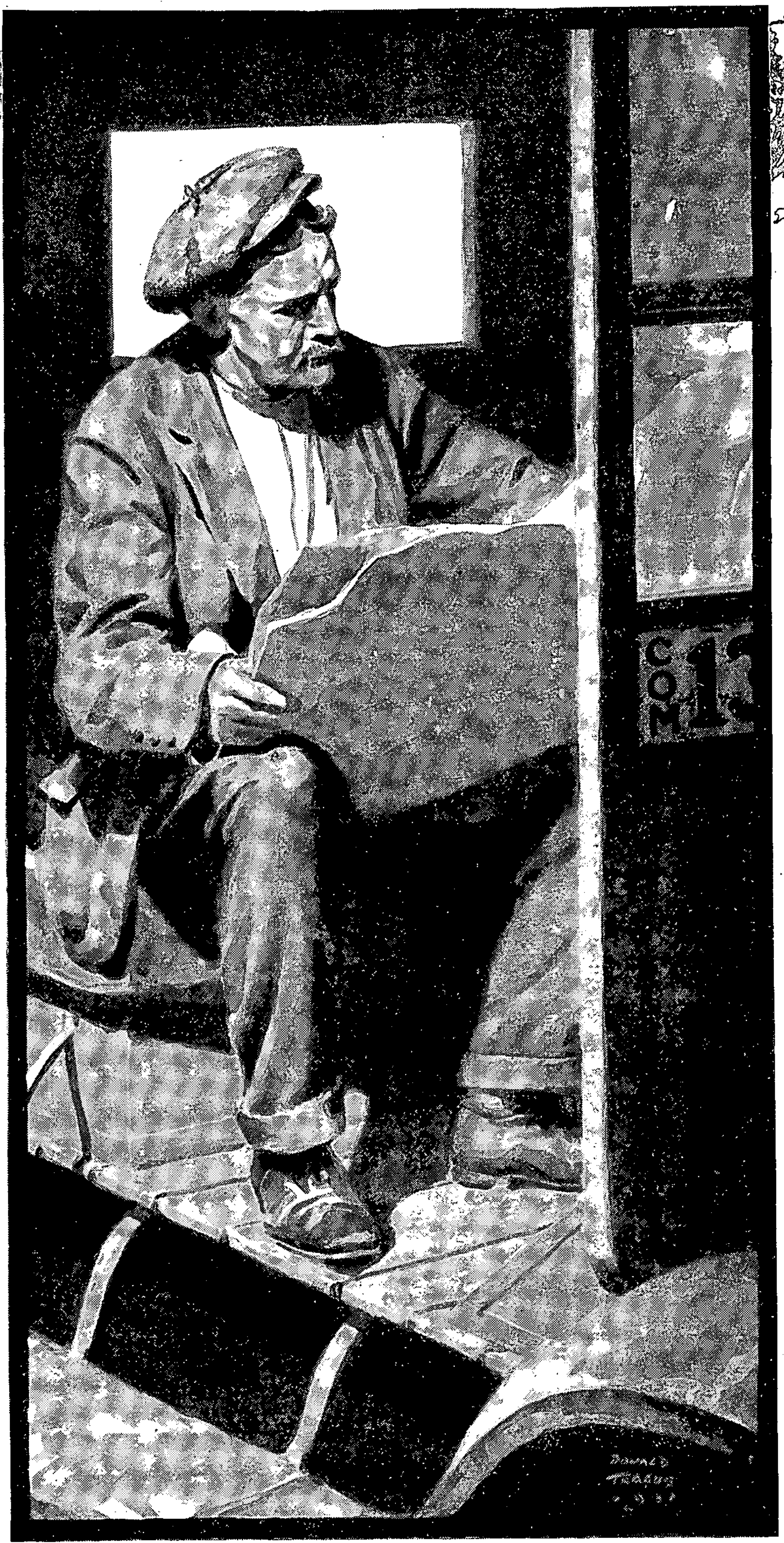


# Racing Final

*This—without a blush—is too good to be true*

## By Richard Connell

*Illustrated by Donald Teague*



He perused the racing news, the list of entries in the races

THAT in his bosom flamed a great passion you would not suspect, to look at Alfred Ellis Bewell. He was one of those dim, stumpy, scraggly men who sidle through life weighed down by a too-cumbersome mustache. But a great passion he had, nevertheless, and it filled his thoughts by day and his dreams by night.

There was, in his life, no time nor space for women, for politics, for haberdashery, for wine or song or any of the seven arts. He devoted himself, wholeheartedly, single-mindedly, to his passion. Some call it the sport of kings. There was nothing regal about Alf Bewell. His only crown was a blurry fur cap, worn winter and summer, and resembling a drowned rodent; his only castle was a furnished stall in a blowzy rooming-house in that part of the East Side which goes in for junk-yards and abattoirs; yet horse-racing was his sport and, more than that, his reason for existing at all. But he had never seen a horse race, nor wanted to.

It could not be said of Alfred Ellis Bewell that he loved horses for themselves alone. They were simply counters in his game. Though he had been a devotee of racing for some twenty years, his eyes had never followed the slim, sleek thoroughbreds flashing over the turf. The only horses which played a tangible rôle in his life were the bulky brutes which hauled the butchers' drays along Avenue A, or the ungainly animals which towed the ice-wagons, and these he regarded with a keen disfavor, considering them a nuisance, and even a downright menace as he piloted his ramshackled delivery truck in and out and around and through them to the tune of thirty dollars a week for bed, board and, above all, betting money.

The life of Alf Bewell, sportsman, had fallen into a simple pattern. Rising early, he bought a copy of the Morning Ray and consulted its racing page, digesting with a few practiced, nimble gulps the names of the horses starting at the various tracks that day. These names revolved and paraded in his mind as he drove off on his professional chores. He scorned the study of past performances, the weights, the odds, the wise words of tipsters, clockers and rail-birds. His approach to his vocation was not the coldly analytical approach of the scientists; his way of betting was the warm, romantic way of the poet.

As he whisked his vehicle through the eddies and whirlpools of traffic, he was ever on the alert for signs and portents.

If, and this had actually happened, his car brushed the hub of a sprinkling cart of the street-cleaning department, and he and the driver exchanged some pungent repartee, there would be an almost audible click in his brain and he would exclaim:

"That's my hunch! I'll play Water Boy in the fifth race at Belmont."

CRAFTILY he contrived it so that his tour of duty brought him to the neighborhood of First Avenue and Forty-sixth Street at lunchtime, for in that region lay The Place. On the strength of a shabby pool table, a set of lopsided balls and a few spavined cues it came, technically, under the head of poolrooms, though that game was seldom played there. It smelled of cold cigars, and its proprietor, one Mularkey, was a man of bovine aspect and pessimistic eye, who was always in his shirt sleeves, and was called "Honest John," though nobody knew exactly why.

Into Mularkey's place would go Alf Bewell, and Honest John, with a perfunctory geniality, would say, "Well, Alf, what's the good word?"

And Alf Bewell would reply, "Two smackers on Water Boy's nose in the fifth at Belmont."

"That ain't a horse," Honest John would say, pocketing the two dollars nevertheless. "That's a lone-legged mud turtle. The boys say that Brussel Sprout is the rat for your dough."

"I got a hunch," Alf Bewell would say.

"Yeah?"

"Yup."

All that afternoon, as deftly he snaked his rattling chariot through the thronged streets, Alf Bewell let his mind play with a glowing vision, a vision of his choice, Water Boy, left ingloriously at the post, and then gloriously gathering strength in the stretch and shooting under the wire, a winner by an owl's beak. The money he would gain appealed to Alf because it meant more money to bet; and the sheer thrill of winning appealed to him, even more. It meant that he had won one more round in his long bout with the gods of chance.

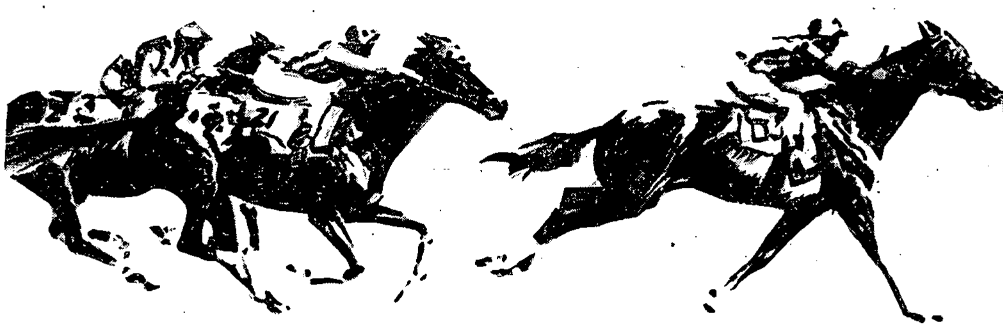
Sustained by a fervent faith in his omen, he conscientiously finished the drab business of his day, counting the minutes till the high spot came when, between five and six, the racing final of the Evening Meteor appeared on the streets, and his eager eyes seized the results. Somehow his hand always trembled a little as he took the paper from the newsboy. Often he had planned to tantalize himself by not looking at the paper immediately, by waiting an hour or so, or even till the following morning, before he acquainted himself with the success or non-success of his horse, even as a child saves the best cake for last; but his exigent appetite to know the best, or the worst, always triumphed, and within a second after he had snatched the extra he knew whether Fate had dealt with him kindly or cruelly.

ON THE day of his adventure with the sprinkling cart—a typical day in his life—he read in his racing edition:

"The fifth race was a torrid duel between the odds-on favorite, Brussel Sprout, and a rank outsider, Water Boy. Coming into the stretch Water Boy was out in front and seemed to have the purse in his pocket, but a hundred yards from the finish he stumbled and Brussel Sprout nipped the verdict by a toad's nose."

Crumpled, the paper fell from his hand, and Alf set free a sigh of hearty bitterness, and loathed life. It was always like that, or very nearly always. Defeat came to him as regularly, it seemed, as sunset came to the city; yet he had never learned to steel himself against its pangs. Nightly he cursed every member of the equine race and swore he would never bet again. It always made it harder when his horse faltered on the threshold of victory, for then he felt that some evil genius had singled him out for special mockery.

Then, as he stored his truck in its shed for the night, a new thought would come to him. Fate was not at fault; it was he. Fate had sent him a sign, and he had been blind to it. For instance, on the day of Water Boy's lamentable lapse,



one of his tasks had been to deliver five crates of Brussels sprouts to a restaurant on Fifth Avenue; and for his lunch at Beefsteak Benny's he had had an especially succulent plate of Brussels sprouts, and Benny, himself, had remarked:

“Alf, you've et so many of them, you look like one.”

With absolute clarity the voice of Fate had spoken to him, and, dumbly, he had heeded it not. He canceled his resolution not to bet again, but promised himself that on the morrow he would listen more closely when the oracle spoke.

After he had encompassed a satisfying quantity of Beefsteak Benny's chili con carne and pineapple pie, Alf Bewell's feet moved him to The Place.

Honest John's mottled face arranged itself into what was meant to be a sympathetic smile.

“Well, Alf, what's the good word?”

“It lost,” said Alf, sadly.

“Yeah. You should ought to have been on Brussel Sprout.”

“I know,” said Alf. “I know.”

Having carefully selected a toothpick from a dusty blue mug on the cigar counter, Alf betook himself to his regular chair in the southeast corner of the poolroom, and, ruminating, listened to the gossip and arguments of the other sportsmen.

“Close call for Brussel Sprout in the fift'.”

“Yeah.”

“A BEE must of stung that worm Water Boy to make him run like that.”

“Alf had him.”

“Didja, Alf?”

“Yup.”

“Who tipped you?”

“Nobody. Had a hunch.”

“Aw, you'll hunch yourself into the poorhouse.”

“Yeah?”

“Say, my cousin pals around with a jock, and he says there's a filly called Lady Moon in the third tomorrow that's the berries. She ought to pay around ten to one.”

“Lady Moon, huh?”

“Yeah.”

Alf Bewell was not a chatty soul, and he took only a minor part in the conversation, usually expending from his vocabulary only the words “Yeah” and “Yup.” But at least twice a week it was part of the ritual of Honest John's place that the other habitués must listen to Alf's story of the milk bottles.

“Well, I remember onct, it was on the third of June in 1928, and the first thing I see when I walk out of the house is an old bum swiping a milk bottle off'n a stoop acrost the way. I go down to Pier Eight to pick up a load of spinach, and smack into a milk wagon, but don't do no damage. Little later I'm unloading the spinach on Christopher Street, when a kid chucks its nursing bottle out of a window and nearly beans me. I start uptown and haven't gone five blocks when I blow out a tire and I see that the hole was made by a piece of milk bottle some dumb ape has busted in the street. Well, I say to myself, this looks like a hunch. Lemme see you. In the second race at the Empire is a plug called Whipped Cream; so I come right here and plunk two fish on Whipped Cream. Ain't that right, John?”

Honest John nodded.

“And John says to me, ‘Alf, don't be a sap. Whipped Cream ain't a horse; it's a cross-eyed guinea-pig with fallen arches. This race is in the bag for White Maid.’ Ain't that what you said, John?”

Honest John nodded.

“WELL, out I go, and the first thing I see is a nifty blonde all dressed up in white. Everywhere I look I see gals all dressed up in white. I never see so many gals all dressed up in white in my life. I see one gal get arrested, and one faint, and while I'm unloading some trunks at the Penn station, a gal all dressed up in white comes up to me and asks the way to Hoboken. Did I feel sick? Something was tipping me strong on White Maid, and my dough was on a donkey called Whipped Cream, and it was too late to switch.

“Well, when the race final come out you could of broke my back with a paper doll. It seems this White Maid won from Whipped Cream by a whisker. I'm eating my hash and feeling like a sick crab, when I see a kid with an extra, and it says that White Maid is disqualified for some monkey-business, and the race goes to Whipped Cream. Well, boys, I cashed in at forty to one.”

But gala stories of this sort, with happy endings, were not often on the lips of Alf Bewell. Some perverse demon, persistent and malignant, seemed to dog his footsteps. Most of his stories went like this:

“I'm pulling out of the yard with my truck early one morning when one of these Park Avenue swell guys comes along, and is he stewed? To the eyebrows. Guess he'd been out all night because he's all dressed up in a boiled shirt and high hat. He wants me to sing with him and I say oke and he gets on my truck and we sing Marching through Georgia, and I take him to a big swell apartment house on Park Avenue, and he hasn't any dough, some dip having rolled him for his wallet, so he offers to give me his silk hat for a reward, but I say what would I do with a silk hat and drive off. I go down to the freight yards and the first job I have is to deliver a load of silk hats to a gents' store on Madison Avenue. Well, there's a mule called Top Hat running at New Orleans that day, so I shove my two bucks on him. Well, that blinkin' snail is still running. The race was won by three lengths by a nag named Chapeau.”

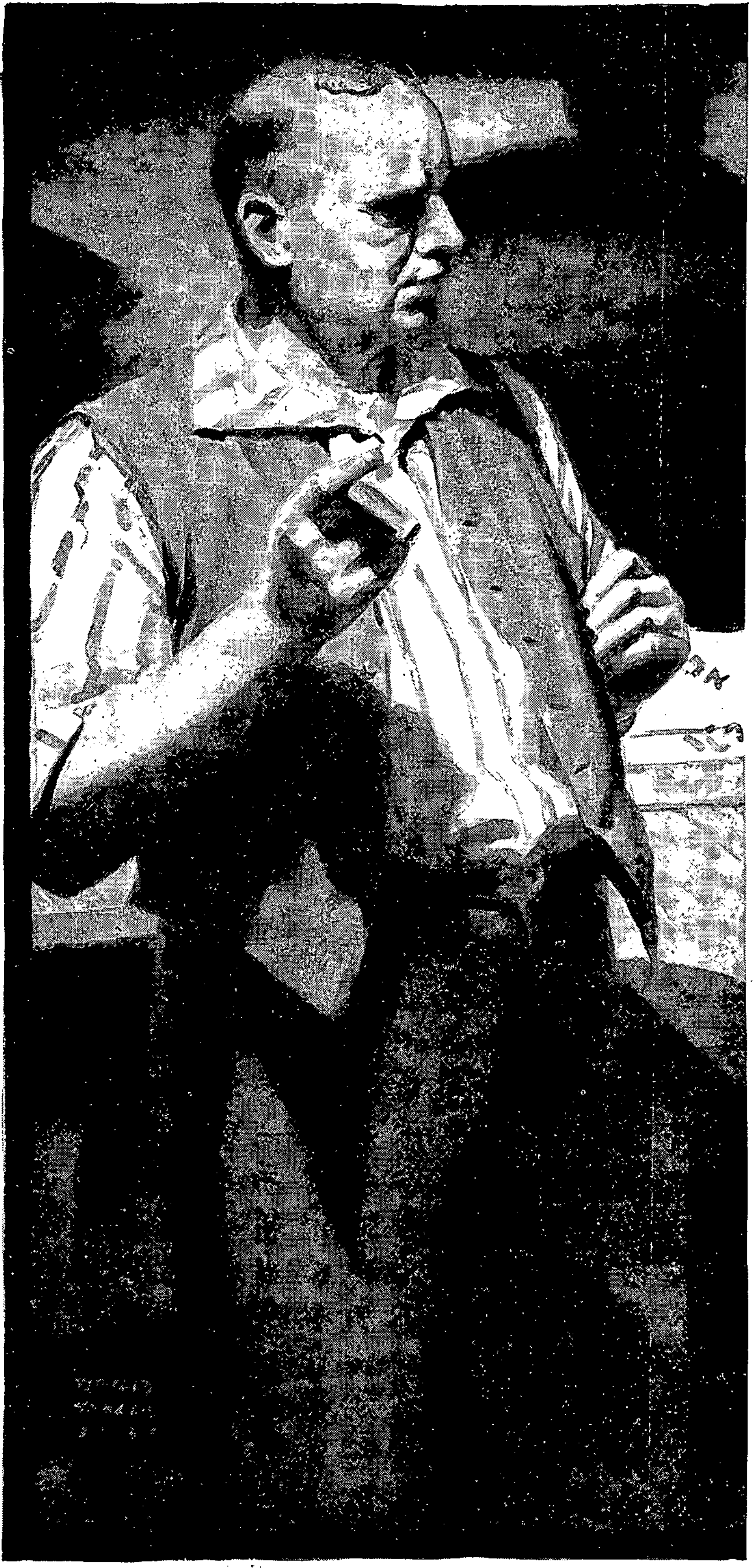
THE morning after the débâcle of Water Boy, Alf made up his mind to violate his practice of omen-seeking and back Lady Moon, so highly touted by the cousin who palled around with a jockey. Alf hadn't had a winner in many a long month. In the sky that morning hung a thin silver slice of moon, and Alf, on noting it, smiled to himself.

He was delivering some crates of protesting ducklings to a chop suey restaurant in Chinatown when he heard the harsh scream of sirens, and a traffic policeman waved him to the curb so that the crimson fire engines might rush by. The building of one of the Chinese tongs was blazing strenuously, while its owners stood about, contemplating the spectacle with impassive eyes. For an hour Alf Bewell was wedged in the stalled traffic. He was distracted, somewhat, by a minor conflagration which occurred when, in lighting his brief pipe, he ignited one end of his copious ginger mustachio and singed it grievously. On reporting back to his employer, a harassed and choleric man named Zimmer, he was castigated vigorously for the delay and was told, pointedly, by Mr. Zimmer: “You get yourself jammed up in a few more fires and I'll fire you.”

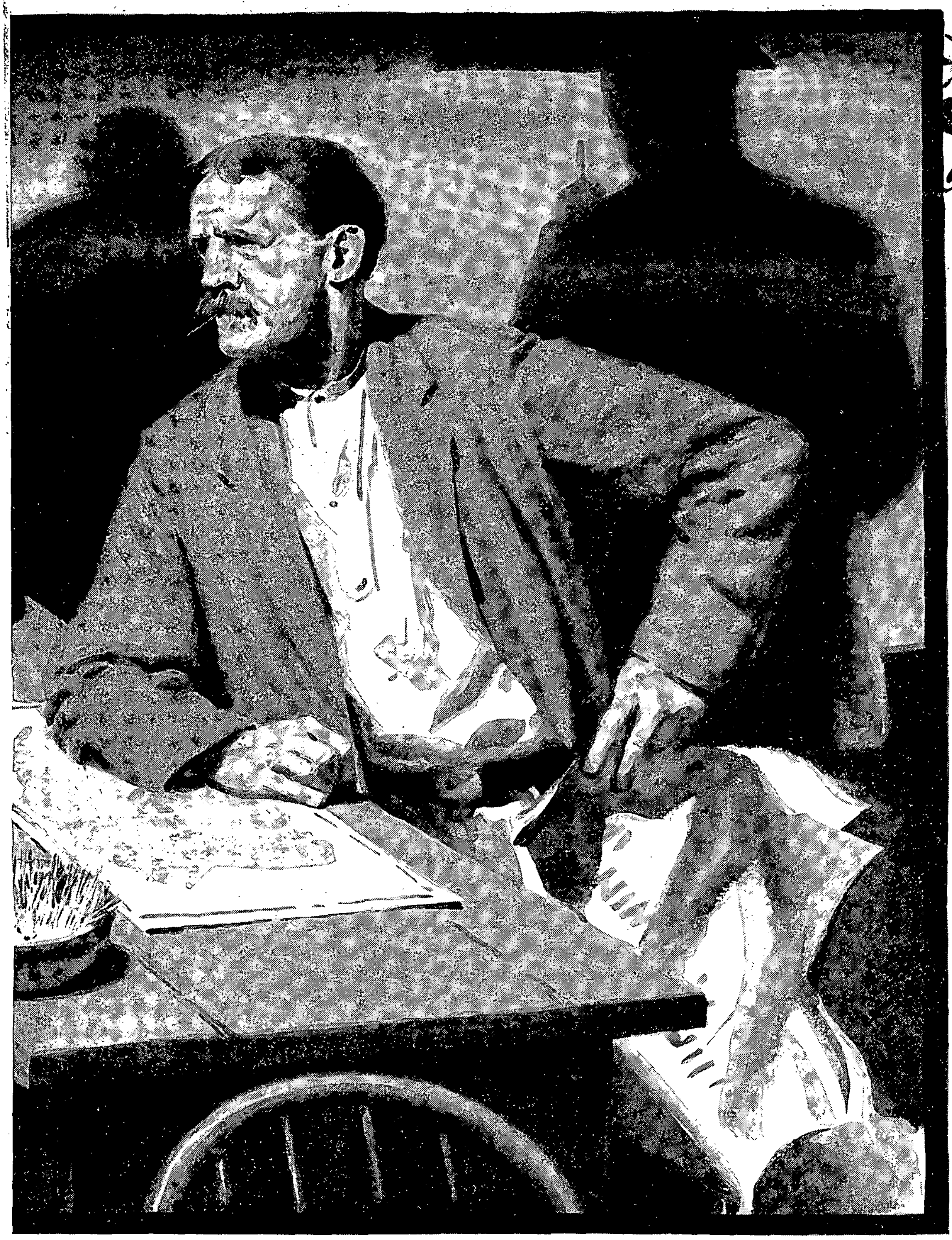
Alf Bewell had heard this threat more than once, and he gave it no place in his mind, for he was beset by a far graver worry. Some intuition told him that Fate was trying to convey a message to him. His second cargo that day consisted of a load of fire extinguishers which he picked up at a warehouse in Hudson Street for delivery to a hardware store in the Bowery. But he could not push his way across Broadway, because the hose lines blocked his path. Firemen were coping with a second blaze in a straw-hat factory.

ALF was forced to make an elaborate detour but he did not mind that, for he was thinking of the impending noon hour and his dash to Honest John's, and the certainty that had come to his mind that some mystic power had ordained that he should bet on Fire Tongs, and not on Lady Moon.

Slowly that evening he entered The Place, the racing final still clutched in his forlorn fingers. The dismal tale of the flagrant failure of Fire Tongs was tattooed on his brain. The race was a steeplechase and from the first Fire Tongs had been the master of the field. Like a swallow he had skimmed over the



“Look here, John,” said Alf, “just suppose



some day I got hold of the racing final in the morning instead of at night"

water jump, which Lady Moon had, at first, flatly refused. Galloping and jumping easily, Fire Tongs was a good ten lengths ahead when he came to the last jump, a simple hurdle. Then, as he neared the final obstacle, he spied, or the sports writer said he did, a red-headed girl standing near the jump. What there was in the psychology of Fire Tongs that made the red-headed girl entrance him so, the writer did not attempt to explain. At any rate, Fire Tongs stopped with astounding abruptness, but his jockey continued through space.

The jockey was not hurt and he quickly remounted. There was still time to send Fire Tongs careening over the hurdle and along the flat to victory; but Fire Tongs had other ideas and he held to them.

He continued to gaze with languishing eyes at the red-headed girl, and eventually the field pounded past him, for he ignored the cajolery and whip of his rider. At last he lost interest in the red-headed girl and ambled past the judges, an ignominious last. Lady Moon annexed the honors by a nostril.

ALF Bewell exhausted his supply of hard and searing words on Fire Tongs. Fate, he felt, had played him a particularly mean trick. So when he entered Honest John's that evening, he was oppressed by a weighty cloud of deep and solid indigo.

"Well, Alf, what's the good word?"

"Good word, my eye," burst out Alf. "There ain't no good words. I'm sick of this game. I guess there's somebody or something somewhere that just don't want me to win a bet. If I put my coin on a race with only one horse in it, he'd trip on a caterpillar and break his fool neck."

"Ah, well," said Honest John, "that's life for you. Ups and downs. Ups and downs."

"And, me, I get all the downs," said Alf. "I'd jump in the river only it would be just my luck to have some guy pull me out and want to be paid for it. I hope every last horse on every track in this world and the next comes down with glanders, bots, blind staggers and the heaves. I'm through with 'em."

"Yeah?" said Honest John, and lit a cigar. "Who do you like in the fifth at Havre de Grace tomorrow? The boys claim Doomsday will skate home easy."

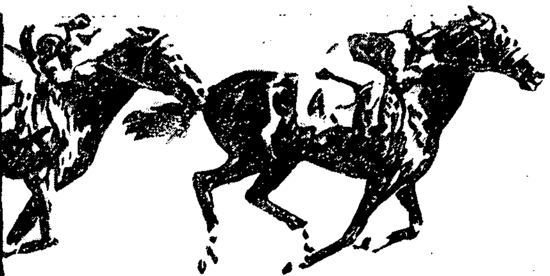
"Not if my jack is riding on him," said Alf Bewell. "I'm the tough-luck champ of the world."

He slapped the counter savagely with his copy of the Evening Meteor.

"I guess there's only one way I can ever win a bet," he said.

"How zat?" asked Honest John.

"By knowing ahead of time who won," said Alf.



"That's a goofy idea," said Honest John. "How could you do that? You ain't no fortune teller."

"Don't I know it?" said Alf. "But, look here, John, just suppose that some day, somehow, the time got juggled around and I got hold of a copy of the racing final of the Meteor at, say, eight o'clock in the morning instead of at six at night."

Honest John grunted sardonically.

"WELL, maybe it ain't likely to happen," said Alf, "but I'd give anything I've got to have it happen just once."

"Would you? Would you—really?"

The voice was not the rasping croak of Honest John, but a smoother, more cultivated voice, and it came from a man who had entered so quietly that neither Alf nor Honest John had perceived him till he spoke. He was a stranger in that place, a long, cadaverous man, with sharp-cut features, an elegant raven mustache, and skin like old parchment, and he was dressed, very neatly and expensively, in the dark funereal garb affected by undertakers and professional gamblers. He looked down at Alf, with a strange, thin, tolerant smile, and said again:

"Would you—really?"

Alf blinked at him. The man had odd eyes.

"I sure would," said Alf.

"It's a bet," said the stranger. He bowed gracefully to Alf and Honest John, and sauntered out. They stared after him, puzzled.

The morning routine of Alf Bewell seldom varied. Having emerged, full of doughnuts and coffee, from his room on East Forty-fifth Street, he walked east to First Avenue, where his truck was stabled, pausing on the way at Mrs. Duchinsky's hole-in-the-wall news stand to pick up the copy of the Morning Ray, which awaited him there.

HE PUT the paper in his coat pocket, made a great show of examining and readying his antique and rheumatic truck, climbed to the driver's seat and set off for the first destination on the list Mr. Zimmer gave him, with the air of a diligent man of affairs. However, having bowled along First Avenue for some blocks, he halted at the corner of Thirty-ninth Street, drew up to the curb, filled and lit his pipe and perused, at his leisure, his morning paper, conning first, of course, the racing news, and filing away in his brain cells the list of entries in the races that day, and then casually skimming over such minor matters as wars, coronations, weddings, mergers and murders.

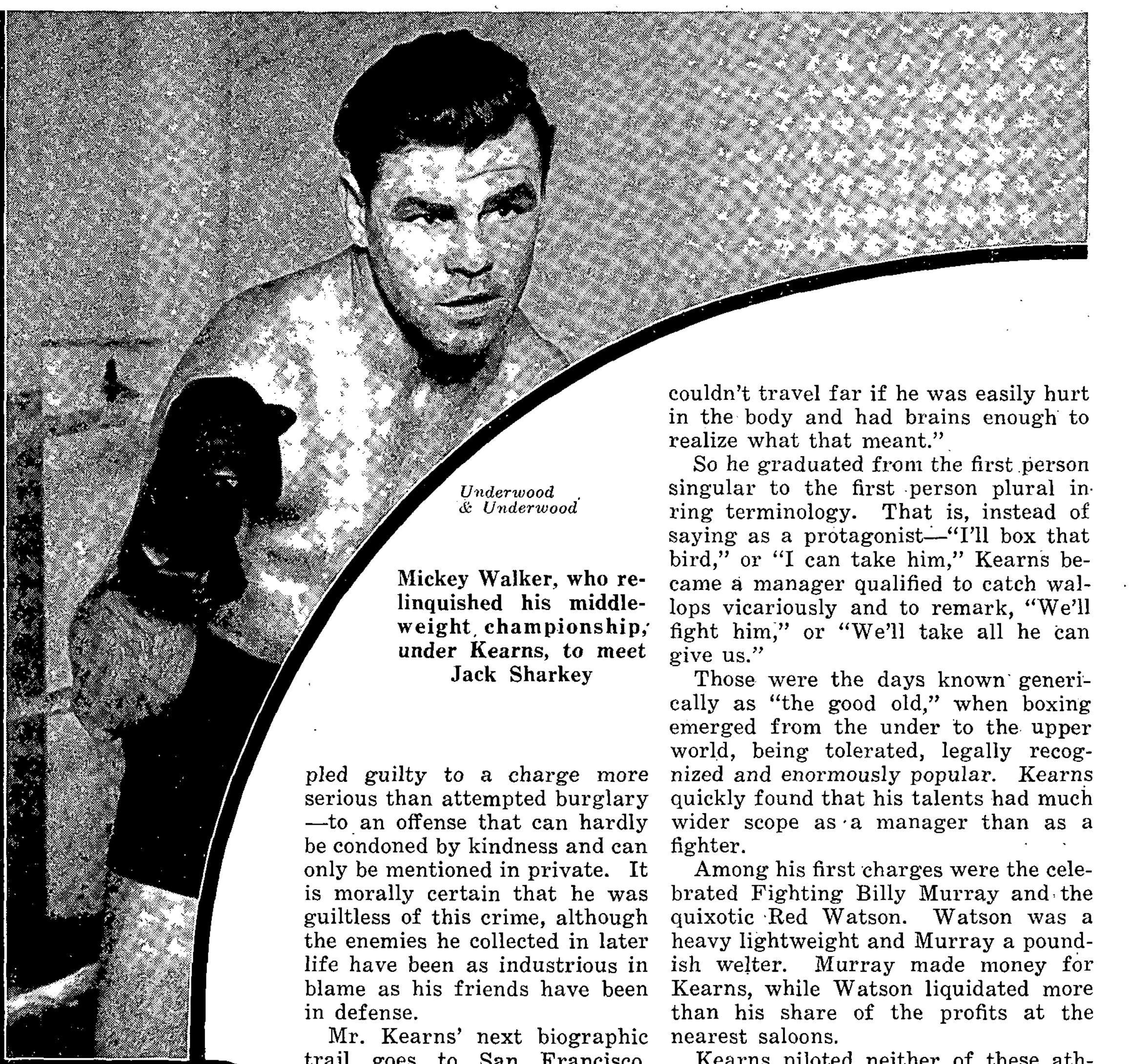
That morning was a singularly fine morning—light, bright blue and just cool enough. Alf Bewell arose, still disgruntled by his last reverse—of the day before—but willing, as he remarked to himself, to give Fate just one more chance to smile on him. He caught up the folded paper at the news stand, put down his two cents, shoved the paper into his pocket and clattered out of the establishment of Mr. Zimmer at a little before eight.

Reaching his accustomed parking

(*Continued on page 57*)

Keystone

**Joe Benjamin, a promising lightweight who was once a member of Kearns' stable**



Underwood & Underwood

**Mickey Walker, who relinquished his middleweight championship, under Kearns, to meet Jack Sharkey**

# Pillars of Sport

*Sport—practicing it, talking it, reading it—forms a large part of the physical, mental and social life of the country. Who, what, where and why are the patriotic gentlemen who supply the demand for fun? Collier's assigned Mr. Kennedy to search out the neglected Warwicks of sportdom. And here begins the big charade*

### By John B. Kennedy

MANY able and experienced practitioners of the craft of sports writing will tell you that Jack Kearns was born in Michigan. These gentlemen are right in most things but wrong in this. His mother, an active lady of eighty, could tell the date and place, if she would; but she cares little for public discussion of her son. He has provided well for her, and she, in turn, has done nobly by him.

Failing authoritative information, which Mr. Kearns himself will not supply, we turn to a notable figure in sports annals—the Honorable William (Wild Bill) Lyons, who double-headed as senator in two state legislatures—Texas and Colorado.

Senator Lyons has grown handsomely gray selling ready-made clothing to the fancy, and imposing and exposing his statesmanlike presence on and at the councils of the great in pugilism. The senator keeps a black notebook. In it he has recorded a mass of facts that would give mental indigestion to Professor Einstein. Senator Bill has mastered these facts without undue strain, possibly because he has less to worry him or less to worry with than has Professor Einstein. He reports that John Leo McKernan was born on August 17, 1885, in Jamestown, North Dakota, the son of the district attorney of those parts. Scoffers there are who assert that Mr. Kearns (*né* McKernan) in later years equipped himself with a rebuilt genealogy, as is sometimes the caprice of humble men grown great.

### A Bout with the Courts

The distaff side of his descent contains two aunts who achieved reputation as physicians in the West; but Mr. Kearns himself has never pretended that formal education was among his varied claims to attention. His conversation has always contained more salt than grammar.

Some years of his boyhood were spent in Michigan; but the first public record, obscure and really unkind, is of his arrest in Spokane together with precocious playmates on a charge of rifling the till of a Chinese laundryman. Whatever legal talent the boys engaged advised them to plead guilty, which they did, saving themselves from more than a temporary stay in the hoosegow. By some blunder, however, Kearns had pled guilty to a charge more serious than attempted burglary—to an offense that can hardly be condoned by kindness and can only be mentioned in private. It is morally certain that he was guiltless of this crime, although the enemies he collected in later life have been as industrious in blame as his friends have been in defense.

Mr. Kearns' next biographic trail goes to San Francisco, where he was one of a horde of bright lights infesting the Barbary Coast, so-called perhaps, because the male inhabitants and visitors were as care-free and whimsical as sailors are supposed to be and the ladies were as careless and amiable as ladies favored by sailors' sociable attentions have the reputation of being.

In his later teens he changed his name from McKernan to Kearns and received his baptism of ire as a boxer by being knocked out when he lost his temper in a fight. A fatal fault. Looking back on his ring career, Mr. Kearns is the last to pretend it was glorious.

"I always was a poor judge of distance in a fight," he says. "I never knew how far I was going to fall or how long I was going to last."

Record books show that, fighting at 137 pounds, he was knocked out in 1905 by one Kid Parker, five rounds; and in 1908 a more renowned fighter, Johnny Potts, put Kearns *hors de combat* in Spokane in four rounds.

"Punches in the body were poison to me," says Mr. Kearns, who has a cavalier way of brushing aside references to his gladiatorial record. "I had a good left hook, which I still have; but not much besides."

Yet his ring reputation was serviceable. He traveled to various race tracks with a group of sportsmen technically known as hustlers. Their functions were to improve the shining hours by shilling suckers into betting—shilling being a low form of persuasion effected by all kinds of tricks with all sorts of accomplices posing as decoys for the unwise. Kearns took no active part in the cheating. He was really the "front"—legally exempt, as he took darned good care to be after one unfair and unfortunate contact with the law.

Mr. Kearns' early background seems to be unsullied by indulgence in ordinary methods of bread-winning.

"I quit fighting," is his quaint way of putting it, "because I discovered a guy couldn't travel far if he was easily hurt in the body and had brains enough to realize what that meant."

So he graduated from the first person singular to the first person plural in ring terminology. That is, instead of saying as a protagonist—"I'll box that bird," or "I can take him," Kearns became a manager qualified to catch wallops vicariously and to remark, "We'll fight him," or "We'll take all he can give us."

Those were the days known generically as "the good old," when boxing emerged from the under to the upper world, being tolerated, legally recognized and enormously popular. Kearns quickly found that his talents had much wider scope as a manager than as a fighter.

Among his first charges were the celebrated Fighting Billy Murray and the quixotic Red Watson. Watson was a heavy lightweight and Murray a poundish welter. Murray made money for Kearns, while Watson liquidated more than his share of the profits at the nearest saloons.

Kearns piloted neither of these athletes to a title; but it's recorded that his shrewdness made them money-makers on a par with the then reigning champions.

### Making the Front Pages

Perhaps Kearns' first appearance in the national press was brought about by Red Watson's gloves. Freddie Welsh, lightweight champion of England, fought Watson on the coast. That night Watson had switched his brands of whisky and he was in terrific form and irritated by Welsh's peppering tactics. Crowding the Welshman into a corner, Watson struck like a cobra. The blow missed Welsh's chin, landed a few inches lower and fractured his collarbone. That's how Red Watson could hit.

Naturally this made news, and on top of it Kearns issued a challenge to Willie Britt, Packey McFarland and anybody known or unknown to box his man for the championship. Red Watson himself took the event calmly, resumed his potations and retired temporarily to take off his gloves and to put on fat.

Kearns' next appearance in national sporting news was through the medium of his new fighter, Kid Scoler. A certain unknown quantity named Maurice Thompson became quickly known, when he took the measure of the Western Wildcat—Stanley Ketchel. Kearns displayed a boldness that was ever afterward to stamp him as one manager never afraid to let his men step into the ring with bearcats, wildcats, grizzly bears or even Baldwin locomotives. He promptly sought a match for Kid Scoler with Ketchel's conqueror. Scoler was licked—after a bitter duel. The bout attracted nation-wide attention and promoters began asking, in the childish wonder that contrasts so beautifully with their sleeve-filled acumen, what kind of manager is this chap Kearns? And as a manager, Kearns began asking himself this question: If birds like Coffroth can make more dough out of me than me out of them, why not switch

Acme-P. & A.

Jack Dempsey, Kearns' most famous protégé, and the greatest of modern heavyweights

Les Darcy, the ill-fortuned young Australian who was brought to America by Kearns

spots? That is a fairly faithful rendering of the Kearns manner of speech, which issues surprisingly from a handsome mouth in a face which is sharp and wary.

He proceeded to answer his own question, little knowing that he stood on the threshold of fate, on the verge of a great discovery: that a gentleman doing business with another gentleman should never drop his guard. Stepping from pugilism, in which he was a trifle disappointed at Red Watson's refusal to return to the wars, Kearns undertook activity in another sphere of æsthetics. He became a combination manager and promoter of a wrestling attraction. It failed to attract. And that was a great moral lesson to Mr. Kearns.

It was like this: Kearns had taken under his wing a young man who weighed about 250 pounds and could spell. Kearns kept his prodigy under cover; that is, as far as you can keep a 250-pound youth with a zest for romping under any cover but a circus tent or an armory roof. If the plot flopped and Kearns' first attempt to ballyhoo the customers ended badly, remember it was his first attempt. He learned.

### The First Mysterious Marvel

Jack Curley—known ironically and much to his surprise as Monsieur Jacques Curley, because at times his handling of the king's English resembles that of a Frenchman who has never heard of the king or his English—Mr. Curley agreed to bring Joe Stecher to San Francisco and wrestle Kearns' mysterious man-mountain.

San Francisco's press gave the boys a break. The mystery man was pictured in a mask and tight pantaloons knocking over running backfields or truck drivers and night watchmen. Fan interest ran high. Tickets sold fast.

Then villainy got in its work. Stecher came to town. The ballyhoo reached its height. San Francisco didn't know it, but the town was wrestling-conscious. The mystic marvel stepped into his gymnasium for a final workout. There stepped in soon after a clumsy giant, who tripped over his feet, spilled himself all over the floor and was promptly accepted by the marvel and by Kearns as a practice partner useful for tuning up Stecher's challenger. He got into the ring. Kearns, ordinarily astute, missed two phenomena—one the utter lack of gawkiness once the stranger was on the mat, the other the sudden presence of two gentlemen even more mysterious than the mystic marvel. They stood in the doorway of the gymnasium, hat brims over eyes, obviously conspirators.

The marvel, taking things easy, was suddenly made to realize that the road to achievement in all artistic pursuits is indeed hard. After a few minutes of grueling, battering struggle, he was pinned to the mat quite completely, his conqueror sitting on his chest to prove to eyewitnesses how unmarvelous the marvel was.

Kearns, agitated, blessed his luck that the thing was done in private. He reckoned without the mysterious blokes with the lowered hat brims. They were reporters and their reports staggered the front pages. At about the same moment that Kearns discovered this knavish trick had robbed the match with Stecher of all attraction, he discovered also that Mr. Jack Curley had cooled to the affair and, since the market value of the match had dropped to a dime, stood on his rights, and, since the promotion went no farther, had departed with Stecher.

Both Curley and Kearns have prospered since that sad day for Kearns; but they have never since collaborated on works of art.

One day in the old Biltmore bar in New York, a favorite spot for sports, Mr. Kearns smacked his immaculately manicured fist on a drinking table. He was conversing with Tex Rickard.

"I'm no promoter," he's reported to have bellowed. "I don't want to be a promoter."

Once he *had* wanted to be a promoter—following a business trip to Australia. There he saw one of pugilism's ill-fated figures in action and liked him—Les Darcy, the great Australian light-heavyweight. Kearns to this day doesn't think Darcy was so great. "About," he says, "sixty per cent as advertised." But Kearns, in that day, had a developed instinct as a showman. He knew Darcy was good for a few big shots in the United States and tried to get Darcy to come. But Australia was at war and curious officials at ports of embarkation questioned young men, especially athletic young men, as to their purpose in sailing over the seas and far away when their country was under conscription.

Kearns, the resourceful, devised ways and means for Les Darcy to leave Australia. Darcy quietly got on a freighter, the Emma Luckenbach. Perhaps it's part of the gratitude of the game that while at sea he heard and heeded the siren radio signals of one Tex Rickard. When Darcy arrived in New York he was met by Rickard and taken for sequestration in an obscure hotel.

Kearns swore revenge on Rickard in that moment. Later, he was to get it.

There was an interlude of diversion with a gentleman whom Kearns heralded as an Indian fighter, possibly of the Knock-knee tribe. This chief was putatively brought East, although there's no reason to suspect he ever left there. He assumed reservation clothes, blanket and all, and spoke only in monosyllabic gutturals, saying "Heh, heh!" (he may have originated that phrase) and "Wa-Hoo." Reputed to know no English, he did very well in the make-up until one night while Kearns slumbered in the Touraine Hotel in Boston he was disturbed by insistent telephone calls which begged him to take his Indian from the grillroom where—possibly overstimulated—he was using frightful language that shocked and infuriated the guests.

Kearns, after that, steered clear of pantomimists.

Spending much of his Australian earnings with his tailors and shirt-makers, to say nothing of a few fractions at his perfumers, Mr. Kearns hopped back to the Coast, hoping to scare up a few honest dimes in more kindly surroundings than the effete and perfidious East. Fate awaited him, although he hadn't the slightest intimation, with a lasso.

### Dempsey Sets 'Em Up

He was free-lunching in an Oakland bar when friends entered. They asked Kearns to join them in quaffing brew. Kearns did. When it came his turn to treat he retired, abashed. Kearns, always a ready spender, would show embarrassment under such circumstances when it is entirely strange to him under all others. So marked was his disquiet that a strapping, unshaven young man whose muscles bulged all over a suit, which, if made to measure, was made to measure for someone half the young man's size, sidled up to Kearns.

The visitor explained in a husky, juvenile voice that he had been paid twenty dollars the night before for boxing and could let Kearns have half of it to buy beer with. Kearns accepted the offer and made a note of the young man's name. The young man added that he had worked his way, boxing as a preliminary, from Denver, where he

Wide World

Colorful and astute, Jack Kearns has behind him a career as one of boxing's most successful managers and may again handle a world's heavyweight champion in Mickey Walker

(*Continued on page 52*)

# Set for Two

*The story of two young lovers who walked into a trap set by an expert—but not the only expert—at trap-setting*

## By George Creel

*Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin*

FROM the day that he entered the employ of the Atlas Furniture Moving Company, a raw-boned boy of fifteen, John MacMurragh's life held no larger ambition than to sit behind the wheel of one of the great, gayly painted vans that wallowed through traffic like a whale among minnows. Ah, there was a *job!* Kings on their golden thrones were poor beside.

He was twenty when the coveted honor came to him. Young, of course, for so great a responsibility, but a steady boy whose heavy thatch of rufous hair crowned six feet of solid bone and muscle. Not lumpish, clumsy brawn, either, but a marvel of lean coördination that gave him litheness, grace and speed. Back up such a body with a handsome face and a fine, outstanding jaw, and what wonder the lad drew more than his due meed of feminine admiration as he drove or walked the streets!

It is to be doubted whether he even knew of the many sidewise glances, heavy with invitation, for his eyes were owned in fee simple by Mazie Kinsale, who worked at the lace counter in a big department store. All the girls in the world, and the King of Spain's daughter to boot, could have been packed into a hamper, and "Red" MacMurragh would not have given a paring of Mazie's little finger nail for the lot of them. The bloom of the grape was in her black hair, as sunshine on rippling water was the dance of her eyes, and not the roses of Killarney had the velvet and fragrance of her soft young cheeks. Mazie Kinsale! The very name was a song in the heart.

A large part of the joy in his promotion, to tell the truth, sprang from the fact that the substantial increase in salary did away with the necessity of further beating about the bush, permitting a direct approach to such vital matters as matrimony and housekeeping. High time, too, for he was not Mazie's only suitor by any means. Monk Torino, Mike Devine and Jimmie Bradford were always hanging around. Monk Torino! At thought of him, Red's thick brows gathered stormily.

"The dirty scut!" he muttered hotly. "Him an' his swell clothes! As if everybody didn't know he never earned an honest dollar."

A direct soul, with whom action ever followed close on the heels of thought, that very evening found him pushing the bell of the boarding house that orphaned Mazie called home. Despite a new blue serge suit that should have given confidence, Red gulped visibly and steadily; nevertheless, the fighting jaw of the MacMurraghs held its grim set.

"YES, she's here." Mrs. Dobbs, the landlady, made the admission sourly. "In the parlor, of course," she added with curdled emphasis.

Mazie, springing up as Red's face showed at the door, exclaimed her joy without restraint, but Monk Torino, lolling back on a dingy plush sofa, proved a silent partner in her elation. A slim, highly lacquered youth, richly if not tastefully attired, a definitely simian cast of features explained his nickname, and now a fast-spreading scowl rendered him even less pleasing than usual.

"Where's your truck, big fella?" he called jeeringly. "Honest, I thought you was screwed to it."

"You here?" MacMurragh, making no effort to conceal the unpleasant nature of the surprise, considered the matter for a split second, and then stepped close. "Beat it," he ordered crisply. "I got something to say to Mazie."

"Yeah?" Torino, on his feet like a cat, bared his white teeth in a feline snarl. "An' who's goin' to make me?"

"I'm going to make you."

"An' who else?"

"John! Tony!" Mazie attempted to rush between them, panic in her cry, but Red's arm thrust her back, decidedly if gently.

"Keep out of it," he commanded. "Come on, Torino. Hurry up now an' chase yourself."

"Me chase myself? Who do you think you are anyway, you big baboon?" The Sicilian's hand shot beneath his coat, but swifter still was MacMurragh's leap. The crack of a wrenched wrist, a cry of pain, the clatter of a gun on the floor; and then Torino was picked up bodily, shaken until he rattled, slapped resoundingly, and by way of a pyrotechnic finish, was made to describe a perfect arc from stoop to gutter.

"I DIDN'T want to ask you to marry me with that bum settin' around," Red explained calmly as he returned to the parlor. "Y'see, Mazie, I'm drivin' now. I went on one of the big trucks today, an'—an'—well, the pay's enough to start housekeepin' on if you're willin'."

White-faced, trembling, the girl returned no answer, but there was that in her eyes which gave Red courage and, taking her in his arms, he held her close and tenderly while she cried against his shoulder.

"I thought I'd die when he pulled the gun," she quavered at last, lifting a tear-wet face. "Oh, Johnnie darling, he might have killed you."

"That wop!" MacMurragh laughed tolerantly. "Don't be silly."

At the front door some hours later, Mazie reverted to her fears and clung to her lover in a passion of apprehension as she begged him to be careful.

"Tony's going to try and get even," she insisted. "And he's got his awful gang behind him. You *will* watch out, won't you, dear?"

"Sure." He grinned. "I'll get a cop to go round with me. Aw, forget it, Mazie. He's a yellow pup, an' so's that bunch of cheap crooks he runs with."

Even the dauntless Red himself, however, might have felt a stir of perturbation had he peered into the back room of a near-by speakeasy late that night, for Monk Torino sat in what was plainly high conference with a raw-colored, moon-faced man whose manner and appearance removed all doubt as to his occupation.

"What happened to ya?" The detective flicked a surprised eye at Torino's damaged façade.

"Never mind what happened to me," mumbled the gang leader, articulation somewhat difficult. "Listen, Huggins, you want Chicago Blackie, don'cha?"

"Sure," languidly agreed the detective. "So does the whole force."

"Well, I happen to know where he's hidin' out."

"The hell you say!" Huggins almost swallowed his gum.

"Uh-huh!" For a moment Torino sat sullen and irresolute, and then the black eyes hardened. "How'd it be if I turned him up for you?"

"Not kiddin', are you?"

"Don't be a damn' fool. Of course I ain't kiddin'."

"Gosh!" The fat detective breathed heavily. "It's a big thing for me, kid. An' for you, too. There's all sorts of rewards hung up for him, an'—"

"Damn the rewards," snarled Monk. "I ain't that much of a rat. All I want is to get even with the fella that done this to me," and he touched a finger to his swollen face. "Nobody can beat me up and get away with it."

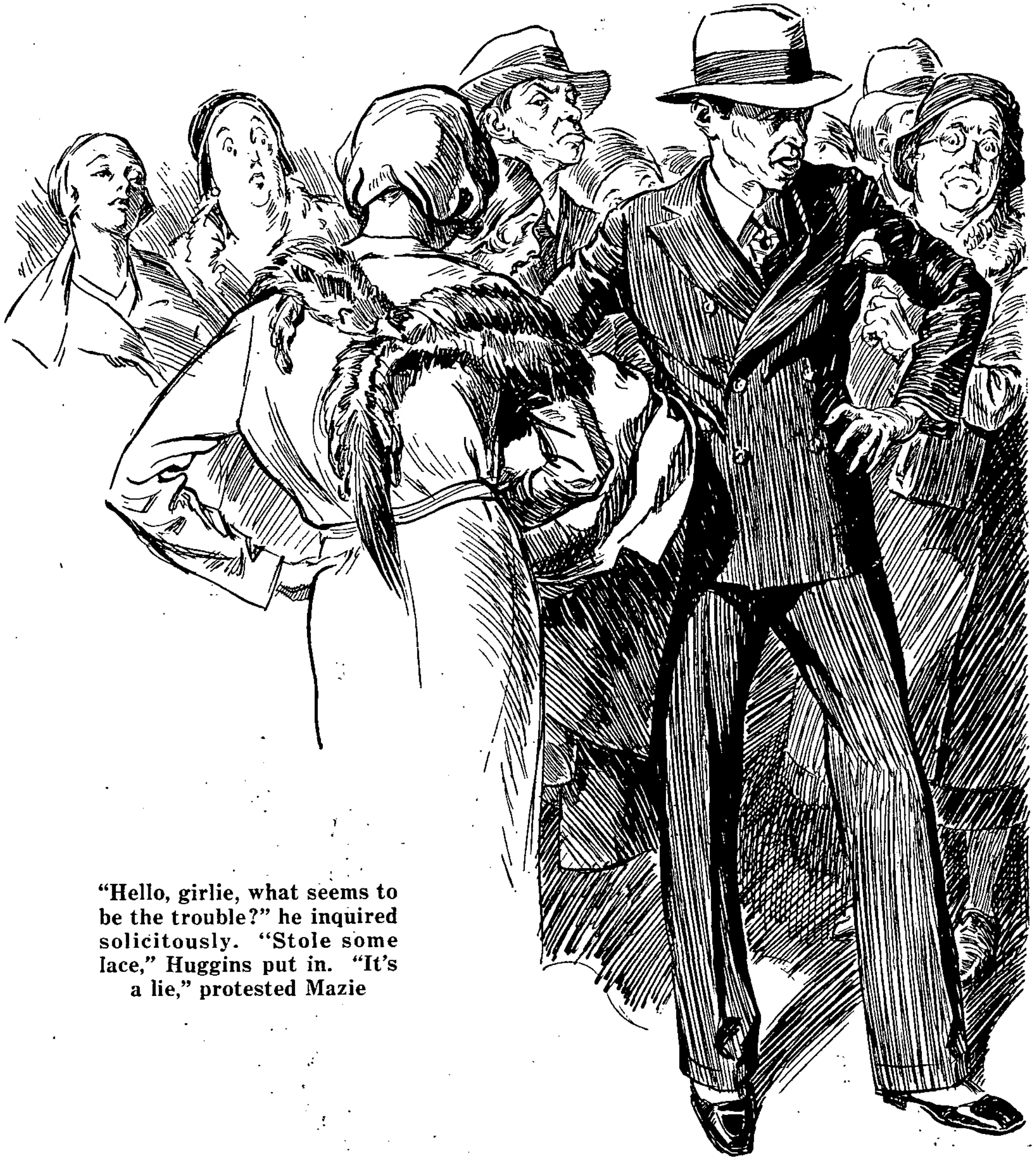
"Handled you kinda rough, didn't he?" Huggins clucked sympathetically. "Why don't you turn the boys loose on him?"

"NAW!" Torino grinned evilly. "I got something better than that. A whole lot better. Here's the layout, Fats. Now get it."

Leaning close, he talked long and earnestly, and at the end the detective lurched heavily to his broad feet with an approving nod.

"Looks good to me. Let's go."

Two days later, the papers carried lengthy reports of the arrest of Chicago Blackie, the notorious bank robber, and all of the stories gave warm praise to Detective Frank Huggins for a brilliant piece of work. By clever deduction he had located the hiding place of the



**"Hello, girlie, what seems to be the trouble?" he inquired solicitously. "Stole some lace," Huggins put in. "It's a lie," protested Mazie**

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

criminal and captured him as he slept. Chicago Blackie could have put a sizable crimp in the volume of praise had he so chosen, but black rage left him little room for garrulity.

"Leave me alone!" he snarled at the reporters. "There's jes' one guy in the world I want to talk to."

WHILE these dreams of revenge curdled Chicago Blackie, and as John MacMurragh kinged it on his high seat, planning matrimonial ways and means, Monk Torino made due demand upon Fats Huggins for the return of his favor. Meeting with grateful assent, a certain sunny forenoon found the gang leader and the detective entering the doors of the department store where Mazie Kinsale graced the lace counter with her winsome presence. With them walked a woman in her late twenties, carrying herself with the assurance born of costly clothes and careful grooming. A handsome woman but for a lack of width between the eyes and a thin, cruel mouth. From a distant aisle, Torino indicated Mazie beyond all possibility of a mistake, and then the two men left.

"Is she good?" The Sicilian balanced on the curb, lighting a cigarette.

"Is she good?" Huggins' tone breathed wonder at such a question. "Say, Kate could lift the fillin' out of a back tooth while your mouth was shut. Five minutes to twelve," he announced. "Better make yourself scarce."

From a doorway across the street Torino constituted himself an interested spectator at all that followed. The noon-hour exodus began almost immediately, and at first even his eager eye was confused by the rush of chattering girls. Suddenly, however, the waiting Huggins stepped forward, and following the movement, Monk saw Kate and Mazie—the shoplifter close on the heels of the laughing girl.

What now happened came so swiftly that even his expectant gaze nearly missed it. From some hiding place in Kate's dress a bolt of lace fell as though it had dropped from Mazie's sweater, and Huggins, with a lumbering leap, lifted it from the pavement and, almost in the same motion, grabbed Mazie's arm. Torino, eyes shining triumphantly, watched the girl's hysterical expostulations, the detective's sneering disbelief, the excited jostle of the crowd and then as Huggins, with the lace in one hand and Mazie's elbow in the other, started to turn back to the store, the gangster recrossed the street.

"Tony!" The gladness of a passionate relief was in Mazie's voice. "Oh, Tony. I'm so glad you're here."

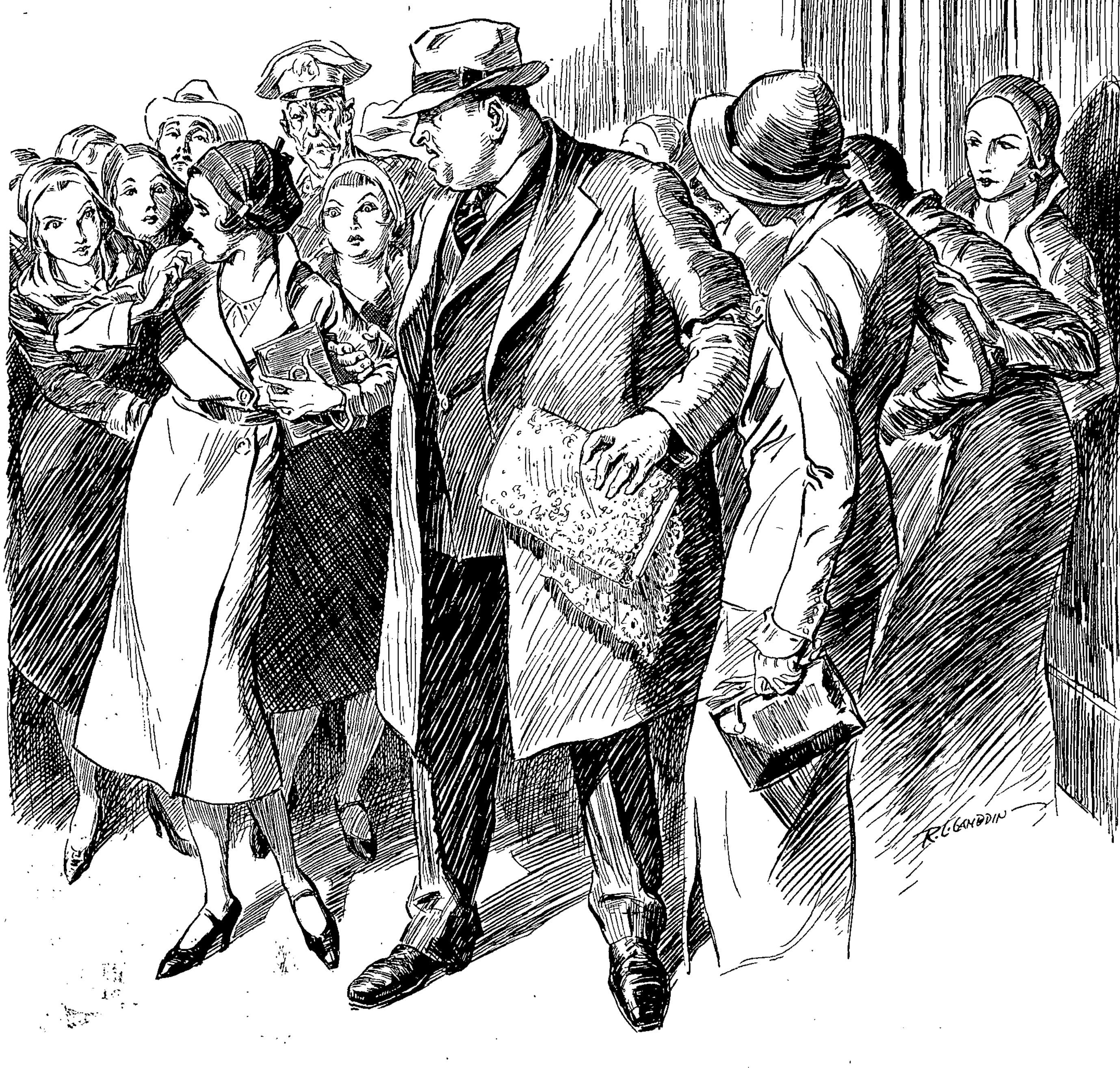
"Hello, girlie. What seems to be the trouble?" he inquired solicitously.

"Stole some lace," Huggins put in.

"It's a lie," protested Mazie, the tears running. "Tell him you know me, Tony."

"Yeah?" Torino licked his lips as if to get the full savor of his revenge. "Well, why not send for the big truck boy, sister? He knows you better."

"Come on!" said Huggins to the weeping girl. "Let's be going."



"WHAT happened?" Before the detective had fairly entered the back room of the speakeasy that afternoon, the gangster shot his question.

"What would happen?" grunted Huggins. "I took her to the manager's office and told my story. How I happened to be standing outside and saw the lace drop from under her dress. She swore it was all a mistake, of course, and cried her head off, but it didn't save her from the grand bounce. I could have made a pinch, I suppose, but trouble might have come of it. A lot of holes in the case if a smart lawyer poked into it."

"Maybe so," Torino admitted grudgingly. "Well, I guess it's good enough. Say, how much of a stretch do you think they'll give Chicago Blackie?"

"About fifteen years."

"Make it life an' you'll not hurt my feelings. Now let's get ready for the big baboon. He'll be comin' hot foot the minute he gets the dope."

John MacMurragh, returning to the garage that evening, received the bad tidings even before he climbed down from his seat, for news spreads rapidly in a crowded neighborhood. Without waiting to wash or change his clothes, he hurried to the boarding house, and took a dazed, hysterical Mazie in his arms.

"You know I didn't do it," she wailed. "Tell me you know it, Johnnie dear."

"Stop talking nonsense," he said. "Of course you didn't do it. Now sit down and tell me the whole business."

Mazie, choking back her sobs, obeyed as best she could, MacMurragh remaining silent until she came to Monk Torino's appearance on the scene.

"Torino, huh?" he interrupted savagely. "An' what was the detective like? A fat man with a round face?"

"Yes, Johnnie. And eyes half closed."

"A frame-up!" One iron hand hit hard against the other. "Jus' like I thought. Huggins and Monk Torino are as close as fleas on a dog's back. You wait here."

"WHERE you going, Johnnie?" Alarm flamed in Mazie's eyes as he took up his hat.

"Just to see a friend," he answered soothingly. "A guy with a political pull."

"Promise me you'll not go around Monk Torino?" she insisted fearfully.

"Sure I'll promise," he smiled. "He'll keep, won't he?"

Once he was out of the house, the smile quit his face, leaving it granite-hard. Straight as a homing pigeon he made his way to the speakeasy, Torino's regular haunt, and the big chest swelled menacingly at sight of the gangster out in front, lounging as though without a care. There was murder in John's blue eyes; but after one swift glance behind him, and a muttered word out of the corner of his mouth, the Sicilian stood his ground.

"Guess you'll have to buy lace curtains after all, Red," he called jeeringly. "But you can't say the little girl didn't try."

As though thrown by a catapult MacMurragh left the ground and launched himself at the gangster, but even as his fingers locked on the skinny throat, Fats Huggins rushed from behind the half-open door and brought down his clubbed gun with crushing force.

(Continued on page 36)

# Irish Eyes

## By Kathleen Norris

Copyright, 1931, by Kathleen Norris

*The Story Thus Far:*

DURING a summer's outing, Sheila Carscadden, who works in a New York office, meets Peter McCann, one of the sons of the wealthy Judge McCann. She is with him for only a few short hours, does not even learn his last name. But, returning to the city, she realizes she loves him. . . . Months later, at a rummage sale, she buys a hand bag. In it she finds fifty dollars. The bag is marked with the former owner's initials and address. Sheila, whose little family is poverty-stricken, promptly returns the money. The home to which she goes, a handsome one, is Judge McCann's. While she is there, in walks Peter!

The following day, Sheila and Peter meet secretly. Peter tells her he loves her, but is to marry another girl—Gertrude Keane—who lives with the McCanns. They discuss the situation, then rise to go. They are alone in an old bookroom of a library to which Peter has access. The door will not open. They are locked in!

The room is on the fifth floor. The building is deserted. Endeavoring to escape, they presently find themselves in what appears to be a studio. As they enter, two men greet them. One of them draws a revolver. "Come with us," he orders; and Sheila and Peter, terrified, obey.

The two men—both young, one known as "Ken," the other as "Inky"—lead them to an automobile, force them to climb in. What, Sheila wonders, will her little family—her mother, her sister Angela, and Joe, her brother—think when she fails to come home? Desperate, she pleads with "Ken," explains her predicament to him. "So," sneers her captor, "you're not married to this bird! Okay, I'll wire your family and tell 'em you're safe." . . . That night—a bitterly cold one, with snow everywhere—the prisoners spend in a farmhouse. In the morning, Sheila awakens. Desperately eager to escape, she tiptoes to a door, opens it a crack. Peter enters. His face reflects his terror. "Don't do that!" he gasps. "These fellows are *dangerous!*"

### VI

THE room into which Sheila looked was unspeakably desolate and dirty, the floor littered with old newspapers, the windows sealed. The floor shook under her feet as she timidly ventured in. It had once been a dining-room. It was quite unfurnished now.

At one end an open door led into the front room that flanked the bedroom, and here Sheila heard voices, mumbling voices of men, and from this direction came also the smell of pipes and wood smoke. She turned to the back of the house, and with sure instinct opened still another door and went into the kitchen.

It was deserted, but the stove was hot, and there was food. Sheila pushed a coffeepot forward; hacked rather than cut stale slices off a round, hard loaf; broke eggs.

If the men in the sitting-room heard, they did not molest her. Presently toast and coffee and scrambled eggs were ready; she managed to extract plates, cups, from the incredible disorder of the kitchen; Peter joined her, and they cleared an end of the table and sat down together.

And never in her life, Sheila thought, had she tasted such food. It was delicious beyond anything imaginable; she felt that she could not get enough of the sour, toasted, buttered bread, the hot drink, the hot eggs. Color and courage returned with returning warmth and vitality.

An alarm clock, set down haphazard in the general confusion, said twelve o'clock.

"Peter, can it be twelve o'clock?"

He looked at his wrist.

"Stopped," he said, winding his watch. "It might be."

Sheila half filled her cup, luxuriating in comfort. She went on eating without further comment.

The old kitchen was on a level two steps below the rest of the house. It ran straight across the back of the building and had windows on both sides. From these there was the same vista: snow, meadows leveled under blankets of white, trees and the dim far perspective of horizon, sky and whitened world.

"WHAT'D they say to you?"

"Who?"

"Those fellers in there."

"Nobody's spoken to me at all," she said.

"What's—have you found out—what's the big idea?"

Peter looked cautiously toward the front room as he spoke, and Sheila answered almost inaudibly:

"We got mixed in just at the time they were afraid of something, see? And they didn't dare leave us—let us go, for fear we'd give them away."

"By gosh, it's like a play. And do they get us back today?"

"I don't know."

She began to put the kitchen in order in true Carscadden style. She piled dishes and knives, combined bits of butter on one plate, carried scraps and rubbish out into an icy woodshed beyond the kitchen. Sheila made a tut-tutting noise, just as her mother did, as the full measure of the disorder revealed itself. Fat was congealed with cigarette butts on muttony plates, rotting lemons were fluffy and gray in the old black sink, cuffs of black grease coated even the heavy drinking glasses and the dishpan itself.

With experienced hands she carried the kettle to and fro, soaped and rinsed, flourished the disreputable old red tablecloth that was all she could find for a towel. On the back of the stove there was a great black pot in which a colossal cut of beef wallowed in broth; she drew it forward, salvaged what potatoes she could from a dish into which spoons and apple-peelings had been thrust, cut onions into the mess and set it to decent pot-roast simmering.

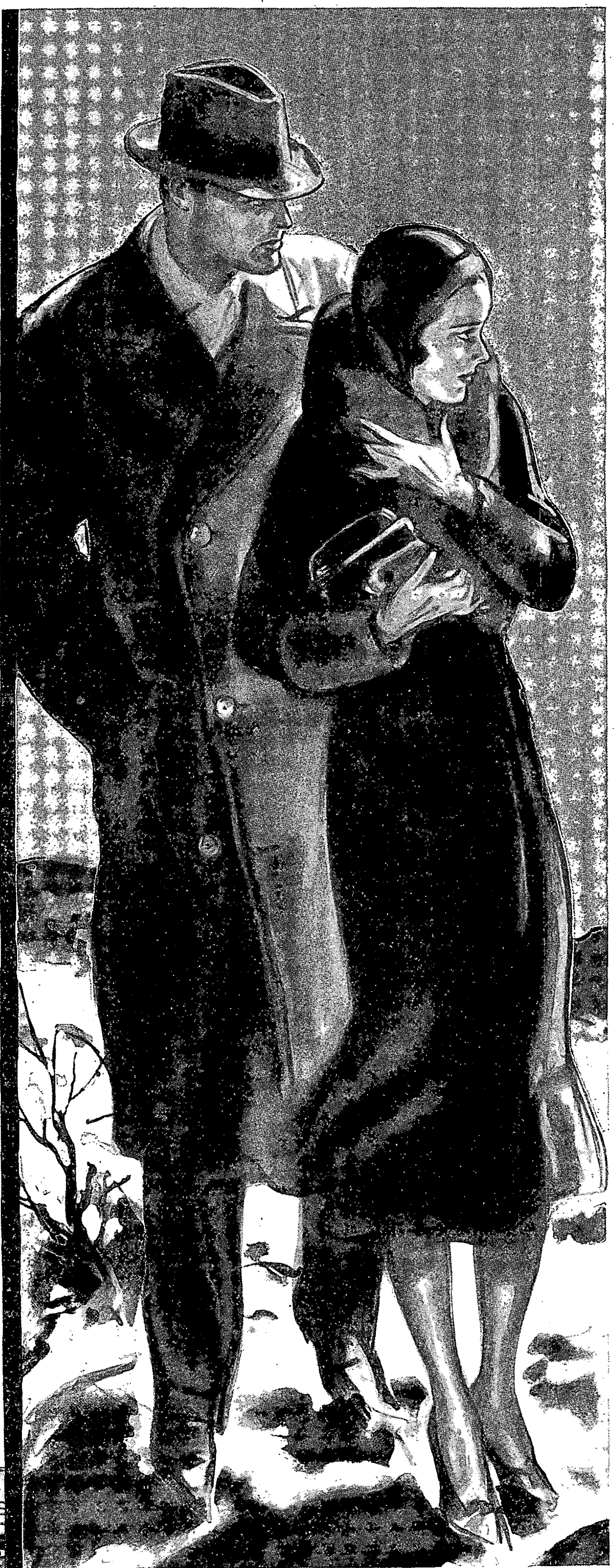
"YOU'RE a funny one!" Peter said, watching her.

"I don't care!— Put some coal in there, will you, Peter? I don't care," Sheila said, "there's no use wasting good food."

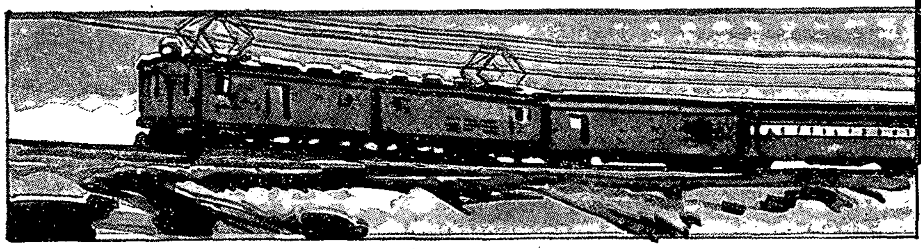
"You're getting a kick out of this," he said, resentfully.

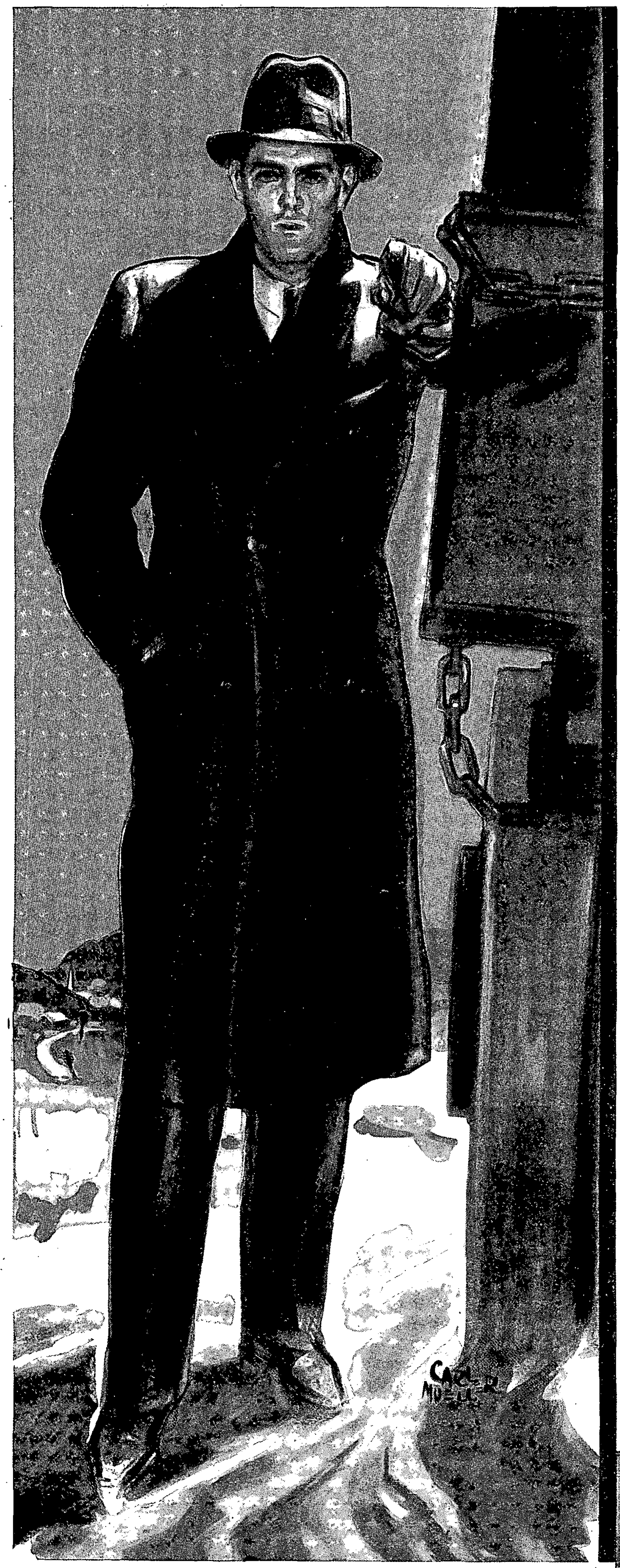
"I would, if it wasn't for Mamma."

"Don't you believe it's all over yet," Peter muttered, ominously.



Ken was bidding them good-by. "Walk to to be a village about a mile below." On your





the top of that hill, there, and there ought way!" he said. He did not look at Sheila

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

But the homely, familiar work had quieted Sheila's nerves. Nothing terrible was going to happen. Those smoking men in the old farmhouse parlor were just like other men loafing on Sunday morning, or rather they were just grown-up boys, like other boys. They would be hungry pretty soon, and she could feed them.

A hideous face looked into the kitchen; it would have appalled her yesterday. But she was warm and fed, now, and busy and needed, and this filled the need of her woman's heart.

"Dinner?" this apparition said hoarsely.

"Yep. In about half an hour," Sheila responded briskly. "You tell them to wash their hands!"

The last was mere habit. Sheila's mother had said this to her children as often as she had summoned them to a meal. No Carscadden could say "Dinner!" without adding, "Wash your hands!"

She saw the villainous face stare at her oddly. The man vanished.

"You've got a nerve!" Peter said, fearfully. "They might kill us for less than that!"

"Oh, shucks!" Sheila said boldly. "Give me those plates."

Impressed, Peter obeyed her meekly.

A minute later the man called Ken came into the kitchen. He had evidently just arrived, for his face was red with cold, and his gloves and coat wet. He looked curiously at Sheila and nodded to her without a smile. For a full two minutes he stood warming himself by the stove, watching her.

"Okay?" he asked, finally.

"I'm all right," Sheila answered briefly. She tasted the pot roast, poured in the paste that was to thicken it.

"YOU seem to have fitted in all right," Ken said. He ground his cold hands together. "Something smells good," he added. And then, with the nearest approach to a smile she had ever seen in him, "I hear we have to wash our hands?"

To this Sheila made no response. She was embarrassed. She stirred the thickening stew carefully.

The bread was so stale that she dampened it, as she had seen her mother do, and set it in the hot oven to crisp. She found some cold cooked spaghetti and set that in the oven too, with a lump of butter and some crumbled cheese on it. She made more coffee and set a bowl of apples and oranges on the table. There was no lack of food, although it was all tumbled together ruinously, and much of it was furred with decay.

"What Ma couldn't do here!" Sheila thought.

They presently sat down, seven in the kitchen, on such rickety chairs and boxes as they could individually command. The three men who had been smoking in the front room had not washed their hands, Sheila assumed, unless indeed those hands had been extraordinarily dirty, but it was easy to forgive any personal neglect in this place, where there were no bathrooms and no hot water and no conveniences of any sort.

She gathered that they liked the pot-roast and the spaghetti. Anyway, they ate quantities of it, mountains of it, with all the gravy and vegetables that she could scrape up from the big baking pan in which she had served the tremendous meal. They had put wine on the table; Peter drank some of it, but Sheila would not touch it.

The atmosphere seemed lighter, somehow, as they ate together. She had begun to feel lame and tired and drowsy, but there was no more fear. It was only with a real effort that she roused herself, afterward, and began the business of clearing up.

TO her surprise they all helped her; she tore the red tablecloth into four pieces that each assistant might have his own. They carried the remains of the stew into the ice-cold pantry, piled the plates neatly, drew back the chairs, and one brigand secured a wisp of broom somewhere and brushed the rough old floor.

"They're just like Neely and Joe," she thought.

She could smile as she asked for a hod of coal, a bucket of water.

"There!" Sheila said in satisfaction, when all this was done. She was exhausted now, and drawing a deep old rocker close to the stove, and catching up a coverless movie magazine that happened to be in the woodbox, she composed herself for a rest.

The men were trying to persuade Peter to something; Peter was unwilling.

"They're just going to bring some wood into the front room," Ken explained, in his characteristically careless way. "Go along and help them!"

He and Sheila were left alone in the kitchen, with the warmth and the smells of food and fire and soapsuds, in the gathering dusk. It was not quite half past four o'clock, but the brief stormy day was closing in. The man sat down, lighted his pipe and stretched his legs.

"Well, you got the boys tamed," he said then.

"They were hungry, I guess."

"They haven't had a meal like that in a long while!"

Silence. Sheila turned a page or two, yawned wearily, threw the magazine away.

"You haven't asked me when you and McCann get home."

"My asking wouldn't make any difference."

There was another silence, and then Ken repeated, with a chuckle:

"Yes, sir, those boys were certainly tamed!

"Well," he added, as Sheila made no comment, "they're all home boys; they've had good raising. People think they're different because they're in this business. They ain't any different. They like to have a girl around, and they like things clean, just like everyone else. Lots of these boys are sending money home.

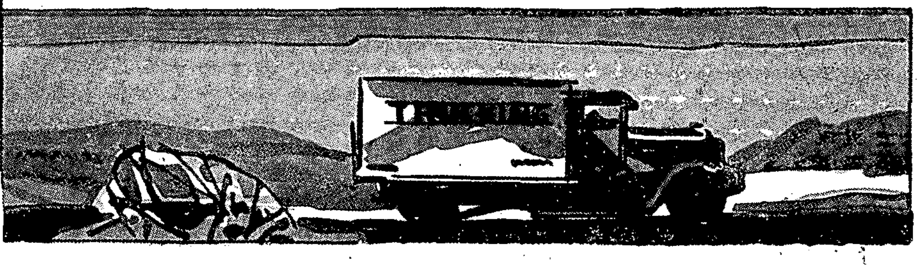
"It's just a kind of business to them; they don't want any racket or any shooting," he said, "not if they can get out of it, they don't!"

SHEILA not proving responsive, he pulled on his pipe in silence, and the girl fell into a tired dream, staring at the fire. Presently he began again:

"So you thought my mother was dead, hay? No, sir, my little mother is very much alive. She's got chickens, she's got a garden, she drives an old Ford."

"How long since you've seen her?" the girl asked politely.

(*Continued on page 50*)



# The Mortgage Racket

*When is a mortgage not a mortgage? There are several answers to that conundrum worked out in elaborate detail by disciples of Ponzi who have gone into real estate. Their versatile ingenuity has led to a number of suicides among their customers and not a few cases of insanity. Here Mr. Dodds tells you the whole story and gives a few simple rules which will prevent you from becoming the victim of similar enterprises*

## By Nugent Dodds

*Assistant Attorney-General*

IN THE fantastic era which closed with the 1929 crash on the stock market, when everybody had the touch of King Midas and could turn anything into gold, there grew up something which, for lack of a better name, we call the real estate mortgage racket, or, as it is sometimes called, the investment banking racket.

Essentially it was the old scheme of Ponzi, the Boston racketeer who went to jail before the name "racket" was in vogue. Ponzi, it will be remembered, guaranteed to investors some fantastic interest, ten per cent a month, or something like that. And he was able to pay this out of the money he got from new suckers, so long as the crop of suckers held out. But the proverbial fool born every minute was not enough to keep Ponzi going. He miscalculated the great advantage which nature in its generous provision of fools for racketeers gave to him. There came a time when the money he got from new suckers was not enough to pay the ten per cent a month to the suckers he already had, and then he went to jail.

The real estate mortgage racket was exactly like the Ponzi racket in this respect: so long as there were unsuspecting people enough to buy the new mortgage notes, mortgage could be pyramided upon mortgage, and the interest on the old mortgages, often canceled, could be paid. When the sucker supply ran out the interest could no longer be paid and the truth about what was only too often a bare-faced swindle was discovered.

From all over the country complaints are being received from victims of racketeering in real estate mortgages. The Department of Justice has prosecuted one racket of this sort in Washington and has convicted the three chief racketeers. It is now prosecuting a second racket of the same sort. And it is investigating a third, bigger than the other two, which has sold $135,000,000 worth of securities to the public.

### The Tragic Aftermath

It is probably no exaggeration to say five hundred persons, small investors who lost their entire savings, are now dead from suicide or are on their way to insane asylums as a result of their losses from these three rackets. Enough cases of victims who are now dead or insane have come within the knowledge of the Department of Justice to make this estimate reasonable.

In discussing this racket there is no desire to reflect in any measure upon the probity of the majority of houses dealing in real estate mortgage securities. There are likely to be crooks in every business and there appears to have been an outbreak of them in this particular business. The racketeer has taken advantage of the reputation for safety which the real estate mortgage has justly earned. He has traded upon the confidence which the word "banking," used by him in the title of his business, inspires. He has generally taken over some old house with a well-established reputation for jealously guarding the interests of its clients and turned it surreptitiously into a Ponzi game.

The racketeer has subjected the honest investment banker to unfair competition. He has made the public suspicious. He has ruined the market for mortgage securities. No one should welcome the activity of the Department of Justice more than the great class of honest investment bankers or dealers in mortgage securities, whose field has been invaded by the racketeer.

Legitimate bankers have particular reason to be appreciative of the work of cleaning up the swindlers. In many cases they have had to sit back and see savings taken out of their banks and paid over to the racketeers, powerless to interfere because, while they were suspicious, they had not the evidence to prove that the investments in which their clients proposed to put their savings were swindles. One purpose of this article is to aid honest bankers by warning investors against swindlers and racketeers.

The beginning of the mortgage security racket, which is comparatively new, seems to lie in the change in the relation of the mortgage broker to his clients, in the temptation which existed for him in the possibilities of high-pressure salesmanship, and in the ease with which money could be gotten from the small investor in the boom period which has just closed.

The old-fashioned mortgage broker, or investment banker, as he now calls himself, dealt at arm's length with both the borrower who sought a mortgage and the investor who would lend money on a mortgage. It was to his interest to see that the mortgage was a sound one, so that his clients would be satisfied and come back to him to make further investments. It was he who built up the reputation for his house of "not losing a dollar for anyone in fifty years," a reputation upon which the racketeer in some cases subsequently traded. He had no interest in floating a mortgage bigger than the value of the property justified; quite the contrary, his real interest was in the soundness of the mortgage. And he had no sense of the possibility of forcing the public to buy cats and dogs in the way of mortgage securities through the hypnotizing effect of high-pressure salesmanship.

The old-fashioned mortgage broker was content with his commissions legitimately earned. He never got very rich, perhaps, but he was a greatly trusted and a greatly respected member of the community. Because he was disinterested, or because his interest lay in protecting his investing clients, the public could buy from him on the strength of his reputation without much study of the securities he offered.

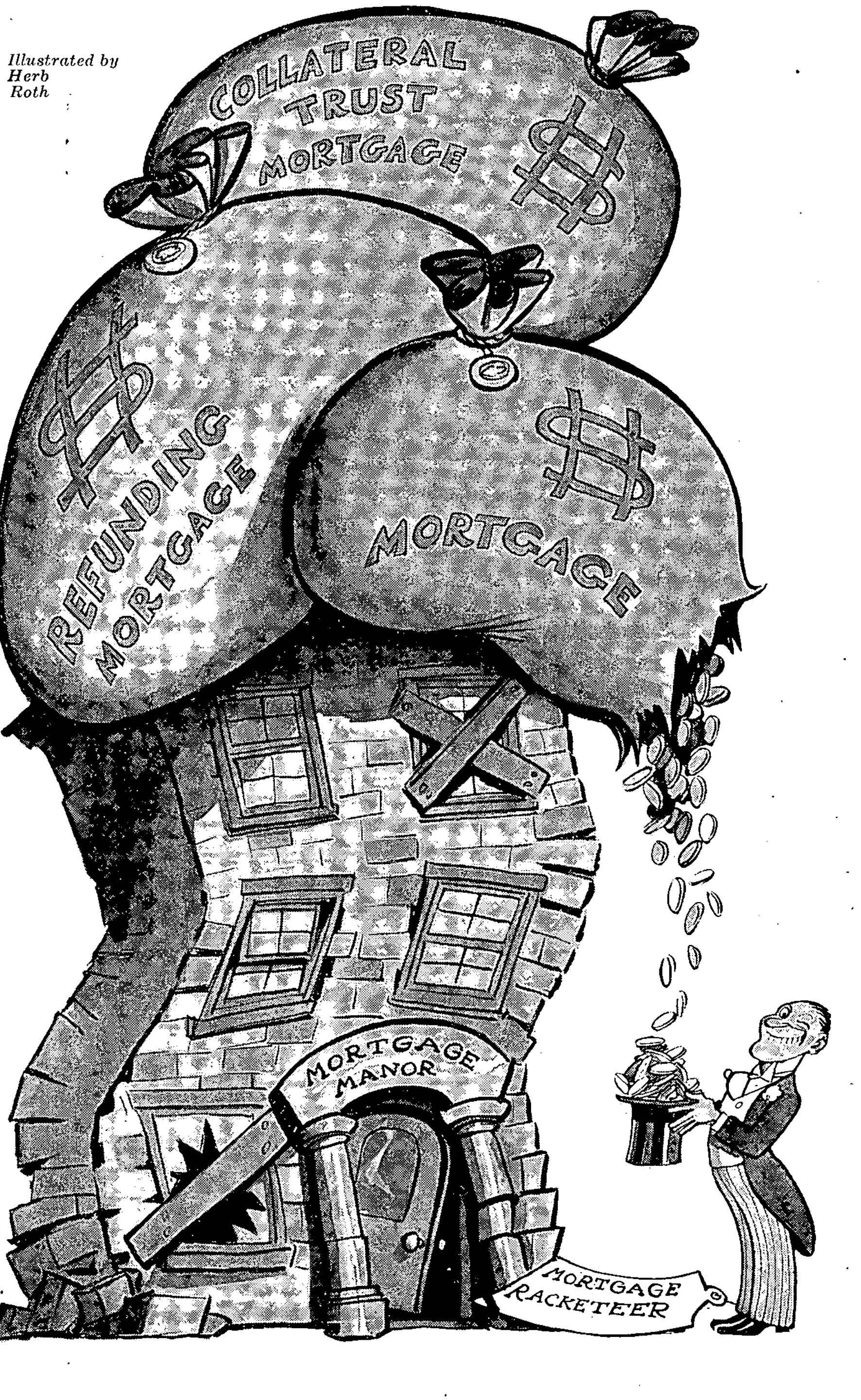
### The Rise of the Corporation

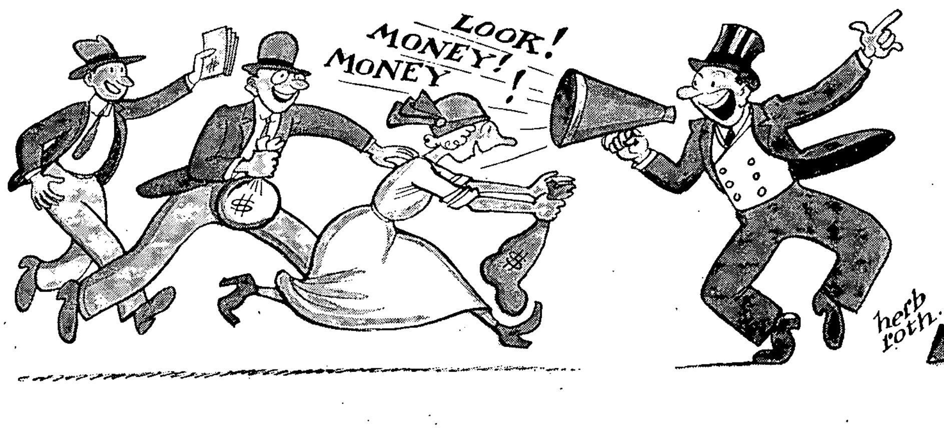
A change in the relation of the mortgage broker to the financing of real estate operations took place when corporations more and more supplanted individual operators. The corporation promoting real estate now began to have subsidiary corporations to finance its real estate. Or the investment banking corporation began through subsidiary corporations to promote real estate. This was a natural development, and not open to objections so long as it was in honest hands.

But the racketeer was not slow to take advantage of it. He was a get-rich-quick man. He saw the enormous capacity of the public, in a boom period, to absorb securities. He was well aware

(Continued on page 48)

*Illustrated by Herb Roth*



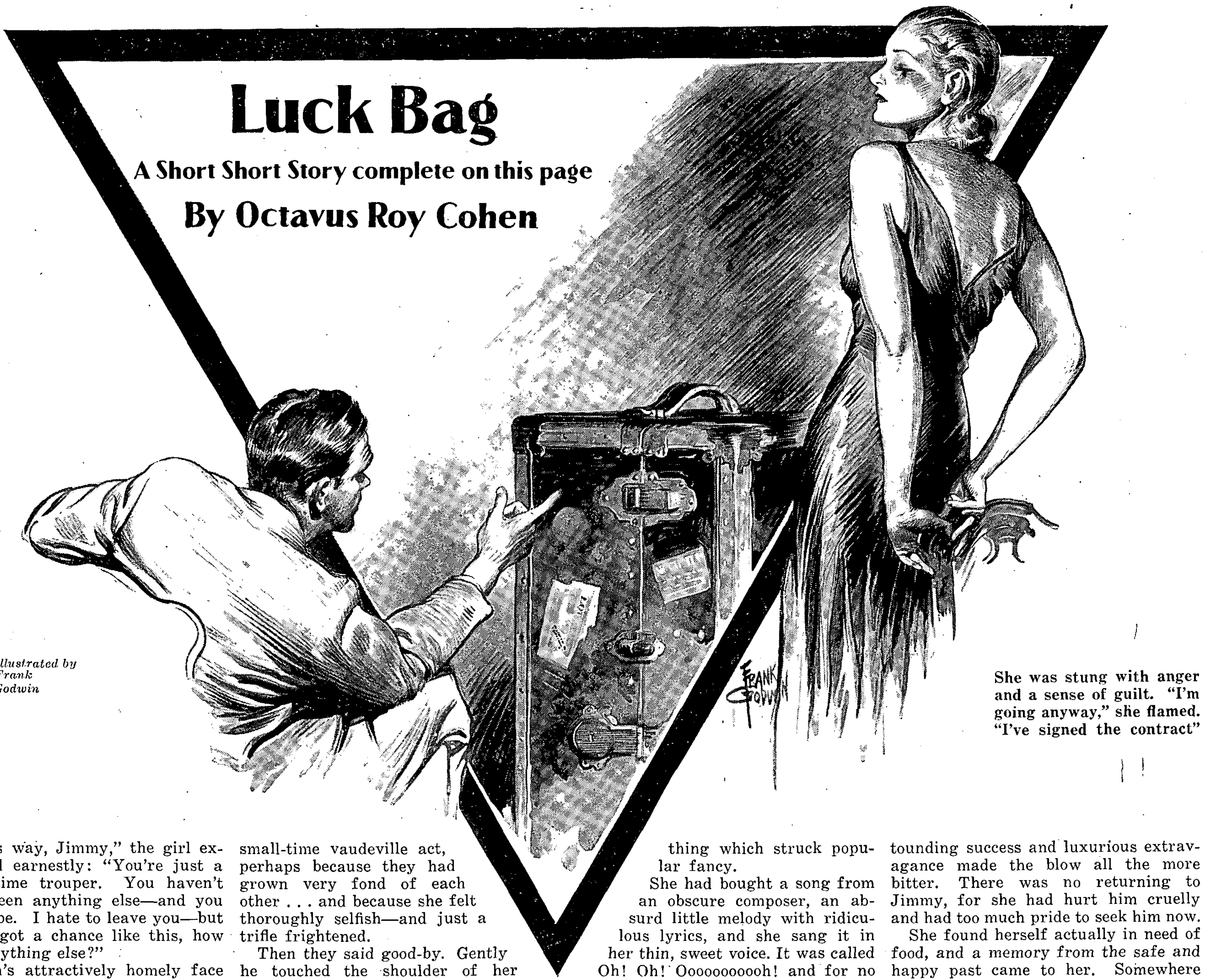

LOOK!
MONEY! MONEY!
herb roth

**The racketeer has taken advantage of the traditional reputation for safety which the real estate mortgage has justly earned**

# Luck Bag

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Octavus Roy Cohen



*Illustrated by Frank Godwin*

**She was stung with anger and a sense of guilt. "I'm going anyway," she flamed. "I've signed the contract"**

"IT'S this way, Jimmy," the girl explained earnestly: "You're just a small-time trouper. You haven't ever been anything else—and you never will be. I hate to leave you—but when I've got a chance like this, how can I do anything else?"

The man's attractively homely face twisted into a forced smile: "I'd say for you to hop right to it, Audrey, if I thought you could make the grade. You're pretty and young and you've got a nifty figure . . . but, honey, you ain't no big-timer yourself. You're gonna crack up in fast company."

She flushed with resentment. "Max doesn't think so. He's got a tryout route for me, and he says I'll panic 'em up yonder."

"Doing what?" Jimmy Marvin hitched his chair closer. "Honest, sugar, if I only thought you had it, I'd be rooting for you hard—but I hate to see you get bumped. You and me have been a good team. We've worked all we wanted, and we always would. I kinda thought. . . ." His voice trailed off and he looked away suddenly.

"Yeah . . . I know, Jimmy. And I'm awful fond of you, but I got my big chance and—"

"It's like I was saying, hon: You can't do a thing but talk cute and sing this new Oh! Oh! song. Even if they like it at first, they'll get tired . . . and you'll slip."

She rose, stung with anger and a sense of guilt. After all, she knew that he loved her, and she was more than a trifle afraid that she cared for him more than was good for her stage future.

"I'm going anyway," she flamed. "I already signed the contract."

Their bookings ended two weeks later. During that time she was rather irritable—though just why, she couldn't have explained. Perhaps it was that she and Jimmy had been happy in their small-time vaudeville act, perhaps because they had grown very fond of each other . . . and because she felt thoroughly selfish—and just a trifle frightened.

Then they said good-by. Gently he touched the shoulder of her dress. "You ain't got your luck bag on, honey." He seemed to be disturbed.

"No," she answered—"They don't need luck bags where I'm going."

He winced at that and touched the tiny bulge under his own shirt. Every insignificant actor he knew carried a luck bag. He vaguely understood the tradition: that in the old days of bitter travail on the road every trouper had carried a little chamois bag suspended around his neck, and that in the bag was a hundred-dollar bill—it was figured that a hundred dollars would transport one back to New York from wherever disaster happened to overtake one. The little bag and its precious contents imparted a sense of spiritual as well as physical safety. The tradition was implanted firmly in Jimmy Marvin's mind, which accounted for the sense of shock he experienced at the knowledge that Audrey had tossed hers carelessly into her trunk.

AND so Audrey went out of Jimmy Marvin's life, and he wished her well. That night and for many, many months afterwards, he was gripped by a ghastly loneliness. He had hoped that he might summon the courage to ask Audrey to marry him—and that she might accept.

As for Audrey, what twinges she may have felt at breaking with Jimmy so abruptly vanished in the wonderland of New York and success.

She became the third theatrical phenomenon of the year: a fairly attractive young woman, almost totally lacking in stage ability, who had hit upon something which struck popular fancy.

She had bought a song from an obscure composer, an absurd little melody with ridiculous lyrics, and she sang it in her thin, sweet voice. It was called Oh! Oh! Ooooooooooh! and for no particular reason it became a sensation. Within six months she had become nationally known as Oh! Oh! Audrey. Throughout the country, dance orchestras played the number with violent attempts on the part of their vocalists to imitate Audrey's peculiarly attractive manner. Radio knew and loved her. She was featured the following season in a Broadway musical comedy hit, and finally a picture company starred her in a feature film called Oh! Oh! Audrey!

For the first half year she was drunk with the wine of achievement. Then she recognized that she was not entirely happy. She missed Jimmy . . . and she wrote to him. He answered with formal politeness. She wrote again and again, throwing herself against the bulwark of his pride and hurt . . . Jimmy, the poor small-time trouper whom she loved—and couldn't have.

Then, abruptly, her popularity waned. She had lived like a princess, adjusting herself swiftly to new standards of luxury. The great photoplay was a flat failure. She desperately tried new songs—and failed with them. Raised to the heights by a sheer vocal absurdity, she didn't have the ability to carry on when that particular absurdity lost its appeal.

The descent into obscurity took less than two years. Broadway would have none of her; eventually she found herself on a smaller circuit than she had ever known as Jimmy's partner.

Then came the day when she could no longer get bookings on any circuit as a single. She was alone, impoverished and heartsick. Her taste of astounding success and luxurious extravagance made the blow all the more bitter. There was no returning to Jimmy, for she had hurt him cruelly and had too much pride to seek him now.

She found herself actually in need of food, and a memory from the safe and happy past came to her. Somewhere among her belongings was the old chamois luck bag. In it was one hundred dollars, a sum which seemed now like a fortune. It was for just such emergencies that luck bags were kept inviolate, and until this moment of abysmal depression she had forgotten it.

She searched frantically through her trunk. Suppose the hundred-dollar bill had gone! But no—there it was. With trembling fingers she removed it from the bag—and with it came a slip of paper. She unfolded it and stared at the handwriting of Jimmy Marvin:

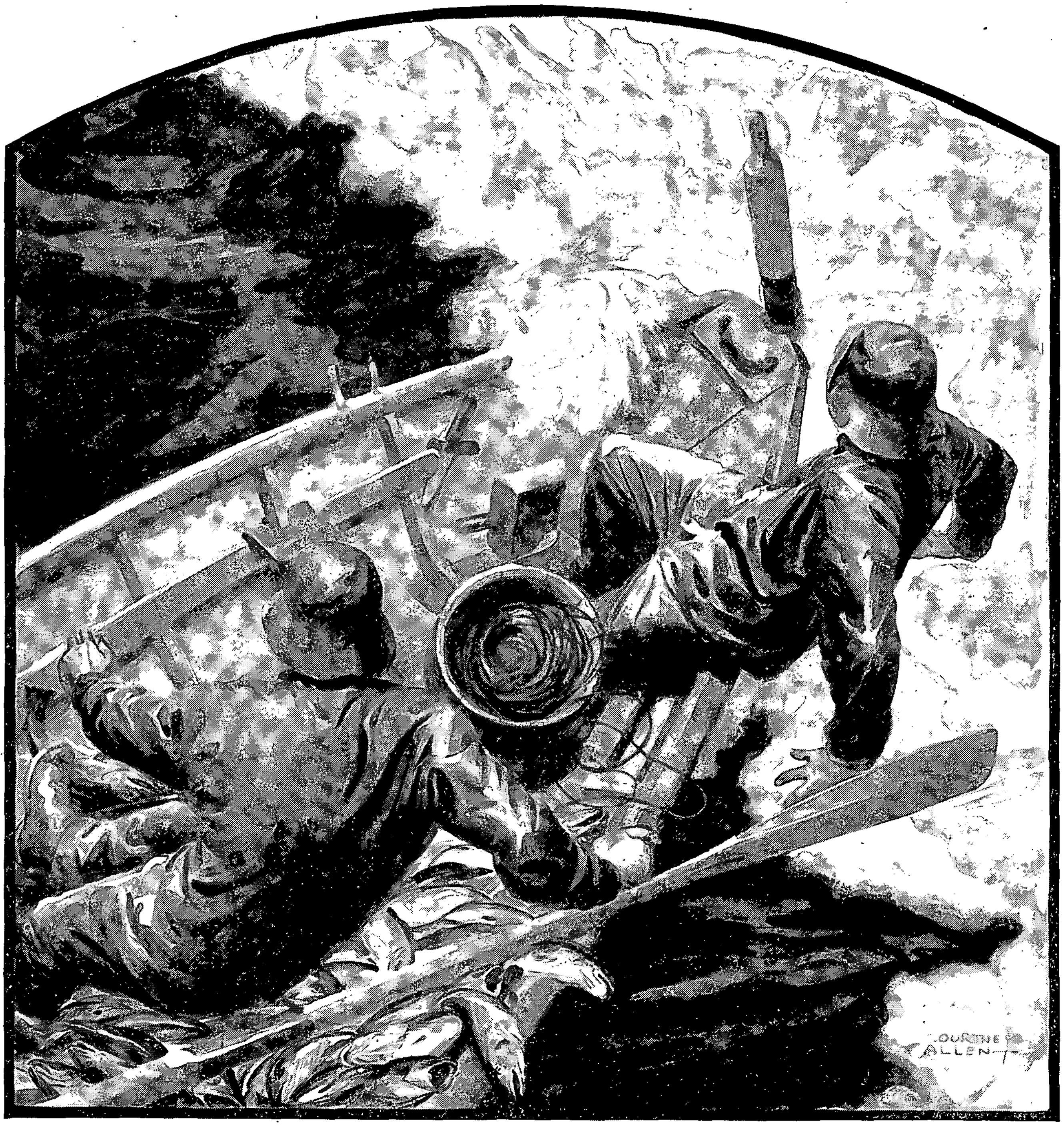
My dearest:

If you ever read this note it will be because you are broke and down and out, so I'm not afraid to write it. I know you are too good a trouper ever to go into your luck bag unless times are awful hard, so for your sake I hope you will never see this. But if you do see it, hon, it will mean that you need me. Won't you let me come to you?

A HALF-HOUR later a blasé clerk in the telegraph office turned to his companion.

"Didja see that good-lookin' dame that was just in here, Joe? Yeah? Well, she handed me the mushiest telegram I ever seen. It was addressed to a guy and was just about asking him to marry her. Well, you never can tell; I thought sure from lookin' at her that she was broke, but no! she hands me a hundred-dollar bill to pay for that wire and swears it's the smallest thing she's got. You can't beat it, Joe. Seems like some folks has all the luck."

# After You



"She will weather this one, too," Ben shouted

***A story of the Gloucester Fishing Fleet, whose humble heroes have no press agents***

THE vessel had arrived on the grounds, the trawls had been baited and fore and aft, pending word from the skipper to put the dories over the side, all hands were taking their ease—all hands, that is, but the cook.

The cook was mixing a batch of bread, and at the same time reading a book propped up against the galley bulkhead. Dories aboard or dories overboard, the cook of a bank fisherman—a good cook—is a busy man. This was a good cook—he had to be with that high-line skipper and that smart crew. Being also a great reader, he had to take his reading when and as he could.

The cook preferred tales of what he called big people in high places—tales of millionaires and society leaders, of doings at Palm Beach, Newport and so on. Not a trip that he didn't come aboard with three or four novels from a circulating library in Gloucester.

The cook was mixing the bread and reading, making little noises meanwhile in his throat. The fo'c'sle gang, stretched out in bunks or sprawled on the bunk lockers, had only to listen to him to know how the story was going.

The cook suddenly let a screech out of him: "The villain! Oh, the villain! Oh, the villain! The—the—" He dug his fingers into the great lump of dough, raised it high, smashed it down—Bam! into the bottom bread pan.

From the bunks and lockers came shouts and cheers of mock approval. "That's the boy, Cookie, smash the low-lived whatever he is! What's he done now?" came from Ben Proctor.

THE cook hauled his hands out of the dough—he was one of those who needed the use of his hands to talk his best: "D' y' know, Ben, I'd like to lash him to the chain anchor and drop him over the bow into a couple o' hundred fathom o' water. He's kidnapped the herowine aboard his million-dollar power yacht."

"A million-dollar power yacht?" repeated Ben. "I hope nothin' happens to her out to sea. What're they like, the herowine and the hero, this time?"

"Here's pitchers of 'em both—look!" The cook passed over the book.

Ben looked; and John Houghton, who was sitting on the locker beside Ben, had a look also.

"What d' y' think of his looks, John?" asked Ben.

John was the new man Ben had picked up on the wharf in Gloucester for a dorymate. He had spoken but few words since leaving Gloucester, and then only when spoken to—a backward, shy sort.

He rumpled his hair, caressed his chin. "I'm no judge of people's looks," he ventured finally.

"But would you say he looked like a hero?"

"How should I know what a hero looks like?" John paused; and then diffidently: "And yet I've often thought it must be wonderful to be a hero."

"It must be." Ben, a bit of a reader himself, was turning the pages of the book, stopping here and there to scan a paragraph: "Do you ever"—he tossed the book across to the cook—"don't that library ever put out any books about common ord'nary people?"

"Huh!" grunted the cook. "It's mostly common ord'nary people who take out books, Ben, an' they ain't payin' two cents a day to be readin' about folks like themselves—so the libr'ry man said one day. It's high life people want to read about—high life an' about swell heroes and herowines."

Ben grinned at John: "There—that settles you, John. After that you'll have to stick to crawlin' an' give up any notion you ever had of bein' a hero."

"Me a hero?" ejaculated John. "Don't be makin' fun of me. Let me be a good shipmate and dorymate, if it's in me to be that among a smart crew, I will be well content."

"Hi! Below there for'ard!" It was the voice of one of the watch coming down the fo'c'sle hatchway. "On deck ev'rybody and over with the dories."

Which ended any further talk of heroes. Into oilskins, heavy boots and sou'westers hurried the fo'c'sle gang.

John followed Ben up the ladder to the deck where the tubs of baited trawls were being passed up from the after hold. Ben and John took their two tubs and stood by the nests of dories in the waist of the vessel. The vessel was sailing by the wind with the skipper standing to the wheel. "Windward an' loo'ard dories to the rail," ordered the skipper.

THE top dories, port and starboard, were hoisted to the midship rails. "Over with the wind'ard dory," ordered the skipper.

The windward dory was lowered away. It was already a day of heaving seas and it threatened to be a dory-killer of a day later. The lowered dory was tossed higher than the rail of the vessel. Up went the vessel the next moment and down into the sea went the dory. As the dory started to fall away the two men who were her crew dropped their tubs of trawls into her. As she came up again they crouched on the rail; and as down she went they dropped into her. It was out oars then and away with them.

"Wind'ard dory to the rail! Over with the loo'ard dory!" came the command.

Intently John Houghton watched the dories being hoisted overboard; intently Ben Proctor watched John. It was a tough beginning of bank dory fishing for a man new to it; and Ben, watching John, wondered if he had made a mistake in this man.

Ben had come down to the wharf in Gloucester and found this young fellow looking down upon the vessel as she lay in the slip.

"Well, what d' y' make of her?" asked Ben.

"A grand vessel, an able vessel to look at," replied the young fellow.

"An' as able as she looks," retorted Ben.

"I don't doubt," said the young fellow. "You are one of her crew perhaps?"

"I'm one of her crew. And she was high line fresh fishin' last year, an' the year before." Ben tried to keep the pride out of his voice, but he couldn't quite.

"I know. What man goin' fishin' that hasn't heard of her an' her great fish-killer of a skipper? You have a right to be proud." He kicked one foot against the other, eyed Ben bashfully—"I heard there was a man gone ashore from her—do you think a man like myself could get the chance to go in her?"

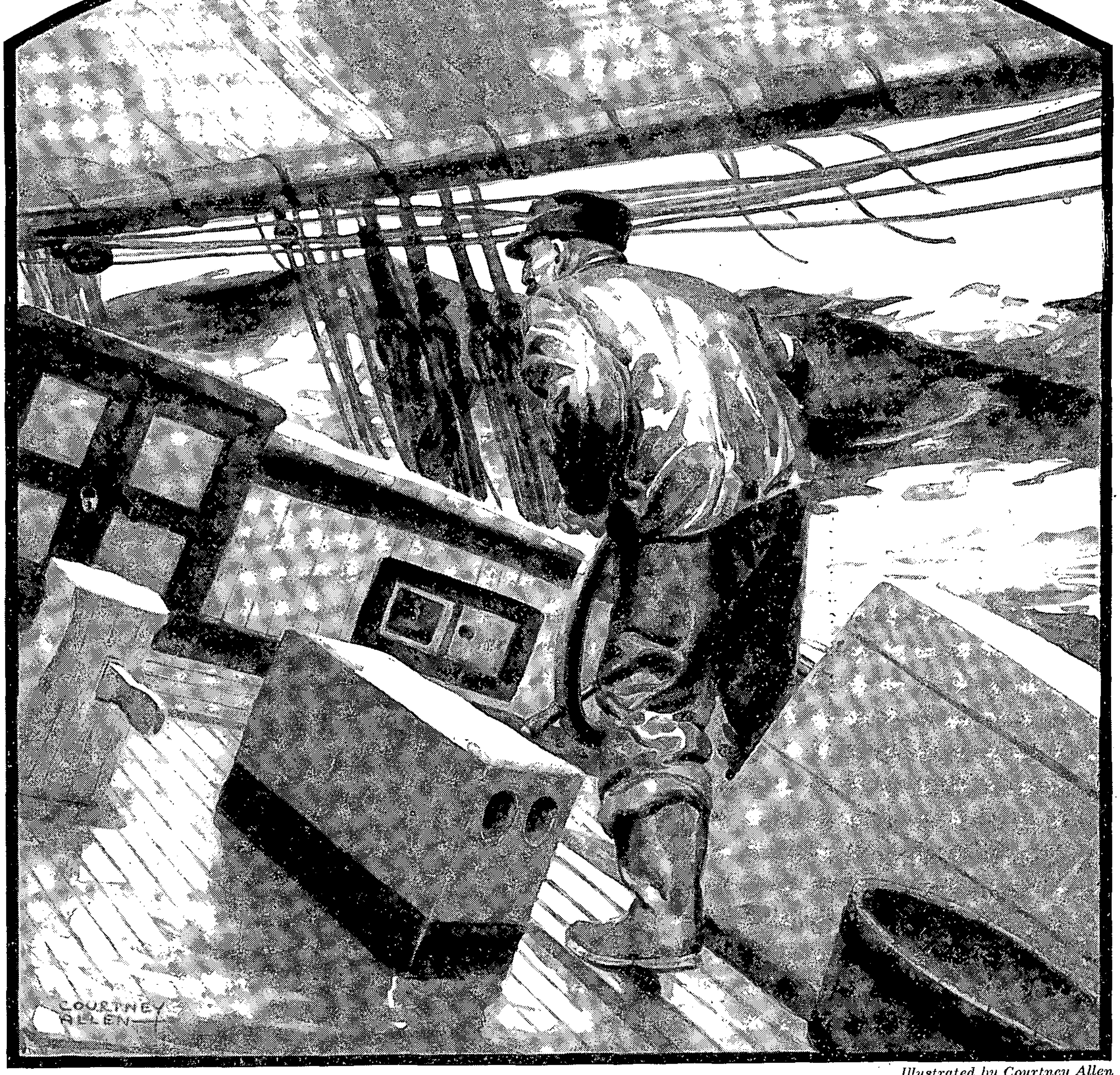
REPLYING to Ben's question, he said that he came from a little island on the Maine coast, and that for the past two years he had been shore fishin' out o' Portland.

"How'd you come to quit your last vessel?" asked Ben then.

"She was run down an' sunk in a fog. Maybe you heard of her, the Julia Fawcett."

"Oh, you in her? I was readin' about her in the Boston papers this mornin'. Two of you picked up an' brought to Boston yesterday after bein' eight days

**By James B. Connolly**



Illustrated by Courtney Allen

The skipper did his able part, shooting her into the wind

adrift in a dory? Where's your chum?"

"They took him to the hospital. He's there now."

"An' you're in Gloucester next mornin' lookin' for a chance to go fishin'?" Ben looked him over with fresh interest. He was twenty-one possibly, of medium height and weight; hardly rugged enough for the heavy work of trawling with a hard-driving skipper on the winter banks.

"You must be a tougher man than you look," observed Ben. "Eight days adrift without food or water—how'd you stand it?"

"We had to stand it," he said simply.

BEN liked that—some men would have made a bookful of talk about it. Ben also liked his looks—a square-built, homely face, but with a great pair of eyes. Wide apart and the color of the deep offshore waters, this lad's were, and as innocent in expression as, as—Ben could only recall the eyes of his own ten-year lad at home.

"A good hand aboard a vessel and in a dory are you?" asked Ben. The young fellow hesitated—his manner throughout was of one who had no great opinion of himself. "As to that, I can only say that no shipmate or dorymate or master of a vessel ever complained of me. I'm not sayin' now how I will make out in the hard trawlin' of the winter banks, but I would like a chance to try."

"You've heard of the skipper of this vessel, have you?" asked Ben.

"Oh, yes. Every man that ever went fishin' has heard of him, the great fish-killer he is."

"An' hard driver," amended Ben. "I've seen him frighten men half to death, orderin' the dories over the side when some vessels were hove to."

"I know," nodded the young fellow, "an' I'm not sayin' now I won't be frightened, too. I'm not sayin' I will measure up with a smart crew of Gloucester trawlers on the big offshore banks, but I would like to be given the chance."

So Ben had spoken to the skipper, and the skipper had said: "It's you who will be his watchmate and dorymate, Ben. It's you will have to take the brunt of it if he doesn't measure up. I'll sign him if you say so."

Ben had said so, and here he was now standing by to lower the dory on a tough winter's day.

BEN'S dory was the under one on the lee side of the vessel, and so the last to be put over the side. "Over with her, Ben," ordered the skipper; and over she went. Ben motioned to John to get in first. John watched his chance, and Ben watched John. The dory rode above the vessel's rail. John waited, crouched on the rail, until he was sure of himself. She started to fall away, and into the bottom of the dory he dropped, landing there as lightly as a man might in that heaving sea. Ben waited his chance and followed, taking the stern painter with him. The cook dropped in the bow painter. Ben and John snapped the thole pins into their sockets, seized the oars and began rowing away from the vessel.

Riding high and riding low went the dory past the vessel's quarter. The skipper, one hand to the wheel, the other stretched to the taffrail, shouted: "I'll give you the horn when to haul, Ben. And keep a sharp eye out for yourself in that shoal water, boy."

Ben nodded that he heard.

The dories were stretched out in a long string, half a mile or so apart. Ben's dory reached her position. Ben took his oars, saying: "I'll heave the trawl while you row."

Ben dropped the buoy, which was a water-tight half-barrel with a white target on a short staff rising up from it. With a short stick he deftly picked the baited line out of its tub and twirled it over the dory gunnel. A veteran expert trawler was Ben. He kept the air full of lines and baited hooks until both tubs of trawls were empty. Over went the anchor then, with its fifty fathoms of roding line leading into the dory. A mile of trawl and roding line was overboard then—a long haul in a rough sea.

All the while John had been rowing the dory; and rowing a heavy double banker's dory in that sea was no weak man's job. Watching him sharply, Ben could find no fault.

The trawls being set, the two took time to fill their pipes and have a smoke for themselves while waiting the signal to haul.

"There's men ashore," puffed Ben, "that call this winter trawlin' dangerous. There's a man in Gloucester, a wealthy man, and I heard him say one time he wouldn't go winter trawlin' for a million dollars a year.

"They say he spends thousands a year on pills an' medicine for the things ailin' him. Me—if I—" Ben interrupted himself to grab the oar in the stern becket and dexterously whirl the dory bow on to a sea that threatened to roll over them. He set the oar carefully back in the becket. "Me—if I had to pay out money like some people for my aches an' ailments it's not much would be left the wife an' children to live on. Winter trawlin' has its hard spots maybe, but it's cert'nly healthy. You married, John?"

John shook his head.

"I didn't s'pose you were. But you're young and strong and easy-goin'—how come it nobody's hooked you yet?"

John shook his head: "Who'd have me—the clumsy, homely kind I am?"

"Oh, you're not so homely! As for bein' clumsy, there's nothin' clumsy about you aboard a vessel. No, nor in a dory, I'll tell 'em."

JOHN smoked a while in silence, and then: "It must be wonderful to be married, Ben: to come home, 'specially after a hard winter trip an' find the wife waitin' at the door an' the children standin' by to be lifted up into your arms."

"The wife," responded Ben, "is gen'rally cookin' in the kitchen or mendin' the children's socks when I bump through the front door after a trip. But she's there, an' the children are there—if they ain't to school—an' of course they're glad to see me. An' of course it's a great comfort to be home again from the fishin'."

John nodded in his grave way. Presently: "How many children have you?"

"There's seven. An' the eighth one is on the stocks."

"Seven children an' another one promised. That's being something in the world. Something to work for there."

"Plenty to work for. An' sometimes the thought worries me, that common an' ord'nary man though I be, grief would come to them in the losin' of me. An' I know I would grieve goin'. You take a wife an' a houseful of children to be fed an' clothed an' kept to school, an' only the Lord knows where the money's comin' from should I be lost—it—it—"

A long-drawn-out mournful sound had interrupted Ben.

"The horn, John, the skipper's signal to haul the trawls. Not much of a wait. He prob'ly don't like the look o' this sea. Do you want to try your hand at the haulin'?"

"I was goin' to ask you to let me."

Ben set an empty tub on the after thwart. John took his stand in the bow of the dory and began to haul the trawl in over the gurdy. Ben soon saw that here was one who knew his business, skillful hands, swinging his shoulders and swaying his body as if he were

(*Continued on page 40*)

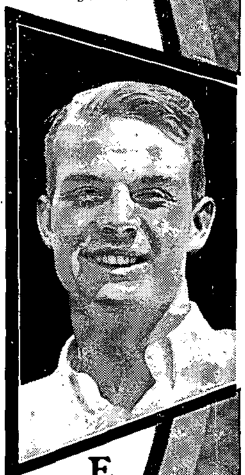
# They're All Long Shots

*North, East and West have a much better chance this year to enthrone the national amateur golf champion now that King Jones of the South has abdicated*

## By Grantland Rice

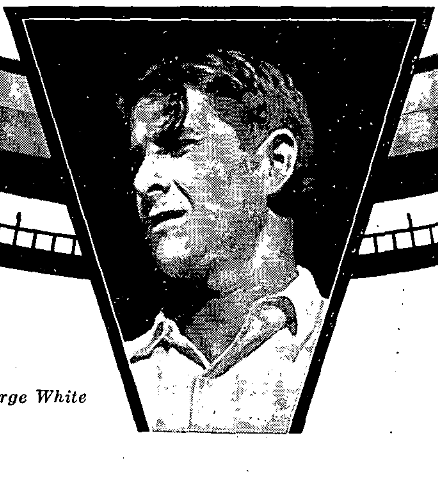
Acme

Acme

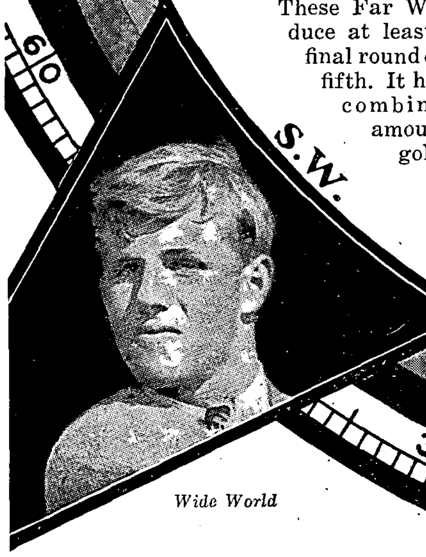


Keystone

Acme



George White



Wide World

Herbert

Wide World

ONCE again we have with us the days of anxious, straining eyes and anxious quick-beating hearts among the best of our amateur golfers. And it is worse than usual this year at the Beverly Country Club, Chicago.

With the shadow of Jones removed any one of twenty-five or thirty contenders has a chance to win in the most evenly balanced field golf has ever known in the history of the game on this side of the Atlantic. Every section has a chance, almost every state has a chance, to produce the champion.

More than five hundred of the best amateur golfers started out to qualify in twenty sectional tests to cut the field to 160 starters. These survivors spend Monday and Tuesday of fading August and early September pruning the field from 160 to 32 players who must face two rounds of match play Wednesday morning. That night there will be only eight left.

This might easily be the year of the big switch in golf supremacy—the switch to the Far West. Until 1924 the East and the Middle West ran the show to suit themselves.

Now the Far West, from Omaha to the Pacific Coast, from Los Angeles to Portland and Seattle is marshaling its forces. It is banking heavily upon such tried contenders as Doc Willing, Don Moe, Lawson Little, Charley Seaver, Harry Eichelberger, Frank Dolp, Eddie Hogan, Fay Coleman and Johnny Goodman. These Far Westerners hope to produce at least one survivor for the final round on Saturday, September fifth. It has quality and quantity combined with an unusual amount of hard-scrapping golf determination.

The Middle West seems to be in the weaker spot. Here Jimmy Johnston of St. Paul is the star contender, with Johnny Lehman, Chick Evans, George Dawson, young Kocsis of Detroit and one or two others in support.

The East enters this Battle of Beverly banking upon George Voigt, Jess Sweetser, Francis Ouimet, Jesse Guilford, Gene Homans, Leonard Martin, Sidney Noyes, Maurice McCarthy and one or two others quite capable of upsetting any of the leaders.

The foreign contingent includes Phil Perkins, former British champion, and at least two or three Canadians who must be reckoned with.

The unknowns are not included in this directory. There are more and more of these every year, first-class young players not yet experienced enough to win a championship but quite capable of manhandling any of the leaders in an 180-hole match. Bud McKinney, the Texan who jumped from golfing obscurity into the limelight of the qualifying rounds with a record low score of 140, is an example of this type.

The big spot of this championship will be Black Wednesday, the day when 32 match-play survivors out of more than five hundred original starters are suddenly cut to eight. There will be two 18-hole matches on Wednesday and it is over this short, forced, harried march that most of the damage is done.

I can show you just how dangerous this Wednesday path is. Consider George Von Elm, good enough to tie Billy Burke in the U. S. Open and then carry him for 72 extra holes. Von Elm beat Bobby Jones at Baltusrol in 1926, where both Von Elm and Bobby Jones came within a stroke of being eliminated in the first round. At Minikahda in 1927 George Von Elm fell before the veteran Harry Legg in Wednesday's 18-hole test.

At Brae Burn in 1928 Von Elm was also eliminated on the first day. At Pebble Beach in 1929 he was beaten on Wednesday by another veteran, Chandler Egan, who won his first championship over twenty-seven years ago.

And then at Merion last September, Von Elm again knew a first-day defeat when Maurice McCarthy finally dropped him after ten extra holes. Von Elm, undoubtedly one of the world's best golfers, was unable to pass this double 18-hole test for four consecutive years.

Considering all this, no one can tell who the eight survivors may be after the double fusillade at mid-week. The slaughter is terrific, for 24 of the 32 left for match play are doomed to disappear over the cliff.

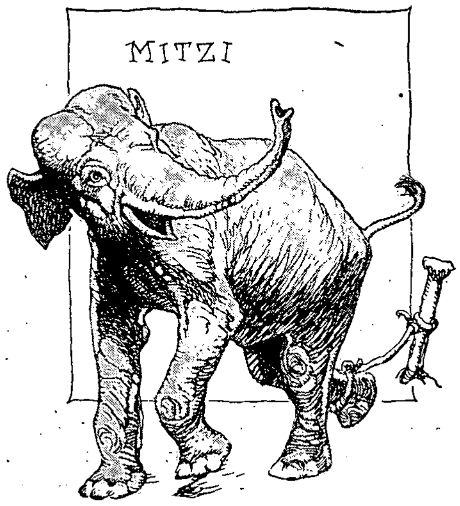
That is why this championship is just about a 25 to 1 shot. I recall years ago when Jerry Travers remarked that the favorite in an amateur title hunt should be about 7 to 1. These were the odds fifteen years ago.

Then Bobby Jones came along and cut the odds to even money—even money on Jones against the field. These were the odds at Merion last September and no one wanted to place much against Jones, even at this price.

Now it is all wide open again, wider than it ever was before.

The veterans once more have their shot. The younger golfers have their chance. It will be a throat-cutting competition from start to finish.

**Ambitious golf amateurs are battling to bring the national title home to their respective sections as follows: North, Chick Evans; Northeast, Francis Ouimet; East, Jess Sweetser; Southeast, George Voigt; South, Bud McKinney; Southwest, Charles Seaver; West, Johnny Goodman; Northwest, Doctor O. F. Willing**



# Mitzi, Mike and Oscar

*Sounds like a troupe of three-a-day comedians. Well, they were comedians—and headliners too—but they never limited their day to three performances or three meals, and they practically ignored applause. Mr. Buck sadly misses them now, and who wouldn't drop a salty tear or two upon losing three of his best and most entertaining pals?*

## By Frank Buck
## with Edward Anthony

WHEN I entered the business of collecting live exhibits for zoos and circuses it really amounted to commercializing a hobby. Invariably the man who enters the field starts with a natural love for animals. No matter how long you have been in the game you find yourself singling out some appealing specimen for special attention. This is particularly true of the jungle's youngsters. There is always a wistful cub or fledgling for which you develop so real an affection that you find yourself wondering how you're going to be able to part with it when you have returned to civilization and your customers.

You're in the realm of the intangible the minute you try to figure out exactly why you've grown fonder of one baby animal than another. It is as difficult as trying to determine why one child has more personal charm than another. You suddenly discover that in the little creature to which you find yourself attracted there is a suggestion of a love of fun, of downright roguishness, perhaps—there is something of sparkle about the little cuss, a twinkle in the eyes that denotes a humorous outlook. All of which quite naturally reminds me of Mitzi, Mike and Oscar, infant representatives of the elephant, tiger and hornbill families, respectively. I developed as real an affection for this trio as for any animals I have ever handled.

Mitzi was the baby elephant—and quite a famous gal she became, too—that I brought back for Singer's Midgets. I picked up Mitzi in a teak lumber camp in Burma north of Rangoon, near the Irrawaddy River. Her mother was a "lumber elephant" and Mitzi was born right in the camp. A cute little girl with a nice little curl—I mean a trunk—right in the middle of her forehead. I knew she was just what Mr. Singer wanted.

It was quite a job hauling Mitzi by bullock cart twenty miles from the lumber camp into Rangoon. Every two miles or so (with the aid of Lal Behudar, my Number One Hindu boy) I let her try her legs, helping her descend by means of an improvised gangplank that I had brought with me. Mitzi seemed to appreciate this and we quickly became good friends. She seemed to understand that in making these stops I always made a point of picking a spot where she could be sure of a few tasty mouthfuls of grass and leaves. She would rub her forehead against me by way of saying thanks, everything in her manner indicating that she thought the man who was blowing her to this series of picnic lunches was okay.

At Rangoon I booked passage on the well-known Rangoon Mail, Mitzi occupying choice quarters on the main passenger deck.

### The Girl from Irrawaddy

She soon became a great favorite among the passengers—too much so for her own good. The more people like an animal the more harm—unconsciously—they do to it. An almost endless feast of cakes, cookies and other sweets is hardly the right diet for a baby elephant. My main problem was to discourage the well-meaning passengers who were trying to ruin the digestion of the little girl from Irrawaddy.

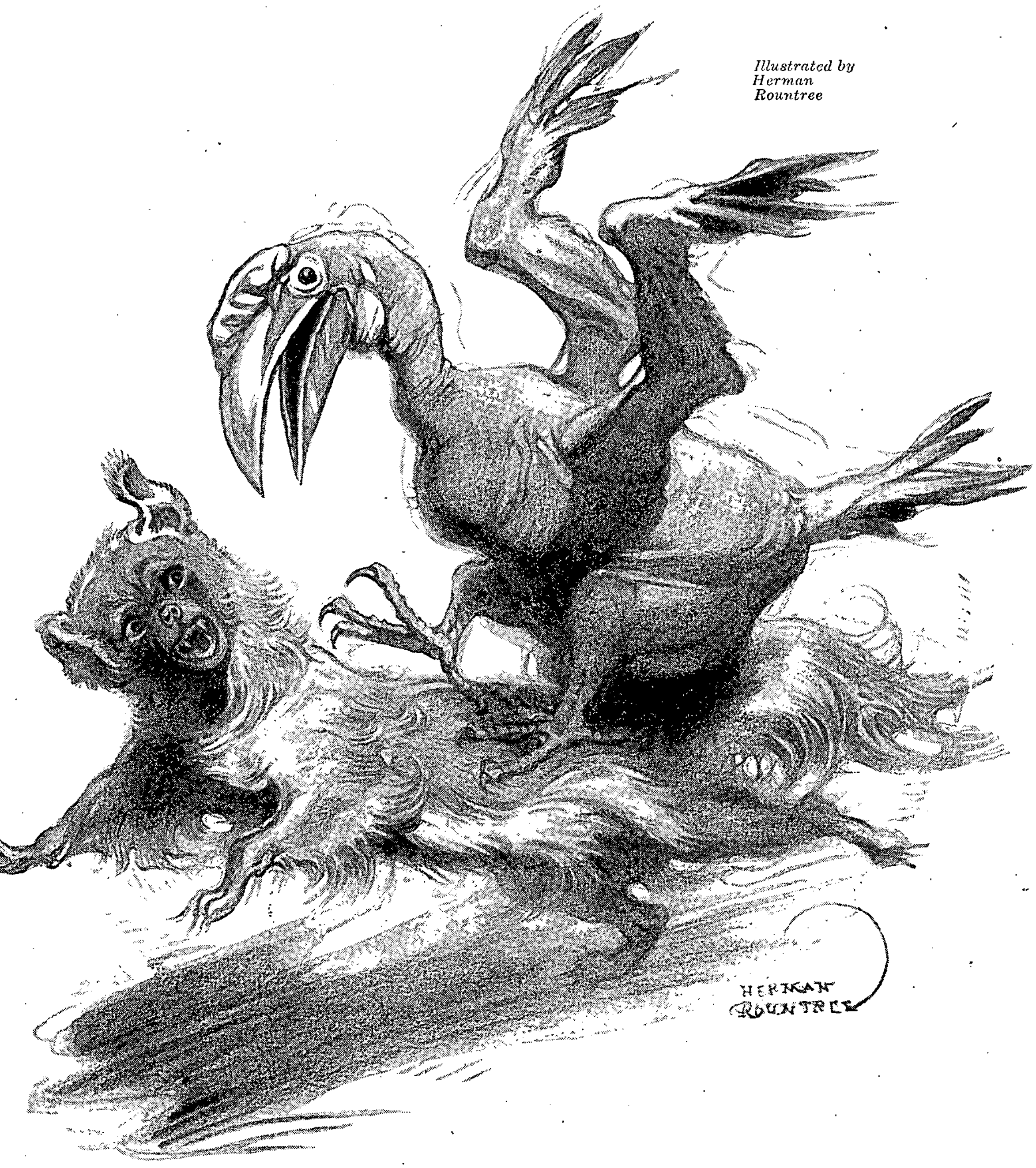
When we arrived at our destination I walked Mitzi from Ootram Ghat, Calcutta's well-known dock on the Hooghly River, across the half mile of *midan* or parkway that separates this dock from the Grand Hotel, where I always stay when in this part of the world. Pending other arrangements, I tied Mitzi to a tree in front of the hotel where I could keep an eye on her. She was a valuable specimen. Already she was displaying remarkable intelligence, responding whenever her name was called and showing all the earmarks of a potential first-rate performer.

Lal was soon on duty beside Mitzi, prepared to spend the night seeing that all went well with the lumber-camp graduate. The following morning, before I had a chance to locate the stable accommodations I wanted Mitzi to have, I was called to Bridge-Budge on important business. Lal's orders were to devote himself exclusively to ministering to Mitzi. Further instructions were to the effect that guests of the Grand Hotel, with whom Mitzi had quickly established herself as a favorite, were not to be allowed to feed her. Only the day before, a well-meaning old fool had tried to feed the little elephant the conventional sweet cookies offered by animal fans and when, as Mitzi's representative, I refused the tender, the old boy—an Englishman who said he knew a gentleman when he saw one and didn't mind saying I didn't at all resemble the species—stomped off, adding something about letting the hotel management know what sort I was. Lal was warned to deal politely but firmly with all such.

If the good-hearted but trouble-making

(Cont'd on page 55)

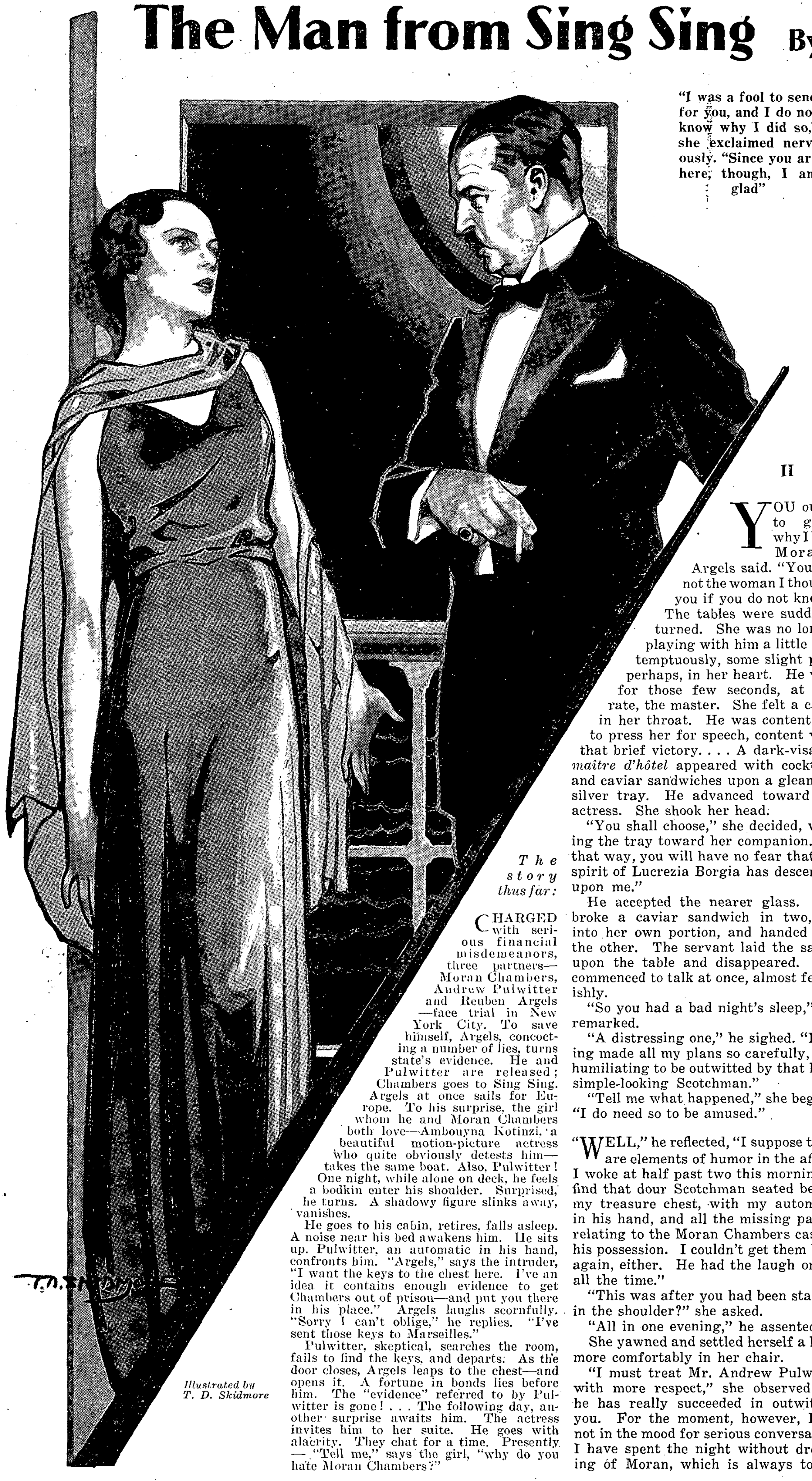
Illustrated by Herman Rountree



Taking a hop that must have been an effort, Oscar landed on top of the yowler

# The Man from Sing Sing

### By E. Phillips Oppenheim



**"I was a fool to send for you, and I do not know why I did so," she exclaimed nervously. "Since you are here, though, I am glad"**

*Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore*

*The story thus far:*

CHARGED with serious financial misdemeanors, three partners—Moran Chambers, Andrew Pulwitter and Reuben Argels—face trial in New York City. To save himself, Argels, concocting a number of lies, turns state's evidence. He and Pulwitter are released; Chambers goes to Sing Sing. Argels at once sails for Europe. To his surprise, the girl whom he and Moran Chambers both love—Ambouyna Kotinzi, a beautiful motion-picture actress who quite obviously detests him—takes the same boat. Also, Pulwitter! One night, while alone on deck, he feels a bodkin enter his shoulder. Surprised, he turns. A shadowy figure slinks away, vanishes.

He goes to his cabin, retires, falls asleep. A noise near his bed awakens him. He sits up. Pulwitter, an automatic in his hand, confronts him. "Argels," says the intruder, "I want the keys to the chest here. I've an idea it contains enough evidence to get Chambers out of prison—and put you there in his place." Argels laughs scornfully. "Sorry I can't oblige," he replies. "I've sent those keys to Marseilles."

Pulwitter, skeptical, searches the room, fails to find the keys, and departs. As the door closes, Argels leaps to the chest—and opens it. A fortune in bonds lies before him. The "evidence" referred to by Pulwitter is gone! . . . The following day, another surprise awaits him. The actress invites him to her suite. He goes with alacrity. They chat for a time. Presently—"Tell me," says the girl, "why do you hate Moran Chambers?"

## II

"YOU ought to guess why I hate Moran," Argels said. "You are not the woman I thought you if you do not know."

The tables were suddenly turned. She was no longer playing with him a little contemptuously, some slight pity, perhaps, in her heart. He was, for those few seconds, at any rate, the master. She felt a catch in her throat. He was content not to press her for speech, content with that brief victory. . . . A dark-visaged *maître d'hôtel* appeared with cocktails and caviar sandwiches upon a gleaming silver tray. He advanced toward the actress. She shook her head.

"You shall choose," she decided, waving the tray toward her companion. "In that way, you will have no fear that the spirit of Lucrezia Borgia has descended upon me."

He accepted the nearer glass. She broke a caviar sandwich in two, bit into her own portion, and handed him the other. The servant laid the salver upon the table and disappeared. She commenced to talk at once, almost feverishly.

"So you had a bad night's sleep," she remarked.

"A distressing one," he sighed. "Having made all my plans so carefully, it is humiliating to be outwitted by that long, simple-looking Scotchman."

"Tell me what happened," she begged. "I do need so to be amused."

"WELL," he reflected, "I suppose there are elements of humor in the affair. I woke at half past two this morning to find that dour Scotchman seated before my treasure chest, with my automatic in his hand, and all the missing papers relating to the Moran Chambers case in his possession. I couldn't get them back again, either. He had the laugh on me all the time."

"This was after you had been stabbed in the shoulder?" she asked.

"All in one evening," he assented.

She yawned and settled herself a little more comfortably in her chair.

"I must treat Mr. Andrew Pulwitter with more respect," she observed, "if he has really succeeded in outwitting you. For the moment, however, I am not in the mood for serious conversation. I have spent the night without dreaming of Moran, which is always to the good. Is there a woman in your life, Reuben Argels?"

"Not before I saw you," he answered meditatively.

"You have a delightful way," she murmured, "of making banalities sound convincing."

"It is the spice of truth in them," he explained, "just like the dash of absinthe in this cocktail."

She looked dreamily out across the foam-flecked sea. A fitful sunshine was making diamonds of the bright spray. They were rolling along with a pleasant, graceful motion.

"What were your feelings for me, Mr. Argels, when you sent me that diamond bracelet, and the wonderful little note?" she asked abruptly. "Of course I had to send the diamonds back, but I kept the note for some days. You were very eloquent."

"I believe," he confessed, "that I was very much in love with you."

"And you mean to say that you are not now!" she exclaimed indignantly.

"I hope not. I have fought hard enough to cure myself."

"Didn't your heart jump when I called you in here?"

"There may have been some disturbance," he admitted. "I wasn't quite sure what new form of danger I was called upon to face."

"I do not find you so gallant as your letters indicate," she pouted.

"YOU may find that I have a worse vice," he warned her. "I may be persistent."

She held her head.

"It is too great a strain upon me," she complained, "to fence with anyone so apt. My knowledge of your language is not sufficient."

"Of what nationality are you?" he inquired. "One reads so many stories in the papers."

"My father was a Dutch colonial," she told him, "and my mother a Hungarian, whom he met in Paris on one of his holidays. I was christened after the island upon which I was born, in the Dutch East Indies."

"Ambouyna," he murmured. "A musical name."

They sat in silence for a few moments. She was curled up in her chair, and apparently entirely at her ease. His own attitude was less easy to divine.

"Tell me," she asked him lazily, "how am I getting on? You have gathered, of course, that I am trying to turn your head, to make you my slave, and when you are properly fastened to my chariot wheels, get you to sign a confession concerning the false evidence you gave at the trial, and take Moran Chambers' place in Sing Sing?"

"A pretty comprehensive program for the time," he remarked. "We are due in Marseilles in three days, you know."

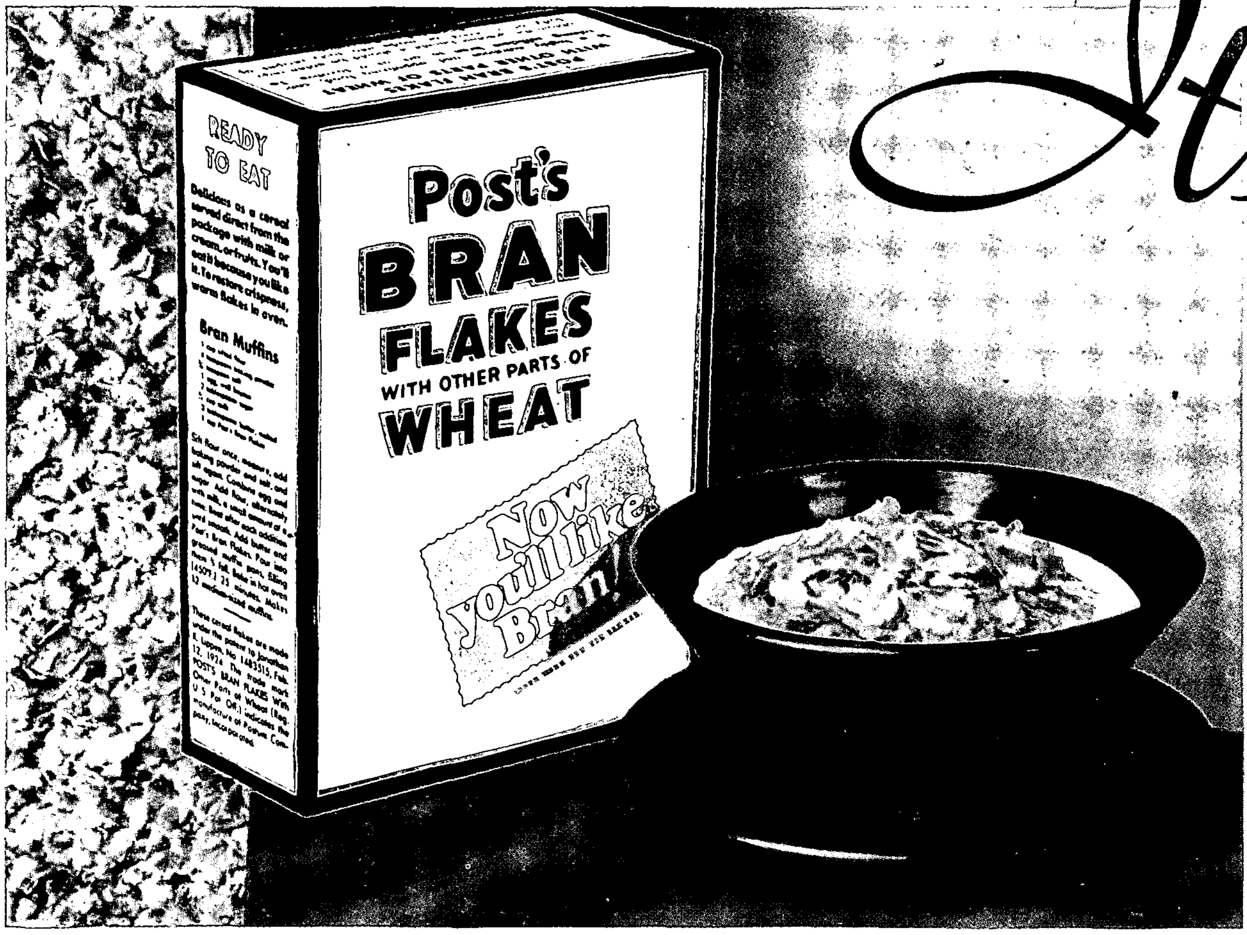
She made a grimace at him. Somehow or other the flicker of her lips, the laughter in her eyes, seemed to possess the gift of rendering void those few feet of intervening space.

"You are most ungallant," she complained, "especially after all those nice things you wrote in that note. You should have been my helpless slave from the moment I spoke to you. I wore a flame-colored frock, too, and it was arranged that I should be seated not far from you. More journalists than I could count have written that in a flame-colored frock the man does not exist who could resist me."

"I am allowed to resist," he reminded

(*Continued on page 25*)

# IT'S DELICIOUS - IT'S EFFECTIVE



## *It's safe* ✻

No wonder more people eat Post's Bran Flakes than any other bran cereal in the world

YOU have undoubtedly heard a great deal about bran in recent years — you have read of its benefit as a bulky food — a help in regulating normal action of the digestive tract.

You may know, too, that the average person gets too little "bulk" in the diet.

But did you know that only a slight addition to the average diet is all that most people need?

Post's Bran Flakes will supply this mildly beneficial "extra" — in a cereal so deliciously tempting that you can *enjoy* it every day.

The Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association has accepted this cereal and its advertising.

And the American public has approved it so enthusiastically that it surpasses all other bran cereals in sales.

Post's Bran Flakes contains the beneficial elements of whole wheat — iron, phosphorus, proteins, and vitamin B — and, in addition, an *extra* quantity of the golden outer coat of the grain, which gives the necessary gentle regulating action that helps to clear the digestive system of accumulated food wastes.

### *Make it your daily cereal*

Just try these crisp golden flakes for breakfast in a flood of milk or cream. So flavorful, so appetizing, that you can make Post's Bran Flakes your regular morning cereal.

And it is important to have it *regularly:* that is the biggest secret of its benefit — it adds a little extra bulk each day — so start this safe and healthful habit tomorrow morning.

Cases of constipation, due to too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes if eaten regularly each day. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

*For stubborn cases—try* WHOLE BRAN. *This delicious full strength bran also makes bran muffins that melt in your mouth*

# POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

✻ *Post's Bran Flakes is privileged to display this symbol—the seal of acceptance of the highest medical authority in the land*

© 1931, G. F. Corp.

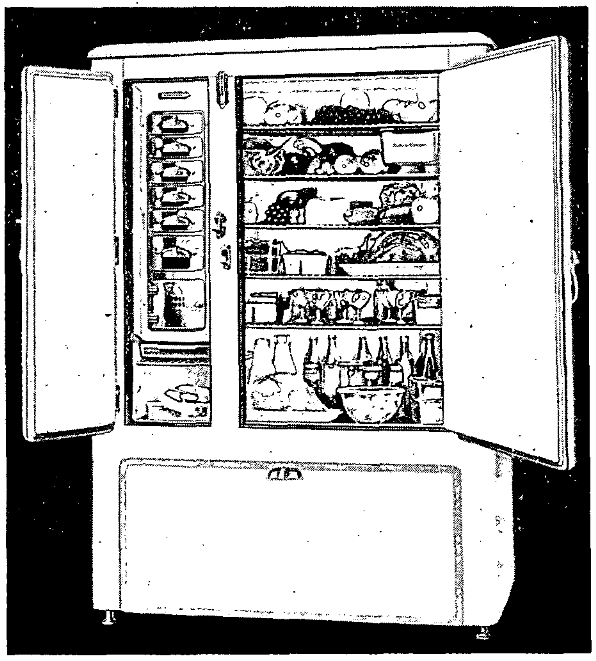
A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

# You .. sit in the JUDGE'S SEAT

PUT yourself in a "prove it" state of mind. Be critical, as every good judge must be. Now, with both favor and prejudice forgotten, approach the selection of an electric refrigerator with an open mind. Call for the evidence.

The Standard Rating Scale will bring out the facts. Even a first reading will call to mind point after point that might otherwise have been overlooked. Try it. As you read the 16 questions that search the very depths of value, you will realize that this matter of deciding what is *best* in electric refrigeration is really extremely simple. You will judge without hesitation.

We ask that you apply this uncompromising Standard Scale to Kelvinator. Get all the facts. Any Kelvinator representative will be glad to assist you in your search for the whole truth. Then let the evidence lead you to a choice. Neither you nor we will have reason to regret a decision made in this way. Kelvinator Corporation, 14261 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan. Kelvinator of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario. Kelvinator Limited, London, England.



## STANDARD RATING SCALE *for* Electric Refrigeration

- Is the refrigerator manufactured by a reliable company with proper experience in the electric refrigeration field?
- Is there plenty of food and shelf space?
- Is the cabinet itself well designed, sturdily built and properly insulated?
- Is there provision for the freezing of an adequate supply of ice cubes? (Quantity of ice rather than number of cubes, which may be of large or small size, should be taken into consideration.)
- Will the refrigerator constantly maintain a proper temperature for the preservation of foods?
- Can the freezing of ice cubes and desserts be speeded up when the need arises?
- Can this extra freezing speed for ice cubes be had without affecting the temperature on the food shelves? (Too low a temperature on the shelves, will, of course, injure food.)
- Is there a place to keep meat, fish, game, "quick frosted" foods or an extra supply of ice cubes indefinitely at a *below* freezing temperature?
- Are these various temperatures (*a.* extra fast freezing; *b.* fast freezing; *c.* below freezing for storage; and *d.* normal food preservation temperature)—*automatically* maintained *without any attention from the owner?*
- Does refrigerating unit operate frequently or at infrequent intervals? (Other conditions being equal, the fewer the "stops" and "starts", the longer the unit will last and the less it will cost to run.)
- Will the cooling unit continue to cool the refrigerator for 10 or 12 hours even though the current is shut off?
- Can the back parts of all the shelves, even the lowest, be reached without kneeling or sitting down?
- Has provision been made for keeping vegetables fresh and crisp?
- Can the top of the refrigerator be used to "set things down for a moment" while the contents of the cabinet are being re-arranged?
- Is the refrigerator so designed and finished as to add to the attractiveness of the kitchen?
- Has the experience of users over a considerable period of time shown that the refrigerator is long-lived and dependable?

A 3 YEAR GUARANTEE

*The Kelvinator line includes models priced from $174.50, f. o. b. factory, upward. Any one of these may be purchased on the ReDisCo Monthly Budget Plan.*

INVEST IN AN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

# Kelvinator

(*Continued from page 22*)

her, "but I am already beginning to feel the bonds cutting into my flesh. I ask myself, though," he went on, a little bitterly, "whether it is worth while. Your second string—the dour Scotchman—has already won so great a victory that I might almost be looked upon as a beaten man."

"You have not the air."

"That is because I am brave," he assured her. "Don't you hear that little gentle tap-tap all the time over your head? That is the wireless ticking out copies of the documents and letters found in my steel chest."

"To be serious for a moment," she asked, looking steadily across at him, "will their publication really help to bring about Moran's freedom?"

"THERE are other considerations," he replied enigmatically. "By the bye," he went on, "if you have any interest in this ship's cabal, now that one of the triumvirate has brought off such a success, couldn't you continue the proceedings unaided?"

"Please explain," she begged. "I am stupid at understanding sometimes."

"I don't like fellows in black clothes and rubber soles who steal up behind one in the darkness and make holes in one's body," he confessed. "Andrew Pulwitter has won his victory, and has nothing else to gain from me. Your attacks may be more dangerous than either of theirs, but they have their compensations. Couldn't you call off that midnight assassin?"

"But I do not know what you are talking about and I am sure that I am not succeeding," she objected. "You do not appear in the least fatuous. You are not growing violent. You do not try to make mad love to me. You have not the air of unhappiness."

"Love doesn't take me in any of those ways," he confided.

"How does it take you?" she asked. "Please tell me. I must know when I am meeting with some little success."

"You shall know," he promised her, "even if I have to throw myself at your feet."

Andrew Pulwitter came along the deck. He paused before the balcony, and his eyes twinkled as he looked at Argels.

"That's good work, lassie," he remarked to Ambouyna. "Keep him caged."

"The fortune of war," Argels sighed, gazing with fascinated eyes at the pile of radiogram receipts which Pulwitter was carrying.

Ambouyna, according to her usual custom, paced the deck for half an hour before dinner, her maid in attendance to discourage any attempts at companionship. Ned Belmore, the international polo player, and one of Moran Chambers' oldest friends, who was always a privileged person, joined them. He knew better than to take anything for granted with Ambouyna.

"May I walk with you for ten minutes?" he asked.

She gave gracious but not enthusiastic consent, and dismissed her maid. He plunged at once into the middle of things.

"Look here," he said; "Charlie and I—the whole gang of us, in fact—are feeling just a little bit hurt, seeing you so much with Reuben Argels."

"Really!" she exclaimed. "And what business do you think it is of yours, or Charlie's, or anyone's?"

"Don't take it like that," he remonstrated. "We are all friends of Moran Chambers. We know how he felt about you. Of course, one can't expect you to remain a grass widow forever, but on the other hand—it is a bit thick, isn't it, for you to be so friendly with the man who let him down? You understood the effect of his evidence at the trial? Lying evidence it was, too!"

"Of course I did. I was in court."

"Then, for God's sake, choose one of us to play around with you," Belmore suggested a little irritably. "You can take your choice amongst us, and we're not a bad crowd. As for Reuben Argels, it's easy enough to see what he's after. He hates Moran like poison, and nothing would give him more pleasure than to have another dig at him through you."

AMBOUYNA considered the matter. "I did not invite Mr. Argels upon the boat," she pointed out.

"You knew that he was coming," Belmore put in quickly.

"Yes, I knew that he was coming," she admitted. "So did Andrew Pulwitter; so did Julian Franks—he is down in the second class."

"Julian Franks?" Belmore repeated.

"You might not know him," she reflected. "He was a movie gymnast, but he has been one of Moran's men for the last five years. All three of us knew that Reuben Argels was on this boat. That is why we came."

"I see," Ned Belmore commented doubtfully. "You have something on, eh?"

"We have something on."

"In that case, there's no more to be said about it," he conceded, as they paused to look over the rail for a moment. "Except perhaps this," he added. "Don't be cross with me, will you? Argels has the name of being a great fellow with the ladies. Good-looking chap, in a way, too, and I suppose he can be quite attractive when he chooses."

"He is Moran's enemy," she said, looking steadily out seaward. "That disposes of him, and if it is any satisfaction to you and Charlie, and the rest of them," she added, "you can tell them that we have met with some success. Andrew Pulwitter, that dear, cautious old Scotchman, has turned amateur burglar and he thinks that he has discovered enough amongst Argels' papers to secure a new trial."

"Gee, that's good news," Belmore declared enthusiastically. "We'd all give a good deal to see Moran out again, and more still to see Argels in his place."

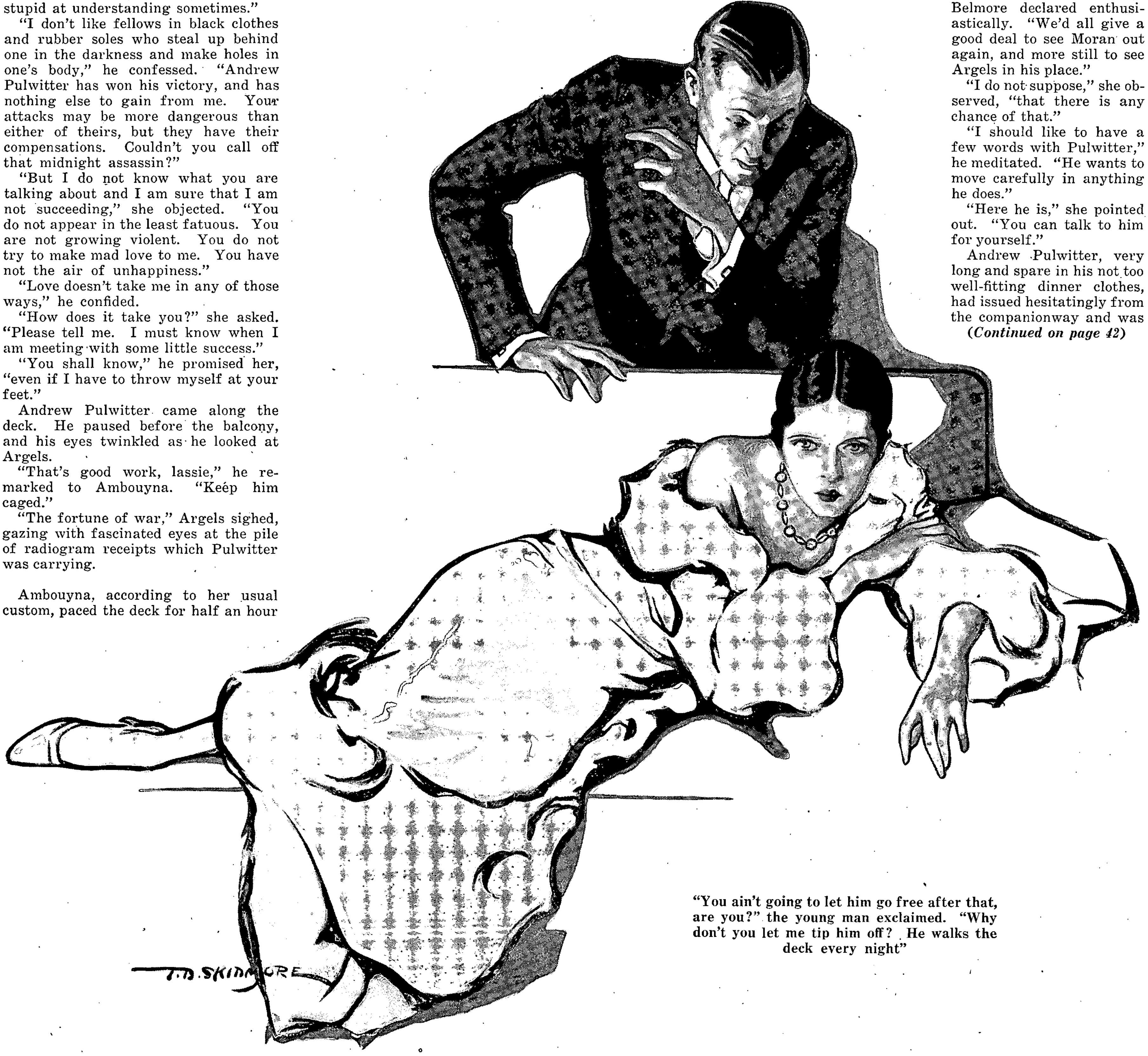
"I do not suppose," she observed, "that there is any chance of that."

"I should like to have a few words with Pulwitter," he meditated. "He wants to move carefully in anything he does."

"Here he is," she pointed out. "You can talk to him for yourself."

Andrew Pulwitter, very long and spare in his not too well-fitting dinner clothes, had issued hesitatingly from the companionway and was

(*Continued on page 42*)



"You ain't going to let him go free after that, are you?" the young man exclaimed. "Why don't you let me tip him off? He walks the deck every night"

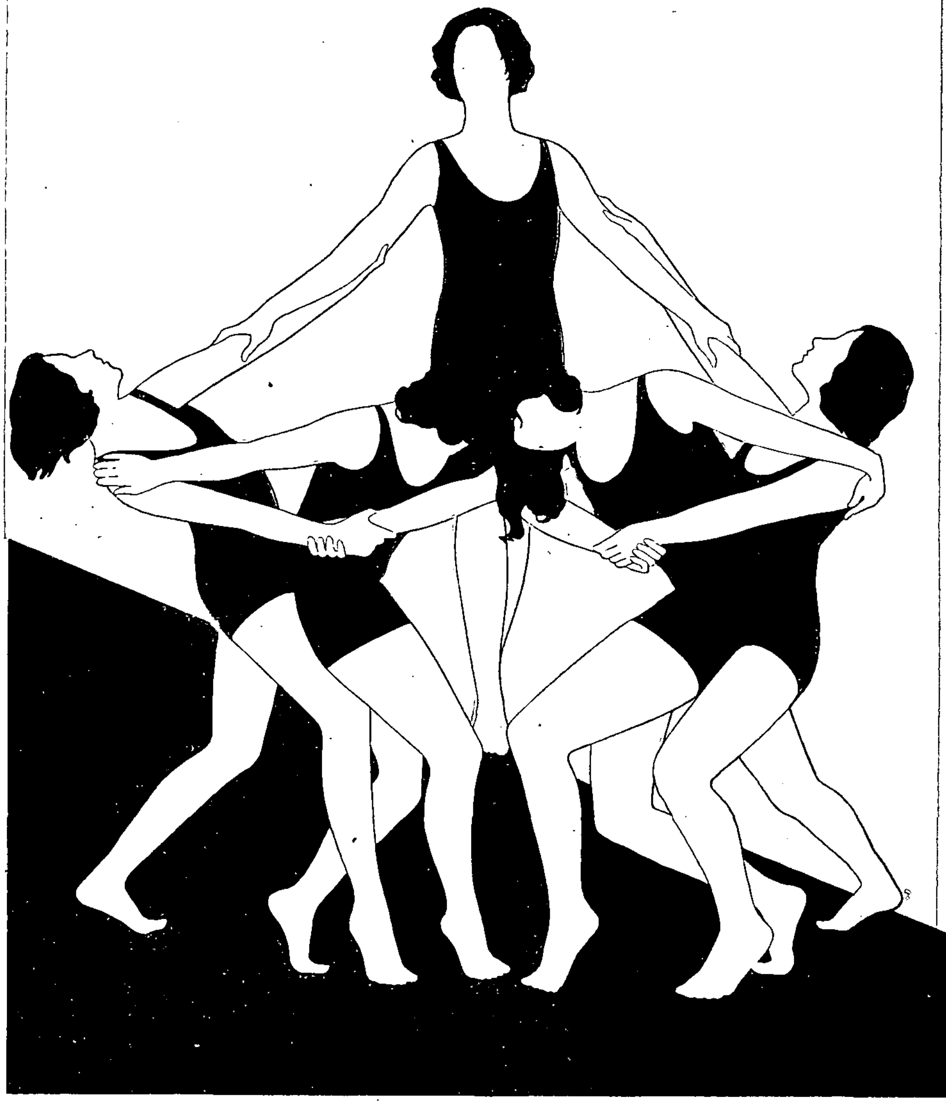
# Step Sisters

*When Portia Mansfield and Charlotte Perry opened their outdoor dancing school in Colorado, the startled natives took one look at their brief costumes, sniffed brimstone in the air and made things hot accordingly. Here is the story of what these dancers have done for themselves, the dance and you*

## By Betty Thornley Stuart

E. Hewitt

**Charlotte Perry (above) and Portia Mansfield, enthusiastic leaders of the dance through all its rapid development in this country**


*Drawing from a photograph by S. M. Wiggins*

PIONEER women don't always wear calico sunbonnets and travel in covered wagons, no matter what the movies say. Nor are they always concerned with pushing on the sort of frontiers you see in the geography books. Sometimes they wear the smartest clothes obtainable in New York, and their frontiers are the frontiers of the mind. But always the stay-at-homes think them a little mad.

Seventeen years ago a couple of twentieth-century pioneers set out for the West, and what they wanted to do was to establish an outdoor dancing school in the mountains. After selecting the site, they had scarcely enough money between them to buy one mule and a kit of tools. But, being dancers, they had steel-spring bodies and the kind of vitality that women who live between a chair and a car know nothing about. Also, they had the drive of an overmastering idea.

They picked Colorado because it was high—cocktail air that would make even a New England spinster of the old school want to turn cartwheels. They chose Steamboat Springs because nobody else was there—not a hotel, not even a tin-can tourist, nothing but great stretches of rolling country tumbling to the horizon. They bought the mule and the tools, and for six weeks they cut trails and built shacks. The strange part of it was that they did a workmanlike job though they were both Smith College girls with not a single carpenter up the family tree on either side. Then they opened camp, with twenty pupils.

### Mrs. Grundy's Grandmother

In the days when Portia Mansfield and Charlotte Perry had themselves taken the first official steps in their Alma Mater's æsthetic dancing class, that lady was Mrs. Grundy's grandmother in person, for the costume consisted of serge bloomers, seven yards to each leg, a serge blouse with sleeves to the elbow, heavy ribbed cotton stockings and the most complete set of underwear current at a period that specialized in bulk. A circular woolen skirt was added, said skirt to be lifted and held, with arms extended and curved. No dancer moved above the hips—this would have been extremely bad form.

But a revolution had taken place in the choreographic world in the interval between the Perry-Mansfield graduation and the establishment of the camp, and the two enthusiasts were in the vanguard. After Smith had come Chalif—and what a relief it was to get into silks instead of woolens—silk bloomers, silk blouses, silk stockings, still superimposed, however, upon quite as firm a foundation of underwear.

### Music for the Eyes

Then came the Isadora Duncan era—six layers of chiffon, movement all over, the Greek idea that dancing was a thing of the spirit as much as of the body, a new form of self-expression that carried music into another dimension, setting it before the eyes as well as the ears. Miss Mansfield and Miss Perry were confirmed Duncanites when they cut their trails and built their shacks and settled on America's ridgepole to teach the young idea how to move.

But Eastern Standard isn't the only time current in America, nor are Eastern ideas spread evenly as butter across the American scene. The spot chosen had been picked because it was—and is—one of the last frontiers, and the consternation with which the Perry-Mansfield dancing costumes were greeted was something not to be imagined in any metropolitan center.

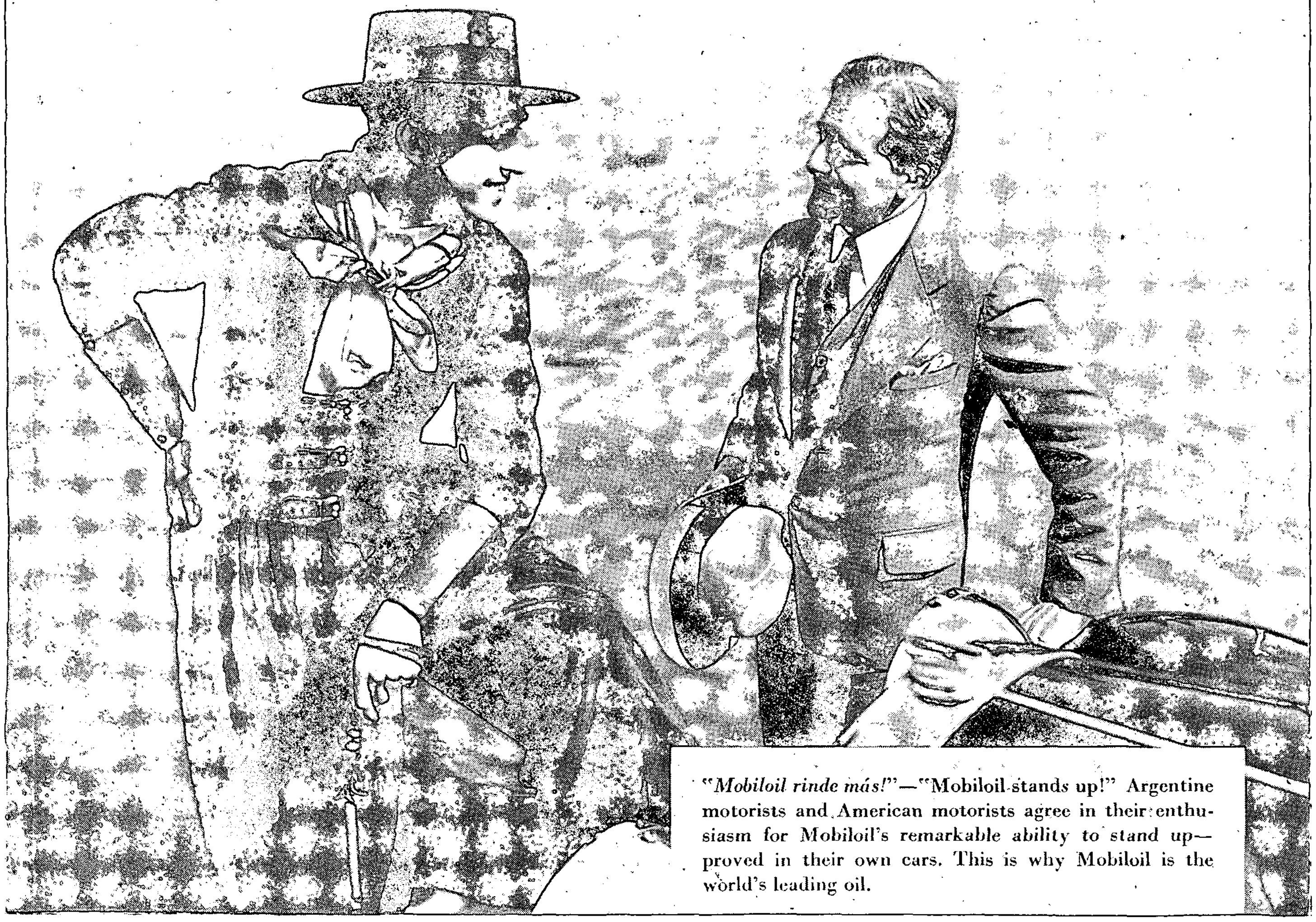
The first one to react was the tall, raw-boned rancher who had agreed to bring the pupils' trunks up from the nearest station. As he rounded the curve in front of the main house, perched on the edge of a two-hundred-foot declivity, he caught sight of the class assembled on the veranda, doing leg-stretching exercises at the bar. To say that his jaw dropped is merely to record the first in a series of tumbles. He backed the mule, the mule backed the wagon, the wagon backed the trunks and the hillside did the rest.

"Gosh darn it, Miss Mansfield," he said later in the day, "please don't tell the boys what I done—I'd never hear the last of it. I'll get the trunks, honest. But just wait till I tell them what I *seen!*"

News travels as the crow flies in the mountains, and this crow must have been Nurmi. There were jobs during the week, but on Sunday every field glass in the county was trained on the camp site. And on Monday morning the rancher's wife who delivered the milk left a note in addition. Henceforward she would place her offerings at the gate, for her husband wouldn't hear of her going any farther. Dancing itself was an invention of the devil, but to dance in veils—and to wear breeches in between times—was simply filling the good clean Colorado air with sulphur.

(*Continued on page 28*)

# "Mobiloil rinde más"

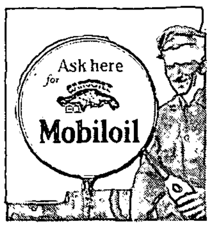


*"Mobiloil rinde más!"*—"Mobiloil stands up!" Argentine motorists and American motorists agree in their enthusiasm for Mobiloil's remarkable ability to stand up—proved in their own cars. This is why Mobiloil is the world's leading oil.

## .. in Argentina or Arkansas

## Creep at 10 · Cruise at 60

Let your engine out when you come to the open stretches! Mobiloil's remarkable ability to **stand up** gives rich, sturdy protection. Hour after hour, whatever the scorching pace you set, Mobiloil **stands up**. It keeps your engine running smooth as silk. After hardest usage you'll find Mobiloil still maintains its body, still holds oil pressure. Drive hard, drive fast, drive far. Mobiloil will **stand up**.



If you do much driving through traffic, if you travel rough roads or over steep grades, choose the oil that **stands up**—choose Mobiloil. Slow driving—hard going—under every driving condition—Mobiloil **stands up**.

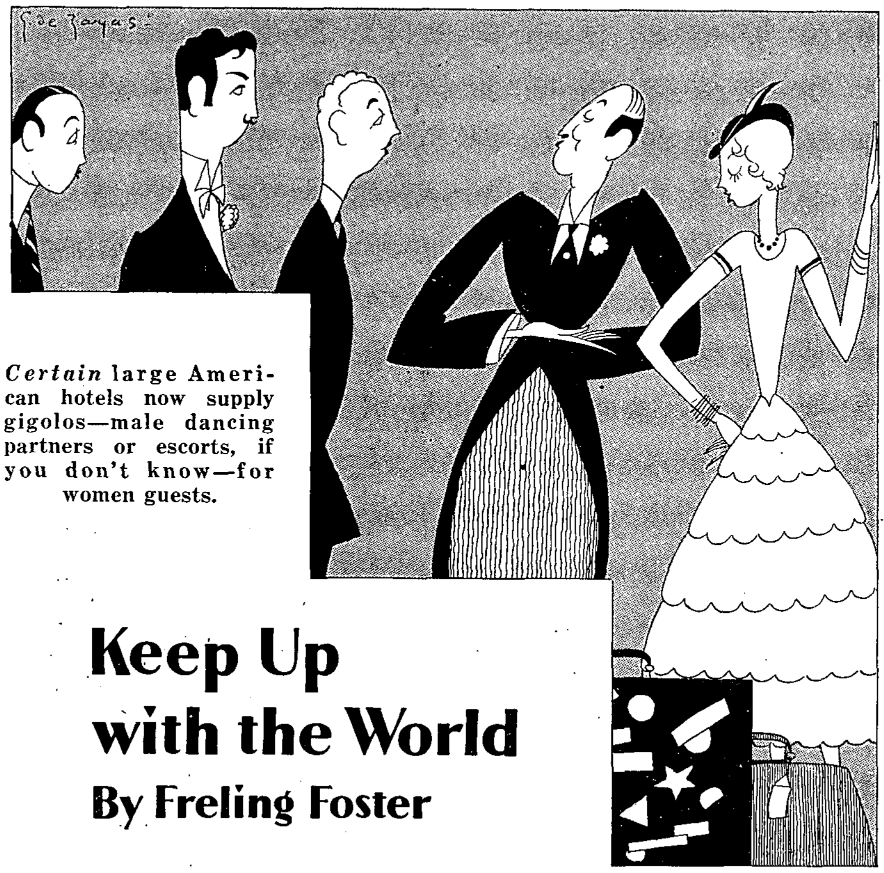
In these thrifty days, be sure to ask for Mobiloil and ask for it by name. Mobiloil means real economy. It means longer life for your engine. For home garage use you can now buy Mobiloil in a convenient 5-gallon can. See your Mobiloil dealer today!

*We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, from WEAF and 31 associated N. B. C. stations.*

# VACUUM OIL COMPANY

## Mobiloil stands up

because it is
Made .. not Found



*Certain* large American hotels now supply gigolos—male dancing partners or escorts, if you don't know—for women guests.

# Keep Up with the World

## By Freling Foster

*Among* the Chins, a Burmese tribe, all the girls and women smoke, but the boys and men do not.

*A person* is not permitted to plead guilty to a charge of first-degree murder in the state of New York, the law requiring that a jury determine the guilt or innocence of the prisoner despite his confession.—*By John Walker, Chapel Hill, N. C.*

*The* 1931 census of Scotland shows a decrease in population compared with 1921, the first decrease since the census of 1801.

*News* emanating from about three quarters of the civilized world today passes through government censorship agencies of the various nations.

*There* are a number of books in the world today that are bound in human skin.—*By Dr. Bruce Mayne, Albany, Ga.*

*A restaurant* in Connecticut now uses the new photoelectric "eye" to open automatically the doors between its kitchen and dining-room, the mechanism being actuated by the interruption of the beam of light when the waitresses approach the doors.

*Tea* contains twice as much caffeine as coffee.

*In* Mongolia, all shoes are made in one size only and few of them fit, which is the chief reason why walking is so unpopular in that country.

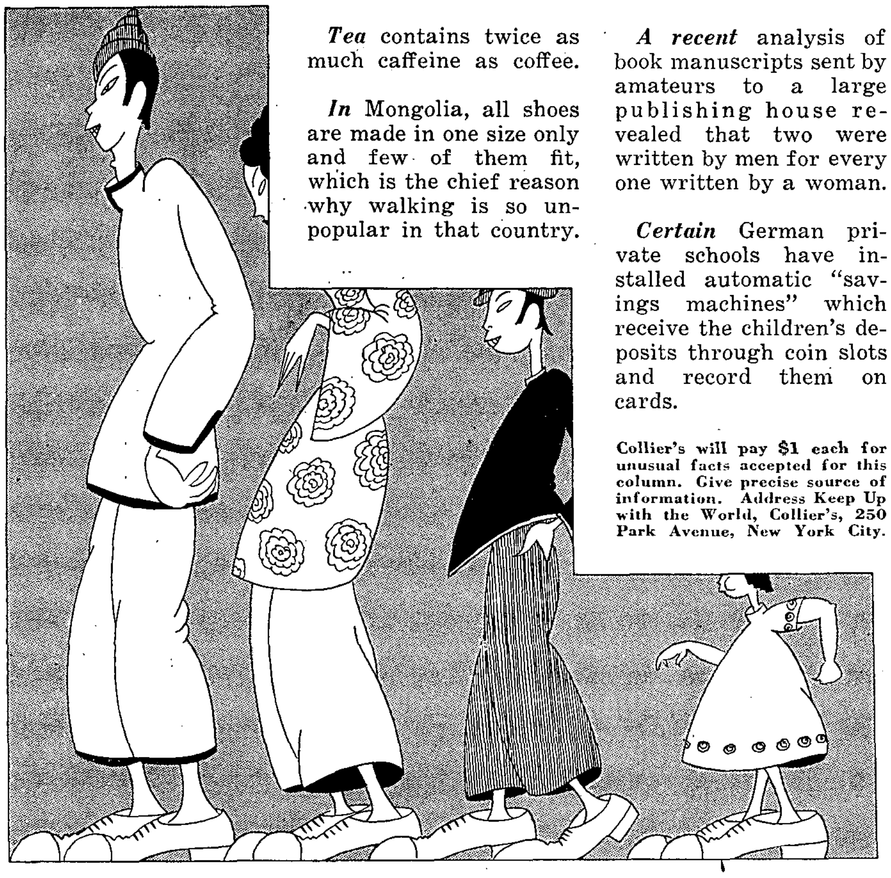
*Next* to President Hoover's, the highest salary paid by the United States Government is that of General Pershing, who receives $21,500 annually.—*By E. C. Utter, Westboro, Mo.*

*The* largest hydroelectric plant in the world, capable of supplying power to about 200,000 square miles, now is being built in Russia and is scheduled to be in operation by the summer of 1933.

*Some* of the products which yield explosive dust are: Chocolate, rubber, grain, wood, fertilizer, dried milk, paper, cork and sugar.

*A recent* analysis of book manuscripts sent by amateurs to a large publishing house revealed that two were written by men for every one written by a woman.

*Certain* German private schools have installed automatic "savings machines" which receive the children's deposits through coin slots and record them on cards.



Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

# Step Sisters

*Continued from page 26*

But if the conventional pioneer in a sunbonnet could swim her horses across a river, her successors could navigate an adverse flood of eloquence, and they did. Moreover, sheer devotion to ideals nearly always wins in the end. Today, when the German dance influence has succeeded the Isadora school, the hundred and fifty Perry-Mansfield pupils dance in black leotards and take their sunbaths as nature intended, and nobody thinks any the less of them for it, least of all the genial folk around Steamboat Springs.

### Dancers on Tour

When the adventure had been in progress for ten years, a School of the Theater was added to the School of the Dance, with a life-sized stage and a design studio for scenery and costumes. Later a School of Sculpture was established, and professional and normal school students were admitted to all three. Recreation camps were built up around the charmed circle: one for girls from thirteen to twenty, another for their little sisters from six to twelve, a third for adults. A riding department came into being, with horses and stables and men, races, shows and a championship cup. Swimming pools were constructed, indoors and out. A camp counselors' training course was also included, so that the good work shouldn't be concentrated in Colorado alone. All of which now necessitates a staff of thirty who leap from crag to crag almost as busily as the two pioneers did in the early days. To take care of this mountain-top village of the arts and the sports six motor trucks with their attendant chauffeurs are kept as perpetually in action as the first lone mule.

One result of all this—the first, but not necessarily the nearest to the hearts of the two in charge—is the Perry-Mansfield dance ensembles that tour the country. Long ago, when the whole complex idea was in its cradle and rocking violently, Miss Perry and Miss Mansfield themselves took out the first company of fourteen and toured the northwest corner of a continent that gasped a bit but liked the sensation. The girls, all of them fresh from college, made their own curtains, their own scenery, their own costumes, and took pot luck in the way of transportation and housing at the end of the run.

Later, they ventured farther afield. In a small Utah town they had to make the stage before they gave the performance. In Staten Island, all the lights went out in a big storm, gas was turned on and the balloons used in the prettiest number went off like popguns when they hit an open flame. One of the dancers, trying to be two girls because half the troupe was marooned on a late ferry in the middle of the bay, burned her arm, tore her scarf on a projecting lattice and ran offstage in tears.

"I *can't* dance in this place!" she wailed.

Miss Perry caught her by the shoulders, shoved her on again and hissed in her ear: "Dance—*and smile!*"

For three years this went on, and the Perry-Mansfield ensembles got over with their fellow artists as well as with the public. Their successors now tour the Keith and the Orpheum circuits, the early trials forgotten and the laurels firmly fixed.

Having graduated in the rough-and-tumble school of experience, the first performers were fitted to teach others, and the patience and good humor they learned came in handy.

In a Chicago performance where the personnel was drawn from a settlement patronized by the august North Shore, the children were to wear butterfly costumes, carefully censored by the ladies of the board. Young Sara, aged five, caused consternation at the last minute by appearing in ankle-length woolens which her mother had forbidden her to remove. Very regretfully Sara also was censored—and deleted. But when the curtain rose, there was the black-eyed butterfly clad like the rest, shouting ecstatically across the footlights: "It's all right, Miss Perry—my sister said I could!"

This, however, was nothing to the feat of Teresina, smaller still. She was a fairy who sat under a toadstool with others of her ilk, and, as the curtain soared upward on her number she piped, "I ain't got my pants on—is that all right?" Apparently struck with last-minute misgivings, she rose solemnly and added the lower part of her costume while the orchestra played the opening bars.

But dancing for others, or even teaching others to dance, while perhaps headline achievements at Steamboat Springs, may not be the part that is due to have the widest-reaching influence. What the dancer herself gets out of it means even more, and now that the school in its recreation camps brings in those who never intended to go on the stage, there are individual transformation scenes that mean renewed life to women and girls for whom existence seemed to promise very little but disappointment.

### Exercise for Fun

A girl of fifteen was sent by her mother, a well-known educator, who considered her daughter almost feeble-minded. She was untidy to the verge of nightmare. She wouldn't study anything. She'd taken to blacking her eyelids and wandering about the town.

"She isn't stupid," said Miss Perry, in the rôle of psychologist. "She's too bright—so bright that she's bored."

Here was a child who wanted to make up; very well, give her something to make up for. It was soon seen that she was marvelous in tough parts—a swaggering, boyish young redhead who did with ease what others couldn't be coached into doing. But the number of plays in which she was permitted to appear was determined by the number of neat tent cards she turned in. Abruptly there were no more towels used to shine shoes, no more whirlwind effects left about after dressing. Her tent could have passed a top sergeant. Today, at seventeen, she's supporting herself in a progressive school by running the laundry, with the dramatic department on the side!

Perry-Mansfield haven't forgotten us either, tied to desks or vacuum cleaners, to husbands and children and houses and jobs that have to be run. Miss Mansfield has worked out a series of corrective exercises in dance form, a sort of canned extract of Steamboat Springs that she swears will put us in condition and make us young and lovely, too. Louis Horst has set them to music. The teachers at the camp are learning them, and will scatter to the four winds at the end of the summer and bring them to us where we are. Then all we'll need is a black leotard and a bit of perseverance—not even much of that.

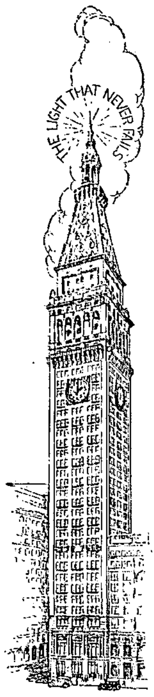
Exercises may be work, but dancing, as the Perry-Mansfields do it, is the topmost fun of the world.

# *Talking to the man who regularly invests part of his salary or wages in Life Insurance*

*Metropolitan Life Insurance affords a means of creating estates for families, income in event of accident, sickness or death; of educating children, paying off mortgages, building credit in business and providing ease and comfort after retirement.*

*Metropolitan Life Insurance serves the man who is building a real Program of Protection for his family or business; the worker who finds it more convenient to pay for protection in weekly or monthly instalments; and the employer who, in cooperation with his employees, protects hundreds of workers under one policy.*

*For detailed information consult any Metropolitan Field-Man or write to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, One Madison Avenue, New York, N Y*


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

© 1931 M. L. I. Co.

YOU will probably never forget the satisfaction and pardonable pride you felt when your Life Insurance Representative called and said you had passed your physical examination and then handed you your first Life Insurance Policy.

More than likely you had your policy made out for an amount which you then thought large enough to cover any future emergencies. Or at least it was a sound investment and as large as you could then afford.

Have you taken out enough additional insurance, as your circumstances have improved?

Have you figured lately the bare living expenses of your family?

How long could your family live in even a reasonable degree of comfort on your Life Insurance and the amount of money you have been able to save? One year? Five years? Would you willingly leave them without enough to live on after a short period of time?

More hardships have been prevented and more comforts provided by Life Insurance than by any other form of financial provision. It is the only way by which a man with a moderate income can be sure that his family will have a substantial sum of money, no matter when he may die.

## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT • • • ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Smoke a FRESH cigarette
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC
BLEND
CIGARETTES

# *Here's why the great country-wide switch to* CAMELS

***Mild*.. NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE**

YOU must have noticed it. Everybody is talking about it. On all sides, everywhere about you—from coast to coast—people are smoking Camels.

What is the reason for this nation-wide switch to Camels on the part of men and women alike? Why this great upward spurt in Camel sales? It's simply this:

**Now for the first time men and women smokers are learning what a joy a fine cigarette in prime, factory-fresh condition can be!**

Camels are a blend of the choicest tobaccos money and long experience can buy: fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos blended to give utmost smoking pleasure.

But even the choicest tobaccos lose their natural moisture and their mildness unless special precaution is taken.

The new Humidor Pack is the last word in such special precaution—it keeps Camels always fresh and in prime smoking condition, mild, mellow, cool.

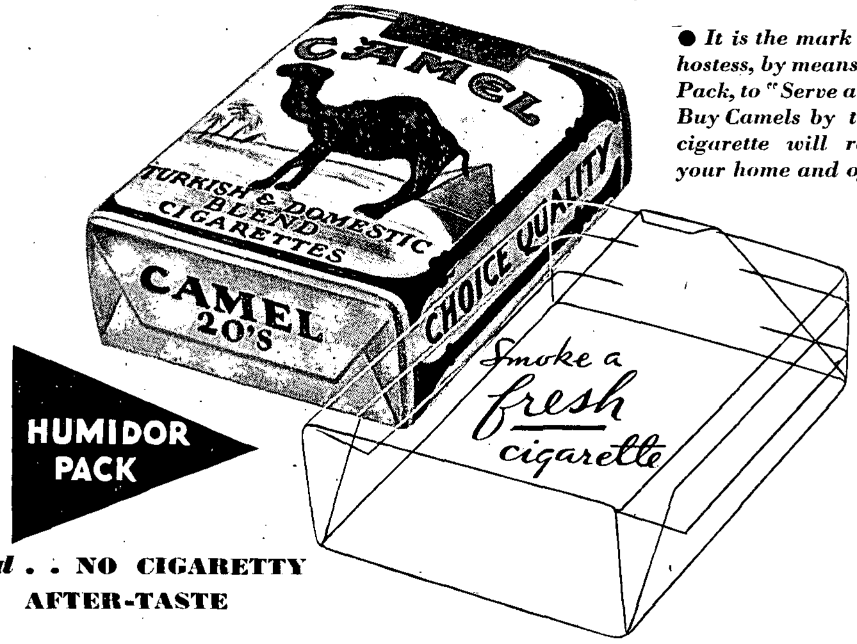
This scientific moisture-proof Cellophane wrapping seals in *all* the natural aroma—seals it so tightly that wet weather cannot make Camels damp, nor drought weather make them dry.

Camels are throat-friendly—a special vacuum-cleaning process keeps them free from the sting of peppery dust and the new Humidor Pack keeps them factory-fresh.

Try them yourself; no matter where you buy your Camels you will find them mild and prime.

Join the throng and switch to factory-fresh Camels for just one day. Then quit them—if you can.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons
Columbia Broadcasting System—every night except Sunday



● *It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton—this cigarette will remain fresh in your home and office*

***Mild*.. NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE**

© 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

# Frankly, Men, we find this the quickest way to win you

(See coupon)

## *Will you accept a 7-day supply of this famous shaving cream?*

WE can't begin to crowd on one page everything you ought to know about Palmolive Shaving Cream. So we say: Let us send you a free supply. You try it for seven days and be the judge.

*We win 86 in every 100*

Men are attracted by this offer. Why not? If they remain our steady customers it's because we've done them lasting service—shown them a new way to banish old-time shaving worries.

The fact that Palmolive is by far the largest selling shaving cream shows how well men like it. 86 of every 100 give up former ways for this. There is a story behind this superiority.

*Men told us how*

A few years ago men asked why we, makers of outstanding soap products in other fields, have never made a shaving cream. They told us—1000 of them—where other preparations failed.

So we developed a shaving cream based on the olive oil principle—one that embodied five important features exclusive in Palmolive Shaving Cream.

You risk a stamp. We risk the rest. Our profit comes in keeping you a steady customer by showing you a better shaving cream. Please fill in your name and mail—at once.

5 *Unique Advantages*

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

**NEW! Palmolive Shaving Lotion!** Here's a new way to leave the face tingling, fresh and clean. Try it! Also Palmolive After Shaving Talc.

PALMOLIVE
Shavin
Crea

**PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR**

—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m. Eastern Standard time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m. Central Standard time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m. Mountain Standard time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast Standard time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.

**7 SHAVES FREE**

**and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc**

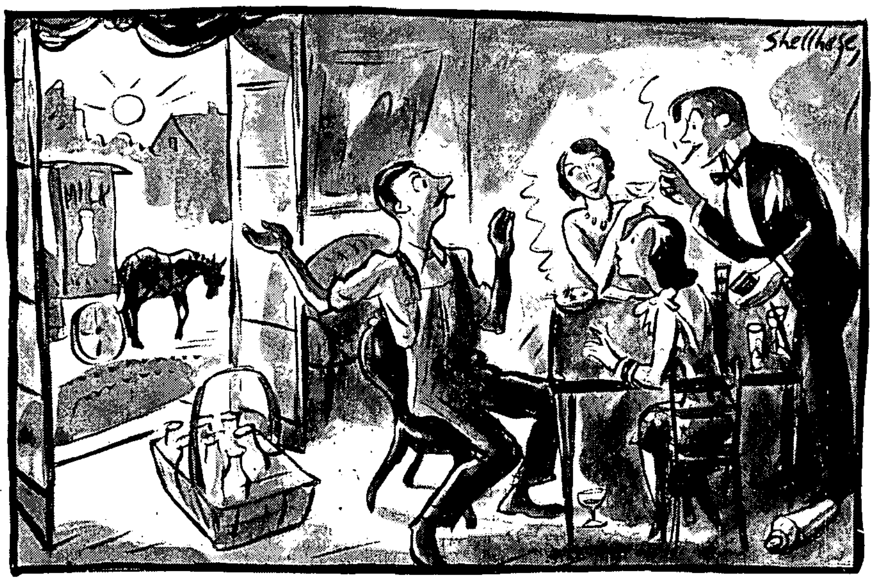
Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-1153 Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

..............................................................

..............................................................

..............................................................

(Please print your name and address)



"Just one more rubber, old fellow—we'll help you with the milk route!"

# How would you play it?

## By Milton C. Work

*Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge*

*North*
S. 10
H. K-Q-6-5
D. Q-J-6-4
C. Q-7-5-3

*West*
S. A-K-Q-J-9-8
H. A-10-9
D. None
C. J-10-9-8

*East*
S. 7-6-5-3-2
H. J-4-2
D. 7-3-2
C. A-K

*South (Dealer)*
S. 4
H. 8-7-3
D. A-K-10-9-8-5
C. 6-4-2

WITH the above hand, which was published in last week's Collier's, the Auction Bridge bidding would be: South one Diamond, West one Spade, North two Diamonds, East two Spades; South three Diamonds, West three Spades, North four Diamonds and East four Spades, which would be the final declaration.

The Contract bidding in a duplicate game proved to be more variegated. None of the Easts and Wests fell short of a four-Spade bid, but many stopped there. One or two that ventured five did not get any farther and at only two tables was a slam bid made. At one of them, over South's one Diamond, West bid three Spades, East five and West six; at the other South bid one Diamond and West two Diamonds. Overcalling in an adverse suit shows that no tricks will be lost in that suit and that there is more than a possibility of a slam at partner's suit (if partner already has bid): if partner has not bid, *then either at partner's best suit or at* a suit the bidder will name later. In this case East was not obliged to respond to West's two Diamonds because North, hoping to shut East out, interposed a bid of three Diamonds. East, however, bid three Spades, showing length and some high-card strength. He did not jump because he wanted to give West ample opportunity to show his desires. West showed his satisfaction with Spades by bidding four. North had not succeeded in his preemptive efforts and had gone as far as he dared; but East, knowing that he as a Spade declarer would not lose a trick in Diamonds or Clubs, and assuming that West's slam material must be in Spades and Hearts, bid six Spades.

The play should be the same whether the Spade declaration were four, five or six. Six-odd was easy with the hand, and yet at most of the tables only five was made. The initial Diamond lead was ruffed by West who drew the adverse trumps in one round, put East in with a Club, and then finessed a Heart. When that lost and a second Diamond was led, the operation was repeated; a second Club being won by East and a second finesse in Hearts taken. The result was two tricks for the adversaries, which was game for Declarer when the contract was four or five, but a set when the contract was six.

The Declarer should have seen that no Spades, Diamonds or Clubs would be lost; but that by trying the two finesses in Hearts, two Heart tricks might be captured by the adversaries. It was one of the simplest elimination hands imaginable. West, ruffing the first Diamond and leading one trump to draw the adverse trumps, then should put East in with a Club. East then should return a Diamond which West would ruff, then another Club won by East, and a third Diamond ruffed by West would give West the opportunity to lead the Jack of Clubs. North of course should not cover, as East is sure to ruff; and while in this hand the Jack would win, only a very foolish East would take a chance. Ruffing and leading a trump to put West in the lead would produce a fourth round of Clubs from West and another ruff by East. East then would be left with the Jack and two little Hearts, West with the Ace-Ten-Nine, and East and West each with one trump. All the Diamonds and Clubs having been eliminated, East now should lead a Heart. It would be immaterial whether he led the Jack or the Deuce; in either event West will play the Nine or Ten unless an honor is played by South. If South should play an honor, the small slam is assured. If not, the trick is passed up to North and the small slam is equally assured because North is obliged to lead either a Heart up to the tenace in the West hand or a Diamond on which one of Declarer's hands can trump and the other discard a Heart.

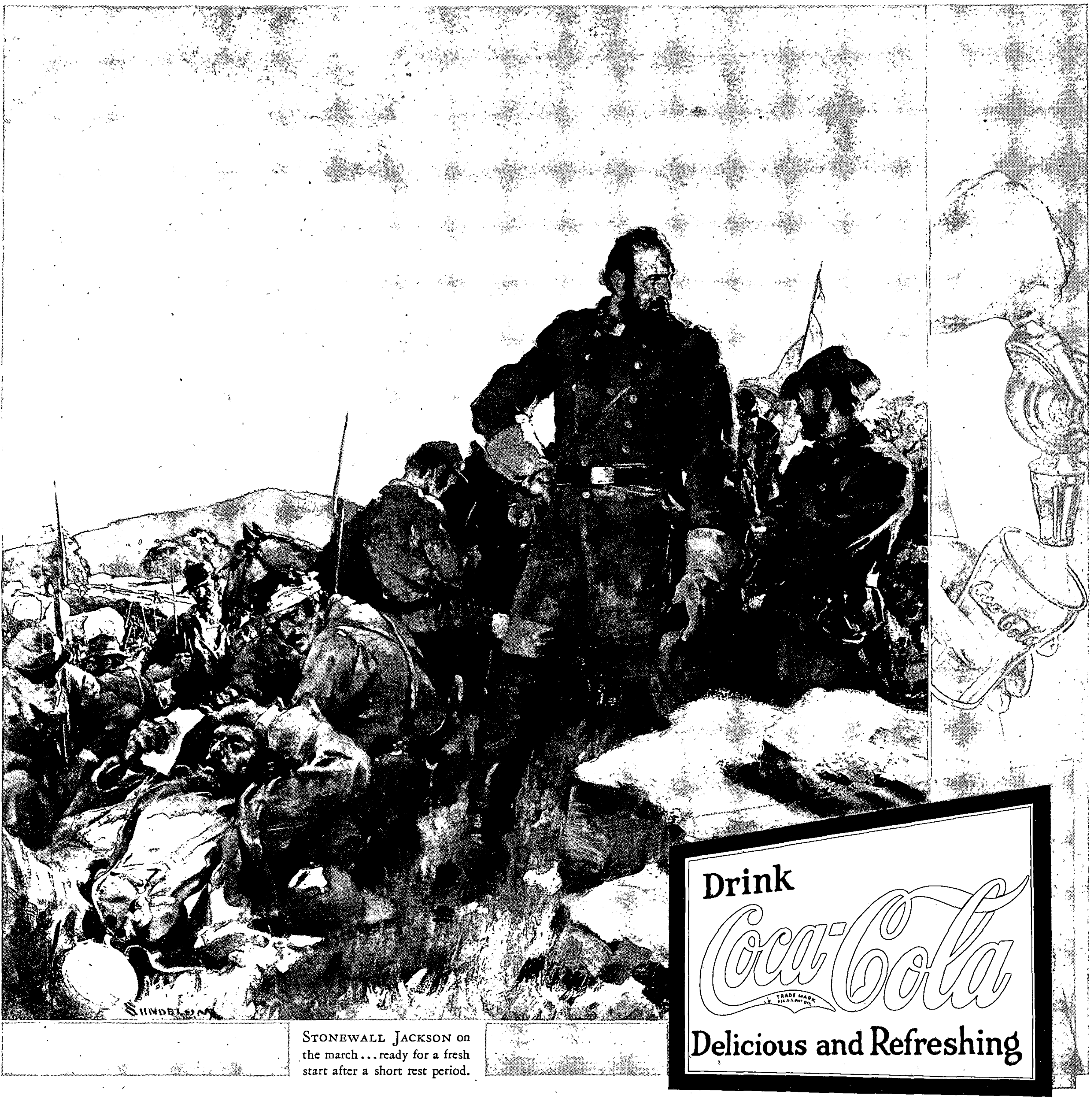
**Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.**

*North*
S. 7-6-4-3-2
H. A-Q
D. A-9-6-4
C. Q-J

*East*
S. 9-5
H. J-10-9-8-6-5-4
D. None
C. 10-9-5-2

*West*
S. K-10-8
H. K-7-3-2
D. K-8-3
C. K-7-3

*South (Dealer)*
S. A-Q-J
H. None
D. Q-J-10-7-5-2
C. A-8-6-4



STONEWALL JACKSON on the march . . . ready for a fresh start after a short rest period.

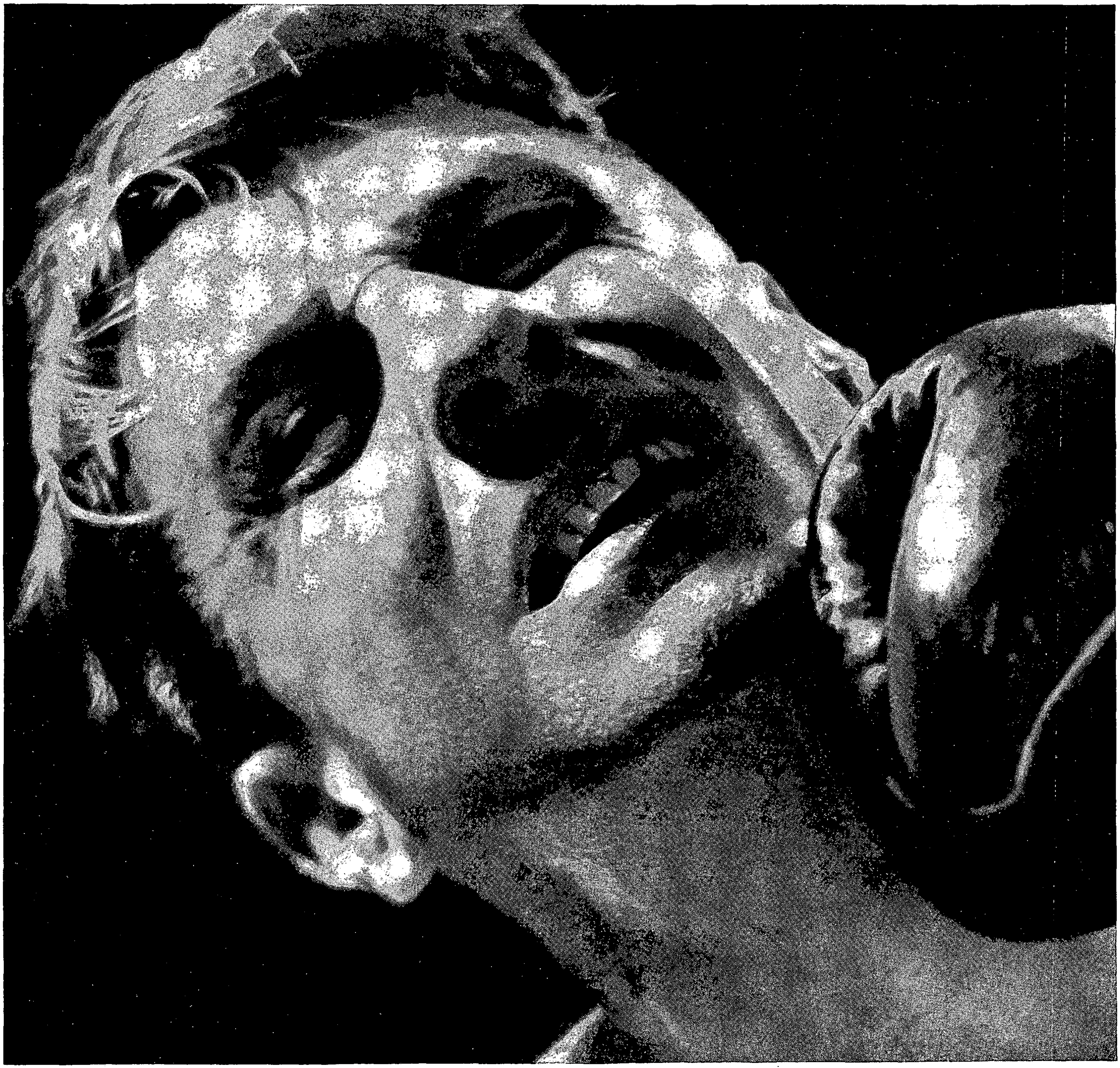
# STONEWALL JACKSON TAUGHT US WHAT *the pause that refreshes* REALLY MEANS

*Stonewall Jackson always got there first. On the march he gave his men rations of sugar and at intervals required them to lie down for a short rest. Thus he marched troops farther and faster than any other general in the field. Since his day all marching troops have been given a short rest period out of every hour.*

Through ice-cold Coca-Cola the short rest period has been adapted to the festive needs of peace. One hundred thousand cool and cheerful soda fountains invite you. Thus you see the natural, wholesome reason why over nine million a day pause and refresh themselves with this great drink. It gives you quick energy in tingling, delicious form. Its cool after-sense of refreshment inspires a fresh start. Such is *the pause that refreshes*—meaning more work and better work. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

OVER NINE MILLION A DAY . . . IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

# The fire alarm that never



# SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS

MEMBERS OF THE UNITED PRESS . . . THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS AND OF MEDIA RECORDS, INC.

# Rang .. Because a Scripps-Howard editorial D*idn't* pull its punch

[LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM]

A Scripps-Howard editor dropped in to the fights one night at a boxing club in his city.

•

His eye saw spectators packed into every corner and cranny of the hall. Jamming the aisles. Cramming the exits. Not a fireman in sight. And a perfect fire trap.

•

His mind's eye saw the holocaust that could happen in the small flame of one careless match.

•

He saw, in his mind's eye, the desperate rush of fire engines, sirens screaming. He saw the mad, trampling, helpless crowds in their hopeless fight to escape. He saw black headlines, and bleak faces scanning the casualty lists beneath them. He thought of the files of his newspaper and the fires recorded there, gray records of red disaster.

•

He left the fights. And started a fight of his own. And didn't pull his punches.

•

An editorial fight for public safety. For fire regulation enforcement. So that a citizen could take an evening's amusement without taking his life in his hands.

•

There isn't any news in a fire that never happened. But the editor held to the Scripps-Howard belief that, while a newspaper serves by purveying news, it serves equally by preventing it . . . should that news be bad news, and preventable.

•

There isn't much excitement in a fire alarm that never rang. But he believed that a newspaper's duty is often akin to the Chinese doctor's who is paid for keeping his patients safe and well. For prevention, rather than for cure.

•

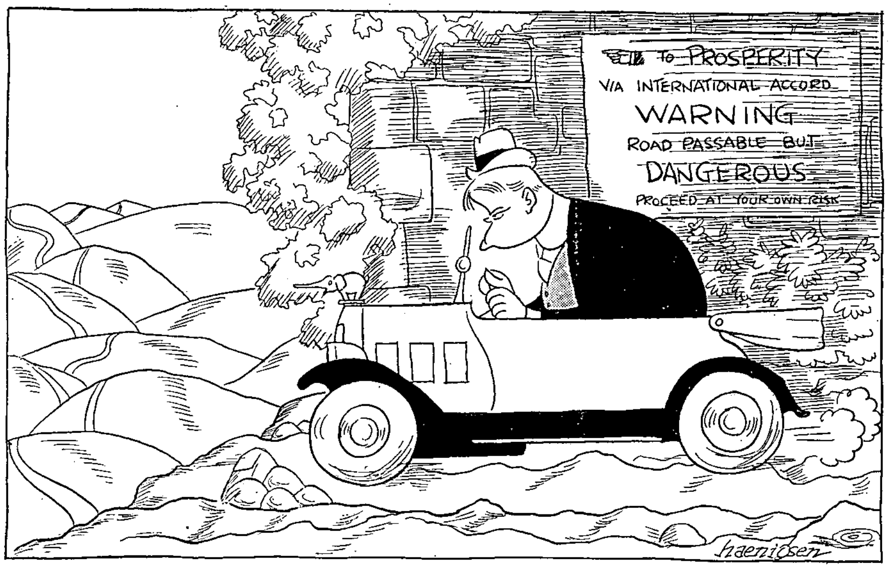
There isn't much excitement in this whole recital. The only thing in that city that flamed was the editor's editorials. But quietly, surely, and completely, they made a city safer for its citizens.

•

And, judging by the standing of Scripps-Howard Newspapers in the cities they serve, there isn't much doubt about the citizen appreciation—and response to news, editorial and advertising columns, alike.

| | |
|---|---|
| NEW YORK | *World-Telegram* |
| CLEVELAND | *Press* |
| BALTIMORE | *Post* |
| PITTSBURGH | *Press* |
| SAN FRANCISCO | *News* |
| WASHINGTON | *News* |
| CINCINNATI | *Post* |
| BUFFALO | *Times* |
| INDIANAPOLIS | *Times* |
| DENVER | *Rocky Mt. News* |
| TOLEDO | *News-Bee* |
| COVINGTON | *Kentucky Post*<br>—*Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post* |
| COLUMBUS | *Citizen* |
| AKRON | *Times-Press* |
| BIRMINGHAM | *Post* |
| MEMPHIS | *Press-Scimitar* |
| HOUSTON | *Press* |
| YOUNGSTOWN | *Telegram* |
| FORT WORTH | *Press* |
| OKLAHOMA CITY | *News* |
| KNOXVILLE | *News-Sentinel* |
| EL PASO | *Herald-Post* |
| SAN DIEGO | *Sun* |
| EVANSVILLE | *Press* |
| ALBUQUERQUE | *New Mexico State Tribune* |

230 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · DETROIT · LOS ANGELES · ATLANTA · PHILADELPHIA · BUFFALO · DALLAS



# The Long, Hard Road

## By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

WHAT President Hoover has been doing to save Germany from collapse is important not for what it will accomplish directly but as a beginning.

Mr. Hoover, instead of restoring his political fortunes by coming to the aid of Germany, may perhaps have made his defeat in 1932 more certain, for unless employment comes to the unemployed and wheat sells for a better price per bushel as a result of the relief afforded to Germany, he will be damned here for thinking more of a foreign people's welfare than of his own people's. And all that he has been able to do at this writing is to stave off, perhaps only postpone, the collapse of one of the three great industrial nations of the world.

Germany is still weak and staggering. Its convalescence will be slow. And we are beginning to realize that we cannot have one great nation ruined and have the rest of the world abounding in prosperity.

International conferences to save the world from the catastrophe, economic and political, which the utter ruin of Germany would entail have succeeded one another with bewildering rapidity. As a result of these rescues Germany is now in the position of a manufacturer who has borrowed from the banks all that he can borrow and who cannot pay his notes as they fall due. The bankers say, "Well, we'll extend the time in which you may pay your notes."

The manufacturer replies, "But I have no money to continue my business."

"That is unfortunate," say the bankers, "but all we can do is to give you more time in which to pay your notes."

### When Shall We Meet Again?

With all the banks in the world full of the frozen short-term commercial paper of Germany, it is impossible to see how Germany can carry on any foreign trade. And without foreign trade she will certainly face another crisis. So it is possible to predict more international conferences in which the idea will grow that the welfare of each individual nation in the modern world is dependent upon the welfare of all others.

That is the beginning Mr. Hoover has made, not quite consciously nor of set purpose. But the idea that the world is not made up of nations all like rival stores in a town, one gaining at the expense of the other, is going to be just about as hard to get into the minds of the politicians of today as it is to get the Einstein theory into the minds of the present generation.

People have thought of nations as rival stores too long to think of them as dependent upon each other for prosperity all in a few weeks, a few months, or a few years. They can see, aided by the specter of Communism, that a smash-up of Germany would be disastrous; but they cannot see in a very prosperous Germany anything but a powerful rival taking away their trade.

The Great War probably sprang as much as anything from the commercial rivalry among the nations. And the Peace of Paris was made on that theory. France probably thought of Germany as a dangerous military neighbor. But Great Britain joined in making the harsh treaty probably in the belief that for at least two generations Germany would be so weakened that she could not be again a dangerous trade rival.

### International Coöperation

Mr. Hoover recently told the delegates to the meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce that the world was suffering from the consequences of the Great War. But the peace treaty that concluded that war was even more disastrous than the war itself.

Mr. Hoover found himself blocked by the terms of that peace when he attempted to relieve Germany. He knew perfectly well that a postponement of reparations for one year would be inadequate. But he also knew that that was the most he could hope to get from the French. And in London at the second conference the most practical aid of Germany was blocked by the determination of France to use Germany's dire necessity as an occasion for fastening more and surer fetters upon Germany.

So Mr. Hoover had to resort to a makeshift measure of relief for Germany, which will surely close the avenues of foreign trade to Germany while it is in force.

So the road on which Mr. Hoover started leads to a revision of the Treaty of Versailles. It leads to an abandonment of our national contention that we have no concern in the politics of Europe. It leads to disarmament. It leads to saner tariff. It leads away from national rivalry and to international coöperation. It leads to a total change of attitude of peoples toward each other.

It is a long hard road. If Mr. Hoover will follow it, not from inclination but from force of circumstances and because his foot is upon it, he is preferable as President in 1932 to any one who now seems likely to be nominated in opposition to him.

---

# Set for Two

*Continued from page 13*

"Just in time," he observed calmly. "He'd have killed you in another minute. What's this?" Stooping over, he picked up a revolver from where it lay close to MacMurragh's limp hand. "A gat an' everything. Say, the boy was sure out for blood. Call the wagon, somebody. He'll do time for this."

August Boettching, president of the Atlas Furniture Moving Company, went bail for Red and hired a high-priced lawyer, and Tim Corrigan, foreman of the company's garage, tried to comfort Mazie with profane assurances that there was "nothin' to it," but none of these things had power to melt the ice about her heart. Neither Mr. Boettching nor old Tim met her desperate need, for she felt evil forces at work that were beyond their comprehension.

Doctor Jim! The mere thought of him warmed her like wine. Of course he was the one to straighten out the cruel tangle in which she found herself enmeshed. Had he not been her tower of strength since the day he slapped her tiny back for the first long breath? Checking her sobs, she hurried to his office with newborn hope.

SOME thirty years before, when young James Wearing had flung his shingle to the breeze in one of those shabby streets that led down to the waterfront, the story had spread that he was a rich society guy, and out of their lively suspicion of charity, the inhabitants of the quarter presented a hostile front. Antagonism soon gave way before his simple kindliness, and as he went ceaselessly on his rounds of healing and mercy, year after year, "Doctor Jim" became an institution, liked and respected by the old and adored by the young.

Breathlessly, hopefully, Mazie poured out her tragic story, and Doctor Wearing, eyes keen under his shock of graying hair, listened sympathetically.

"Of course I'll fix it," he declared stoutly. "Compared to the croup, measles, chicken pox, scarlet fever and all the other troubles I've had with you, this is simple."

Left to himself, however, he shook his head doubtfully. A frame-up, of course, but how to prove it? A period of puzzled thought; then, surging his heavy body forward, he lifted the telephone from the hook and talked low and briefly when he got his number.

"That's fine, Harry," he concluded. "About one o'clock? Come right in. I'll leave off the lock."

Doctor Jim, reading that night in the comfortable if shabby library above his office, looked up with a start as a shadow fell across his book.

"Hello, Harry," he exclaimed. "I didn't hear you come in."

"That's good." The slim, swart visitor, seating himself with a careful tug at the knees of his trousers, let a faint gratification color his tone. "An' you was expectin' me, too. Well, Doc, what's on your mind?"

"Some friends of mine are in trouble. Bad trouble. And I had an idea you might be able to help me."

"You know me, Doc. I ain't the kind that forgets." Not a muscle moved in the criminal's hard face, and the black eyes, round and unwinking as those of a bird of prey, remained expressionless, but there was that in the flat, level voice that carried conviction.

"Thanks." Doctor Wearing smiled gratefully. "Here's the story as I got it today."

Drawing heavily on cigarette after cigarette, Harry listened without comment until the mention of Monk Torino's name and then leaned forward.

"Quit worryin'," he admonished. "That bird's goin' to be taken care of. An' right away, too."

"Taken care of? Why, what do you mean?"

"The dirty little rat turned up a friend of mine," Harry explained. "I guess you seen it in the papers, didn't you? Chicago Blackie?"

"Hold on! Wait a minute!" Wearing gasped as comprehension came to him. "Putting Torino out of the way isn't going to help me, Harry. As a matter of fact, it's the worst thing that could happen. Don't you see? What I want is to *prove* the frame-up."

"I see." Harry, producing another cigarette, tapped it reflectively against a highly polished nail. "That makes a difference, don't it? Well, Doc, I don't mind layin' off the wop for a while, but provin' the frame-up ain't goin' to be so easy. Huggins used a woman out of some mob, of course, but how you goin' to find her?"

"I hoped you'd be able to tell me."

"An' that planted gun," Harry continued. "He'll have a bunch of witnesses to swear they saw MacMurragh drop it. Crooks, of course, but good enough if you haven't got a respectable witness to put up against 'em."

"I know," Doctor Jim confessed unhappily. "But something's just got to be done. I brought that girl into the world, and she's depending on me."

"Wait a minute." The black eyes flashed suddenly with the cunning that had made Harry Lemming the despair of police forces in a dozen great cities. "I got an idea. Sit tight, Doc, while I round it up." A long pause, and then he asked, "Know the district attorney?"

"We were in college together."

"Fine business," exclaimed Harry. "Now listen!"

A WEEK went by, years long to Red and Mazie, but bewilderingly fast for Doctor Wearing, whose practice suffered shamefully from his many absences. Again Harry slipped into the shabby library at midnight, and slipped out again after leaving a set of precise instructions, and the next forenoon saw Wearing herding his two young charges toward the city hall.

The district attorney gave Wearing warm greeting, and smiled in friendly fashion as the boy and girl were introduced to him.

"Doctor Jim has told me of your troubles," he said. "Let's hope they're coming to an end."

Red and Mazie, turning around, stared full into the astonished eyes of Monk Torino and Detective Huggins, sitting somewhat nervously on the edge of their chairs. Nor was this the only surprise, for Mazie, looking further, exclaimed at sight of a tall gentleman so beautifully groomed that he shone like satin.

"It's Mr. Jennings," she whispered. "You know, Johnnie. The manager of the store."

"Everybody seems to be here." The district attorney, looking up from a mass of papers, let his glance sweep the circle. "Huggins!" At the sharp, peremptory tone, the fat detective started apprehensively. "You arrested this young lady, Mazie Kinsale?"

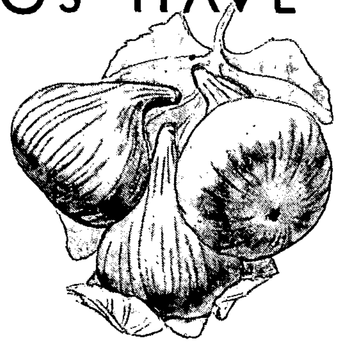
"Not exactly," Huggins rumbled. "I seen some lace fall from her dress, an' took her back in the store an'—"

"I'm familiar with the details. All I wanted was the formal identification.

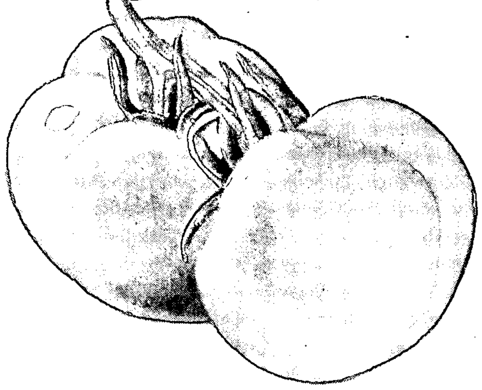
*(Continued on page 39)*

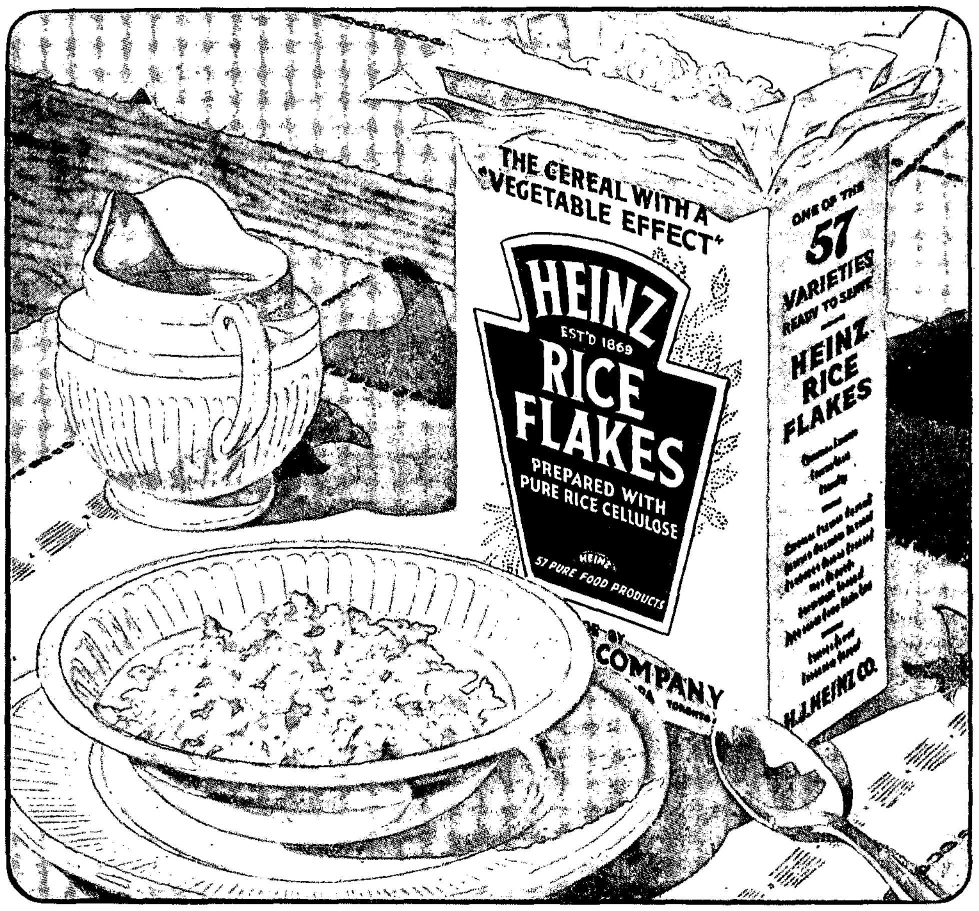
# WHAT IS THIS "IT"?

## FIGS HAVE IT!



## TOMATOES HAVE IT!




THE CEREAL WITH A "VEGETABLE EFFECT"
HEINZ
EST'D 1869
RICE FLAKES
PREPARED WITH PURE RICE CELLULOSE
HEINZ 57 PURE FOOD PRODUCTS
COMPANY
ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES READY TO SERVE
HEINZ RICE FLAKES
H.J.HEINZ CO.

# HEINZ RICE FLAKES HAVE IT TOO

*—and they're the only Rice Flakes that do—so insist on Heinz!*

THERE'S an important "it" waiting for you in these delicious, crunchy, golden-brown flakes . . . *the same mildly laxative effect you get in certain fruits and vegetables!*

This healthful quality is sometimes spoken of as a "corrective vegetable effect." Nature gives this quality to some fruits and vegetables so that they'll help keep people healthy. Tomatoes have it. Figs have it. And Heinz are the *only* rice flakes that have it! That's why we say—insist on Heinz.

These delicious flakes will help you. And you'll like them! For Heinz Rice Flakes are every bit as appetizing and temptingly good as other famous foods of the "57 Varieties."

### Two generous trial packages—FREE!

Mail the coupon for *two trial packages of Heinz Rice Flakes—containing six generous servings—free!* See how good these crisp flakes are. Then you'll want to enjoy them, *every* day!

### Nature gave us the idea for Heinz Rice Flakes

Nature has the idea that foods should be not only good to eat—but useful, too. It's a mighty wise idea, and we borrowed it for Heinz Rice Flakes.

These delicious flakes not only furnish all the energy and body-building elements of rice, but they supply an essential substance found in no other rice flakes. This substance is *cereal-cellulose*—one of the gentlest, mildest, and most effective correctives known to man.

H. J. Heinz Company spent eight years in perfecting the exclusive process by which cereal-cellulose is added to crisp, delicious flakes. It costs much more to make Heinz Rice Flakes this way. But it costs *you* no more.

© 1931. H. J. H. CO.

ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES

HEINZ
RICE FLAKES

## FREE!

TWO TRIAL PACKAGES OF HEINZ RICE FLAKES

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, Dept. C-95, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Please send me two trial packages of Heinz Rice Flakes—enough for six servings—free of charge.

(This offer is good only in the United States.)

*Name*____________________________

*Street*____________________________

*City*________________ *State*__________

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
MAKERS OF THE "57 VARIETIES"

# ANNOUNCING

## A new and beautiful edition of the world's most famous library

> *Like a Conquering Army these books have marched triumphant through the ages*

THUNDERING down through the centuries, wielding a cultural influence impossible to calculate in human terms, these great books are now available in a new edition of matchless beauty. The volumes are de luxe in creation, equal in attractiveness to the books of fine private libraries, *yet the price is amazingly low.*

The type face, larger than any used in earlier editions, has been selected for its beauty and readability. The superb paper, made especially for this edition, will preserve its cream-whiteness always, and will form a rich background for the crisp, black type.

### *Books of rare beauty*

The volume size has been increased both in width and height, making a group of books of generous dimensions, charming in appearance, and pleasant and handy to hold and to read.

The illustrations are thoroughly in keeping with the excellence of the other new features. They are reproduced in an aquatone process which gives them a soft clearness not to be found in ordinary book illustration.

And the bindings possess a majestic beauty, and are both imposing and inviting, with their glorious design of simple good taste.

Dr. Eliot, forty years President of Harvard, undertook the colossal labor of editing and arranging the 418 masterpieces which make up this great work—

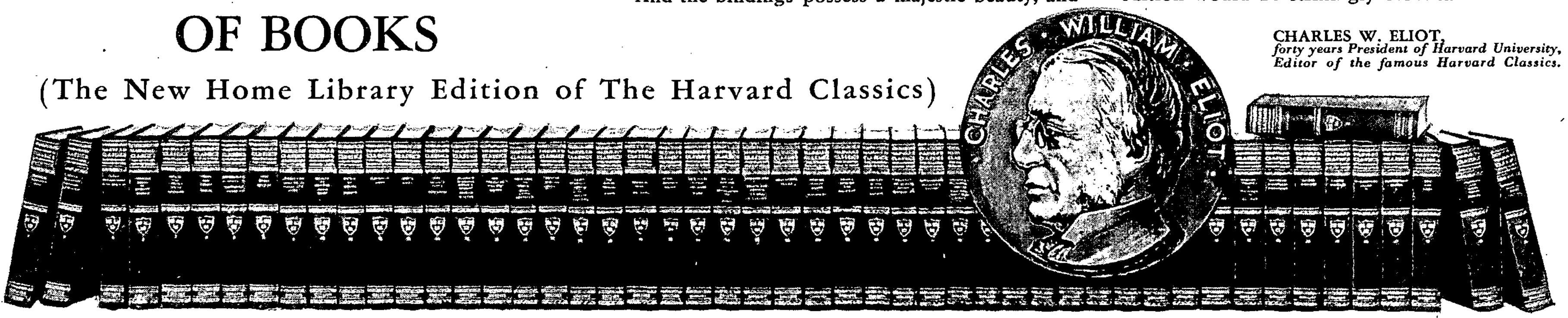
And today thousands of cultured families, in whose private libraries earlier editions of these fifty volumes have a place of honor, are ready to testify to the value of The Harvard Classics. Thousands more will own and cherish these books in the beautiful new edition.

### *An unprecedented value*

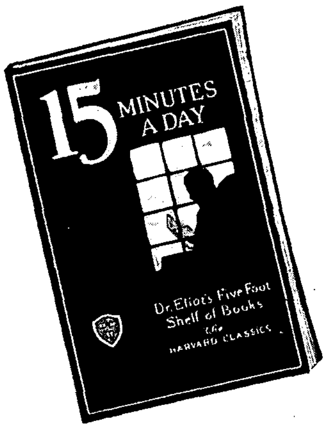
Dr. Eliot said, "Do not publish an expensive edition. Make the price within the reach of the average family." His wishes have been faithfully followed. The most modest family budgets have comfortably absorbed the notably low price of these wonderful books. And now comes the new edition—de luxe in form, beautiful and imposing, but costing no more than the earlier, less pretentious editions! Yet if you examined these two sets side by side, the greatly added value possessed by the new edition would be strikingly evident.

# DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

## (The New Home Library Edition of The Harvard Classics)



CHARLES W. ELIOT,
*forty years President of Harvard University, Editor of the famous Harvard Classics.*



## Send for this FREE BOOK

Find out today full details about our wonderful price offer, by which you may have this great private library at considerably less than the cost per volume of the ordinary popular novel.

You need not decide now. But send immediately for the booklet which gives Dr. Eliot's plan of reading and which tells more in detail about the new edition. It is free, and it comes to you without any obligation.

Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books

**THIS IS YOUR CERTIFICATE FOR THE FREE BOOKLET**

P. F. COLLIER & SON DIST. CORP., 250 Park Avenue, New York City

BY MAIL, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the new Home Library Edition of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and Dr. Eliot's own story of how he came to select the greatest library of all time.

*No.* 9086-HCA

NAME Mr. Mrs. Miss ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

# Set for Two

*Continued from page 36*

And you also arrested this young man, John MacMurragh?"

"I happened to be there on the corner when he assaulted Torino, an' I—"

"Picked up the revolver he let fall. Surely. Somewhat of a coincidence that you figured in both arrests, wasn't it?"

"It's my business to get around, an'—"

"Of course. Just a comment, nothing more. As the manager, Mr. Jennings, refused to make a charge, Miss Kinsale's case is not our official concern, but MacMurragh here faces a penitentiary sentence for carrying a deadly weapon."

RISING abruptly, he opened a door, and beckoned in a woman in her late twenties, a handsome woman bearing herself with the assurance that came of costly clothes and careful grooming. Seating her at his right, he leaned forward confidently.

"Miss—er—Mrs. Dynan, you know Miss Kinsale, I believe?"

"Yes," she answered levelly, while Mazie stared open-mouthed.

"And the nature of the acquaintance?"

"I lifted some lace from her counter and dropped it at her feet as she went out of the store."

"And why did you do that, Mrs. Dynan?"

"Those two," and she pointed straight at Huggins and Torino, "got me to do it."

"That's a lie!" roared the detective.

"Keep quiet!" There was menace in the stern tone. "You'll have plenty of chance to talk later on. Proceed, Mrs. Dynan."

"Huggins had somethin' on me, and threatened a pinch if I didn't go through for him. And the wop and me have been working together for a long time now. He sells my stuff."

"She's crazy." Torino, leaping to his feet, exceeded even Huggins in agitation. "I never saw her before in my whole life."

"Yeah!" Mrs. Dynan's lip curled malignantly. "Why, you can go up to his rooms right now an' find my junk all over the place."

"Indeed!" The district attorney pressed a button. "You didn't mention that little corroborative detail in our previous talk. Jones," he said, "send a couple of men to Torino's rooms—you have the address out there—and search it for stolen goods. Now, Mr. Porter,"—picking up a card, he turned briskly—"we're ready for you."

From a corner, where he had been sitting unobserved, a round, roly-poly individual came forward, mild, benignant eyes peering through a pair of thick-lensed glasses.

"You are a local salesman, I see."

"Yes, sir."

"And on the evening when MacMurragh here attacked this man," a flick of the hand indicated Torino, "you happened to be in a store door across the street?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please tell me again just what it was you saw?"

"The first thing I saw," said Mr. Porter, "was that red-headed boy charging up. You could tell he was as mad as hops, and when he got close to the Italian there, he jumped him for all he was worth. Then this detective bobbed out from behind a door and hit him an awful crack over the head, and when the boy fell down, knocked cold as a wedge, Mr. Huggins—I think that's the name you called him—took a revolver out of his pocket and dropped it on the sidewalk."

"Say—" Torino, licking dry lips, started to speak, but Huggins pushed him down.

"Shut up, you fool!" Jaw set, the fat detective turned with a snarl. "What about my witnesses, Mister District Attorney? I got ten men who'll swear that this little dope never saw any such thing."

"Very likely." A faint smile accompanied the retort. "But it happens that the question of reputability enters into these matters. . . . Yes?" Picking up the telephone, he listened intently. "All right, Haggerty. Bring the stuff down here. That," he said, turning to Torino, "was one of the men I sent up to your rooms. He reports he found several thousand dollars' worth of stolen goods."

"It's a plant," screamed Torino, now out of control. "But nobody's goin' to pin anything on me, I can tell you that. I never saw that skirt before. Anyway, she ain't the one—"

"Which one?" sharply interrupted the district attorney.

"The one Huggins got to pinch the lace. It was a woman named Kate."

"How about that, Huggins?"

"He's lyin'." By a visible effort the fat detective choked down his murderous rage. "I never saw her nor any other woman. There wasn't any."

"No you don't," gibbered Torino. "You can't kick out an' leave me holdin' the bag. We got this Kate to steal the lace, an' Huggins dropped the gun all right, but so help me, Mister, I don't know nothin' about this stuff in my room. Honest to God."

"Take them both away." Two policemen entered, and the district attorney motioned to Huggins and Torino. "I'll fix the charges later on."

"Miss Kinsale!" It was the rich and somewhat unctuous voice of Mr. Jennings that broke the silence. "I can't tell you how happy I am to have this proof of your innocence. You'll report for duty tomorrow morning, of course."

"ANYTHING else, sir?" As the door shut on the back of Mr. Jennings, the roly-poly little man stepped forward.

"Nothing else, Mr. Porter. Only my thanks for your manly coöperation." The district attorney, picking the card up from his desk, scrutinized it gravely. "And may I venture the hope that if we meet again it will be under circumstances no less pleasant?"

"Believe me, that goes double." Mr. Porter, taking off his thick-lensed glasses with a sigh of relief, showed a pair of unexpectedly clear gray eyes. "All right, then, Mary," he added, turning to Mrs. Dynan, "I'll ride you uptown. Everything oke, Doc?"

Doctor Wearing nodded, following them into the hall; he returned hastily to take a charge under each wing, and then reached out a grateful hand.

"Good-by, Bill," he said. "I can't ever thank you enough, old boy."

"Don't mention it, Jim." The district attorney broke into a relieved grin. "My official oath may be a bit mangled, but my conscience is clear."

"Doctor Jim!" Mazie could hardly wait until the three reached the sheltering confines of a taxicab. "Wasn't that Mrs. Dynan *really* the one?"

"Promise never to tell?"

"Cross my heart."

"Well," confided Doctor Wearing, "Mrs. Dynan was never near the store. She just happens to be a very close friend of a gentleman by the name of Chicago Blackie."

Get up with a Grin *and a* Saline Cocktail!

IF MORNING finds you out of sorts — dulled, depressed, headachy — there's only one thing to do. March into the bathroom and mix yourself a Saline Cocktail—a teaspoon or so of Sal Hepatica in a glass of cool water. Then —drink the sparkling mixture down!

The health cocktails of today are fine for your system. Tomato juice, sauerkraut juice, fruit juice—each plays its part in keeping you fit and lively.

But the Saline Cocktail makes you feel your very, very best—all day long!

For Sal Hepatica cleanses your whole system . . . easily, thoroughly, quickly. In half an hour or less, you are a new man. It banishes constipation in a pleasant, gentle way. It combats acidity and purifies the bloodstream. Rheumatism, colds, digestive disorders are all routed by the saline method. And many a woman drinks this sparkling mixture to attain a blemish-free, clear complexion.

Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of Europe's famous spas. When you drink it you get the healthful benefits that bring thousands upon thousands to the springs of Carlsbad, Aix, and Weisbaden every year!

Ask your doctor about the saline method. Ask him about Sal Hepatica . . . Then get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep it on your bathroom shelf all the time. And next time you wake up half-sick and gloomy, try a Saline Cocktail. See how quickly your energy comes bounding back and how fine you'll feel!

Sal Hepatica

*At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢, and $1.20*

© 1931

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. B-91, 71 West St., New York
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.
Name__________
Street__________
City__________ State__________

keeping time to music, giving to the heave of the dory under his feet, letting the dory do her share of it, as he hauled.

Besides coiling the trawl neatly back in the tub as John payed it back to him, Ben had the job of keeping a windward eye out for any bad seas that might try to come aboard. The dory lay in the trough of the sea. Let a bad sea catch her broad on and it would likely be the end of John and himself.

Such a sea soon came along. Ben calmly watched its coming—no use wasting time by moving too soon, and of course a man mustn't wait over long. At the right moment he turned, seized the oar in the stern. With a dexterous, powerful flip of wrist and forearm he whirled the dory stern to it; and up she went riding high but safe, up the green side and over the white top of the mountain of water.

“Watch out,” Ben had called out as he seized the oar; whereupon John had taken two quick turns of the trawl around the gurdy. It was as good a way as another to hang on, and if the dory should be capsized, the trawl would not drift away and be lost.

JOHN resumed his trawling, saying over his shoulder as he did so: “It's a great comfort to a man, Ben, to know that behind him is a dorymate like you to look out for him.”

“Huh!” retorted Ben. “I'm lookin' out for myself, too, not that dorymates shouldn't be lookin' out for each other always. A man who would go winter trawlin' with a dorymate an' not be a full dorymate to him, he would—well, I don't know what to call a man like that.”

“Of course,” nodded John. “But a man might pick a bad dorymate. You took me not knowin' what I was.”

“Not knowin', huh? Well, boy, I maybe don't know heroes in books, like our cook, but I know men aboard a vessel, or in a dory.”

“Drat it!” muttered John. It was the trawl he meant. It was hung up, the hooks caught on the rough bottom. He removed his woolen nippers to get a better grip of the heavy line, wrapped it twice around his bare hands and hauled away until it came clear.

Ben nodded his approval. Men came along like that now and then—no great ones to look at but with great strength coming from somewhere inside of them.

It was good fishing that day. On every third or fourth hook was a fish. John would hoist them in over the bow, snap them backward with a quick, clever turn of the wrist, and into the waist of the dory with them, without once touching them with his hand.

A big fat cod was hauled in. “A fine steak cod,” commented John. “Look, Ben—all o' forty pounds!” He tossed the fish into the waist, where it raised a great commotion, bouncing around among the smaller fellows.

A halibut came up, a good-sized one. “Will you look at him?” called out John. “Like a great lord among the little people.” He took it carefully off the hook so that the weight would not break the ganging line. Ben smiled his approval—a proper dorymate, this lad.

Well up to the windward Ben could see the vessel; and she was a picture to see, she lifting to the tops of the seas and then dropping with them into the hollows until her mastheads were almost lost to sight.

“The skipper's hanging up to wind-'ard,” explained Ben, “so if a dory capsizes he can run down to her.”

John looked up from his hauling, nodded that he understood.

“Do you ever cut your trawlin' gear an' make for the vessel, Ben?”

# After You

*Continued from page 19*

“It has to be rough weather, boy, damn' tough weather, when a good crew of winter trawlers cut gear an' run for it. Fishin' gear costs too much to be cast adrift without good reason.”

“Of course,” nodded John.

Hard-looking seas were rolling down upon them now; the short, green-gray seas of the shoal-bank water, green-gray except for the thick white tops of them. Short and quick-moving they were; coming so fast that Ben was kept jumping from his trawl tub to the oar in the becket to outwit them. It was in his mind to tell John to give over the hauling—it would be needing the time and attention of the two of them soon if the big seas weren't to overpower the dory. He thought to give John the word; but up rose his bank fisherman's pride and overrode the thought. Let some other dory cut first.

Their second tub of trawl was almost in, their buoy lay just ahead of them. Soon now they would have all the trawl in. Ben could see the vessel easily, but the dories only when they rode high on a sea. He saw the vessel luff into the wind. “A dory alongside. Well, her troubles are over for this day,” said Ben to himself. He wasn't liking the look of things at his end.

*Roland Coe*

**“Some sort of beast, isn't it?”**

The baited trawl was at last hauled. They had only to get the buoy in.

Always, as fishermen have it, there is the one wicked sea. Ben saw this one coming—a high, solid white one, and a roarer. A great roarer. John, working furiously to get the last of the buoy-line in, had no time to turn his head. Besides, Ben was there. Ben reached for the oar, yelling to John to hang on, whirled the dory's stern to the sea with his quick, strong stroke.

“She will weather this one, too,” Ben shouted; but this was the one wicked one. The dory was deep-loaded with her weight of fish. The sea swept over her, buried her, rolled her over and under. Ben, sticking to the oar, was hit by the end of it on the chin and rolled out of the dory half stunned.

THE sea rolled on by. Ben caught a glimpse of green daylight and close by he thought he saw the dory. She was lying bottom up, almost at his hand; but he could not lift his hand to take hold of her. He could not swim and what with the water he had swallowed and the weight of his heavy boots and oilskins and winter clothes, he gave himself up for lost. “Poor John! I hope he can swim,” he thought. He felt himself going under, and then he felt himself being hauled up onto the bottom of the dory.

It was John who was hauling him up and trying to thrust his arm through the plug strap on the dory bottom.

“Take it, you,” muttered the half-conscious Ben.

“No, no, you,” cried John, trying all the harder to slip Ben's arm through the strap, as he saw another sea about to roll over them.

SLIDING off the bottom of the dory went Ben before the sea, and with him went John, grabbing Ben with one hand as he went, reaching up and grabbing the plug strap with the other from beside the dory as both went into the sea. John hauled himself and then Ben onto the dory bottom. Again he tried to slip Ben's arm through the plug strap; and again a sea washed Ben off before he could manage it.

Once more John went after Ben, pushed him up onto the dory bottom, climbed after him, thrust Ben's forearm through the plug strap. It was then he noticed the buoy-line drifting across the bow of the dory. He had taken two turns of the line around the gurdy just before the dory capsized, thinking only of saving the trawl from going adrift. He reached for the right of the line, took two turns of it around Ben's body, thrust Ben's arm through the plug strap and lashed that also.

Another great sea was now on the way. John could have held on to Ben—he thought to do so—but that would be doing Ben no good. He spread himself across the dory bottom, clung there with arms and legs pressed tight.

He knew he would be washed off, and what then only the Lord knew; but for all of that he calmly watched the great sea coming. With the sea came the dory buoy. Down upon him the white sea bore and atop the sea rode the buoy.

The great sea came and washed him overboard. As over he went he caught sight of the buoy-roding trailing the sea beside him. The buoy itself wasn't twenty feet away. He seized the line. He could not swim; but he could haul on the line and kick himself toward the buoy, catching what breath he could when his head would come up above the water.

He made the buoy, gripped the target above it with one hand, gripped the line close to the buoy with the other; and so held on, riding high and riding low atop of the rolling seas, praying that they would see him aboard the vessel and get him before he would be smothered.

ABOARD the ship were the skipper and the cook, the skipper at the wheel, with a sharp eye out for the dories; the cook working hard to get lunch ready below—like a pack of wolves those dory men would be when they came back aboard the vessel after hauling their trawls.

Soon came the hail of the skipper to hurry above and keep a watch out for the dories to leeward—the seas were so high that there was no seeing them from the vessel's deck for minutes at a time.

The cook climbed into the after rigging. He was looking at Ben's dory when she capsized. He shouted the word to the skipper, who at once eased the main sheet, whirled up the wheel spokes. Around on her keel came the vessel, and soon before the wind she was tearing with her rail awash.

“He's got Ben safe now,” shouted the cook; and then: “My God, he's gone himself!” A moment later he let out another wild cry: “John's grabbed the trawl buoy and's hangin' to it, tryin' to keep afloat.”

The skipper did his able part then, driving the vessel with her rail buried to the house, shooting her into the wind at the proper time, laying her so close to windward of John that the buoy bumped the vessel's side.

They hauled John aboard; and then picked Ben off the dory, he logy with the salt water in his lower hold, he said; but elsewhere all right.

They upturned the dory; and the skipper, seeing the roding line around the gurdy, complimented Ben for doing that and so saving the trawl from drifting away and being lost.

“It wasn't me did that,” said Ben. “It was John. An' he did more than that this day.”

That was all then, but after lunch, the fo'c'sle gang taking their ease in bunks and on lockers, the cook being back to his book against the bulkhead, and Ben and John sitting side by side on a locker—Ben said:

“It was a great thing you did today, John, givin' me the plug strap. An' you not able to swim yourself besides. Why did you do it?”

“Now, Ben, why shouldn't I do it? What's my life besides yours? Me—a single man with not a tie in the world, not a soul dependin' on me for a meal or a bed; an' you, the husband an' father, with a houseful of children. An' the little one not yet born. Think of them at home waitin' for you, an' you never comin'. An' who would miss me? Not a soul in the world.”

BEN stood up, went to the water pail and pretended to drink. He turned to the cook and said: “What about John, Cookie?”

“What about him?” asked the cook.

“What about him for a hero?”

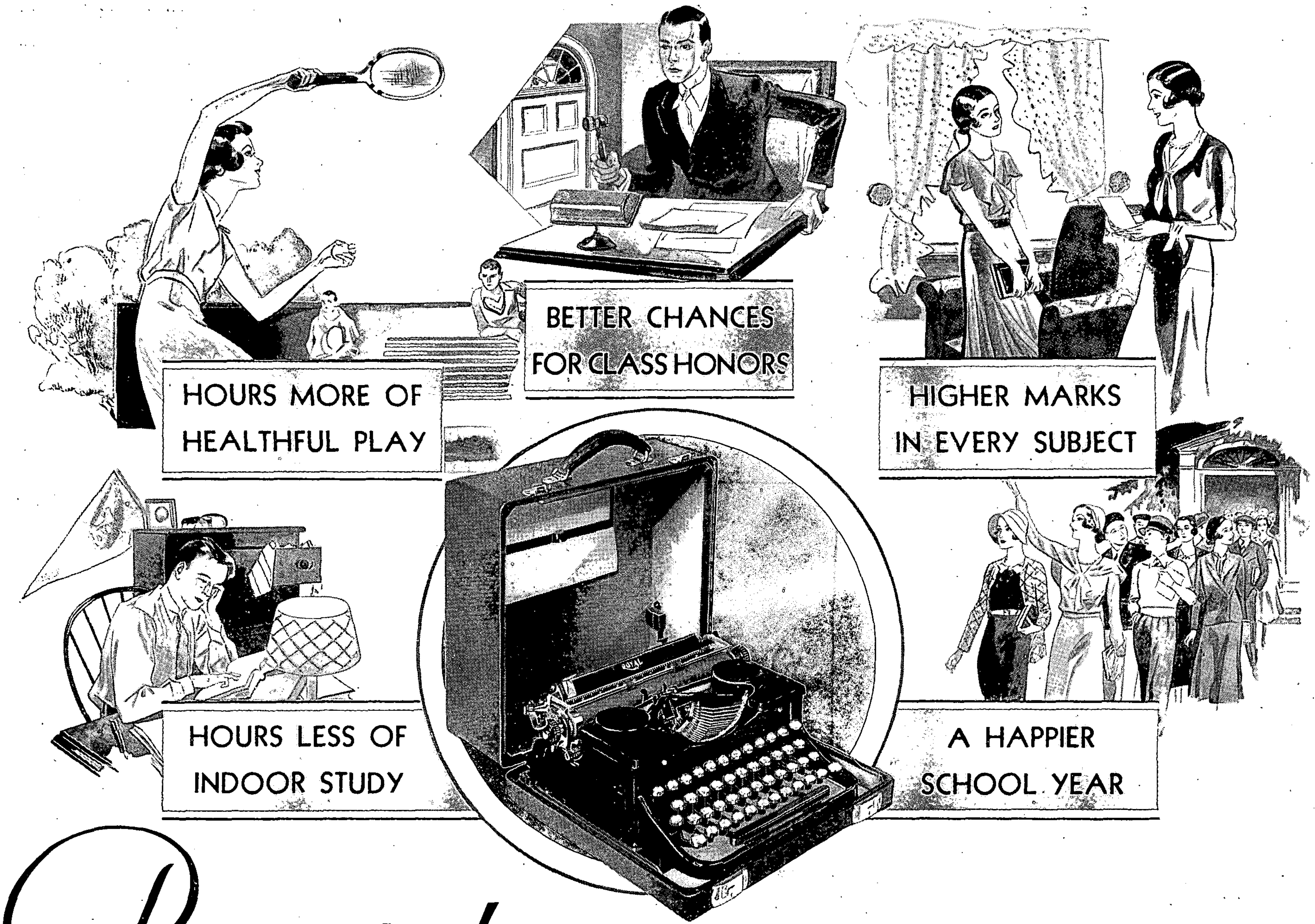
“Now, Cook! Now, Ben”—John was blushing. “You mustn't be makin' fun of me, callin' me a hero.”

“What'll we call you?”

“Let the crew call me a good shipmate, or you call me a good dorymate, Ben, and I will be a proud man.”

“All right. The crew are already callin' you a good shipmate and I'm callin' you a good dorymate.” Ben paused and smiled at John—he could manage a smile by now. “A damn' good dorymate! How's that, boy?”

“No man could ask more than that,” replied John gravely.


HOURS MORE OF HEALTHFUL PLAY
BETTER CHANCES FOR CLASS HONORS
HIGHER MARKS IN EVERY SUBJECT
HOURS LESS OF INDOOR STUDY
A HAPPIER SCHOOL YEAR

# *Parents!* don't deny your students the advantages of this *Vital* school need

● THE STUDENT in high school or college who does not own a Royal Portable Typewriter faces greater handicaps each year. Most instructors invite and prefer typewritten work. Campus life, too, with its varied activities, practically necessitates this faster, more convenient means of writing.

● A Royal Portable means better scholastic grades for two important reasons. First, it makes lessons so much more interesting that the student really applies himself. Second, papers are written so legibly that errors are quickly seen and eliminated—so neatly that the impression is instantly favorable.

● And throughout the entire school year a Royal Portable contributes materially to better health. Much easier than writing by hand, it reduces the hours of tiring indoor study—and increases the opportunity for healthful outdoor relaxation. Education becomes an exhilarating adventure instead of a tedious grind!

● For the boy or girl who wants to be successful in student activities (and they all do) the chances are enhanced with a Royal Portable. School editorships, class offices, dramatic clubs—each involves extra writing duties, which this handy, sturdy, home-sized typewriter performs pleasantly and quickly.

● Visit your nearest Royal dealer at once. Write a few lines on a Royal Portable Typewriter. Its lively, inspiring keys will almost anticipate your very thoughts.

● Remember, these three sensational features are exclusive with Royal; beautiful Duotone finishes, in Red (as illustrated) Green, Blue and Brown; a new style of type-face aptly named "Vogue" and designed expressly for personal correspondence; and the Duo-Case, Royal's handsome new carrying case of alligator grain. The Royal Portable Typewriter with standard 4-bank keyboard is priced at only $60 in the U. S. A. Convenient monthly payments, if desired.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK CITY

*More than 2000 Royal Portable Dealers in the United States*

**Royal Portable**
**TYPEWRITERS**

looking around. Ambouyna summoned him.

"You know Mr. Belmore?" she asked.

"We have met," Andrew acknowledged. "Our ways in life are rather far apart, but we come across each other now and then at the Lake View Country Club."

"I remember meeting you on several occasions," Belmore agreed courteously. "We have a great friend in common, Mr. Pulwitter—a great friend who is in bad trouble. This dear lady tells me that you haven't given up hope of helping him yet."

"Not yet," Andrew assented. "There's not much to be talked about at present," he went on, glancing cautiously around, "but we've made a move. We've made a move within the last twenty-four hours. I've been in communication with the lawyers most of today. It's on the cards that an application will be made before long for a retrial."

"I am delighted to hear it," Belmore said heartily. "Is it too much to ask upon what grounds?"

Andrew Pulwitter considered the matter carefully.

"There were certain documents," he confided, after a somewhat prolonged pause, "which had a very direct bearing upon the case, but which could not be found at the time of the trial. There was an agreement, too, which could not be produced, and some letters which were missing. It is just possible that these may be traced."

"Have they actually been discovered?" Belmore asked bluntly. "It's barely a fortnight since the conclusion of the case."

ANDREW stroked his long chin.

"You'll excuse me, Mr. Belmore, but the less said about this matter the better until the right moment comes. I'll go so far as to let you know, however, that this is no pleasure cruise I'm taking to Marseilles. I came because I knew that Reuben Argels was on the boat. I believe, I may say, that it was the same with Madame Kotinzi."

Belmore reflected for a moment. Then he nodded pleasantly.

"Well, it's good to hear that all Moran's friends haven't deserted him," he remarked. "If you need any help that I can give at any time, dollars or adventure, remember that I'm on your side. See you later."

He drew Ambouyna away, and they walked almost the entire length of the deck in silence.

"Tell me," he asked at length, "do you love Moran?"

"Of course I do," she answered.

She was suddenly excited, as though she resented his question. There were tears glistening in her eyes, an angry little quiver of the lips.

"Why am I here?" she demanded. "Tell me that. Is it not for his sake? Is it not because I hope to help him? It is an insult that you doubt my love for him."

"I have not doubted it," Belmore told her gently. "I think that it is splendid that you are working for him. I have just had a sort of feeling, though, if you want the truth, that a man of Moran's type was scarcely likely to hold you forever."

"What do you mean?" she cried, with indignation trembling in her tone. "Do you want me yourself? Are you proposing yourself as my lover, now that your friend is safe in prison?"

"Never dreamed of it," he assured her hastily. "I know, my dear Ambouyna, that I wouldn't have a dog's chance. Never had any luck with women since I was born. I was thinking more that Reuben Argels might make himself unpleasant."

"I thank you," she said proudly. "I can protect myself. And I am possessed of some intelligence. For the rest, cannot you believe that the man has no attraction for me?"

# The Man from Sing Sing

*Continued from page 25*

IN THE very beautiful dining salon, with its satinwood paneling, and gayly designed walls, dinner was already in full progress when Ambouyna entered. She paused at the table where Reuben Argels sat alone.

"You would like it if I move my place—if I take my dinner at your table tonight?" she asked. "After this evening, I have ordered my meals to be served in my salon. Even a cinema star becomes tired of curious people."

"It would give me great pleasure."

He called a steward, and the matter was quickly arranged.

"Tonight," she told him, "I have been warned against you. That is why I changed my table. That is why I chose to dine here. I object to interference from anybody."

"Belmore?" Argels surmised. "He never liked me. I don't see why he should. We were born differently, and we live differently."

"He is afraid," she continued, "that you may wean my affections away from Moran."

He drank the whole of the contents of a glass of champagne, with the stem of which his fingers had been playing.

"Well," he observed, "fifteen—even ten years—is too long a time in this world for any woman to wait for her lover."

"You speak very plainly," she murmured.

"It prevents misunderstanding," he pointed out. "If—"

"I have been warned this evening," she interposed, "that your attentions to me are simply paid in the hope that Moran Chambers will hear of them, and that the hearing will add to his unhappiness."

"You have strange acquaintances who tell you such things," Argels remarked. . . . "You find this asparagus good, I hope? They have very little of it upon the ship. It comes from an island near Toulon."

"It is not an affair of the asparagus," she said angrily. "I wish to know whether my acquaintance spoke the truth."

"Well, considering all things," he reflected, "I should scarcely say that I had paid you any remarkable attentions. I do not think that there is a man upon this ship who could have resisted as completely as I have the temptation to say foolish things to you."

"But have you been tempted?" she asked swiftly.

HE LOOKED at her with quizzical eyes. She was, after all, very much of a child.

"Everyone puts on his armor when he comes near you, Ambouyna Kotinzi," he assured her. "Mine I seldom have to use. Women have never been much in my world, but if it gives you any gratification to hear me say so, I realize my danger all the time."

"That is something," she admitted, with a satisfied little sigh. "You should, indeed, be in danger. I have been very nice to you."

"Yes, but why?" he demanded. "Now that you have told me of Ned Belmore's warning, I will tell you the warning I gave myself. I said—I reminded myself—that Moran Chambers had been your lover, that I was his enemy, whose evidence was mainly responsible for sending him to prison. It is quite conceivable, is it *not*, in these days of strange happenings, that you, and Andrew Pulwitter, and the gentleman who scratched my shoulder, might all three be on this boat, each in your different ways meaning harm to me. That, at least, is possible; is it not?"

"I suppose it is," she confessed.

"You have broken many men's lives, they say," he went on. "Why should you not be here to break mine? Pulwitter is a very crafty old fox, and Chambers' dear friend. He has convinced me already of his evil intentions toward me. The third man, whose personality I confess I have not divined, might well be here to administer the *coup de grâce* if everything else fails. It might bring a measure of relief to that poor man within his steel walls to hear that I had gone crazy for love of you, only to be flouted and mocked at, that Andrew had stolen all my secrets, thrown my bonds overboard and rendered me penniless, or that this mysterious third person had left me lying upon the deck with a dagger in my heart, instead of with a scratch upon my shoulder. What do you think of my surmises?"

"I think that you are the hardest, the most brutal, the man most to be detested of any I have ever known in my life."

She collected her trifles, and rose to her feet.

"I thank you for inviting me to your table," she said coldly.

She left him with the slightest possible recognition of his farewell bow.

REUBEN ARGELS joined his friend and enemy in the smoking-room, and ordered a liqueur. He appeared not to notice the fact that the latter received him with a marked lack of enthusiasm.

"What are you doing with the documents you stole from me last night?" he inquired.

"They are deposited in the purser's strong room," Andrew Pulwitter confided. "It seems a simple place, but it is without a doubt a safe one. A digest of the letters and the agreement has been wirelessed to the lawyers in New York. We shall probably demand a new trial."

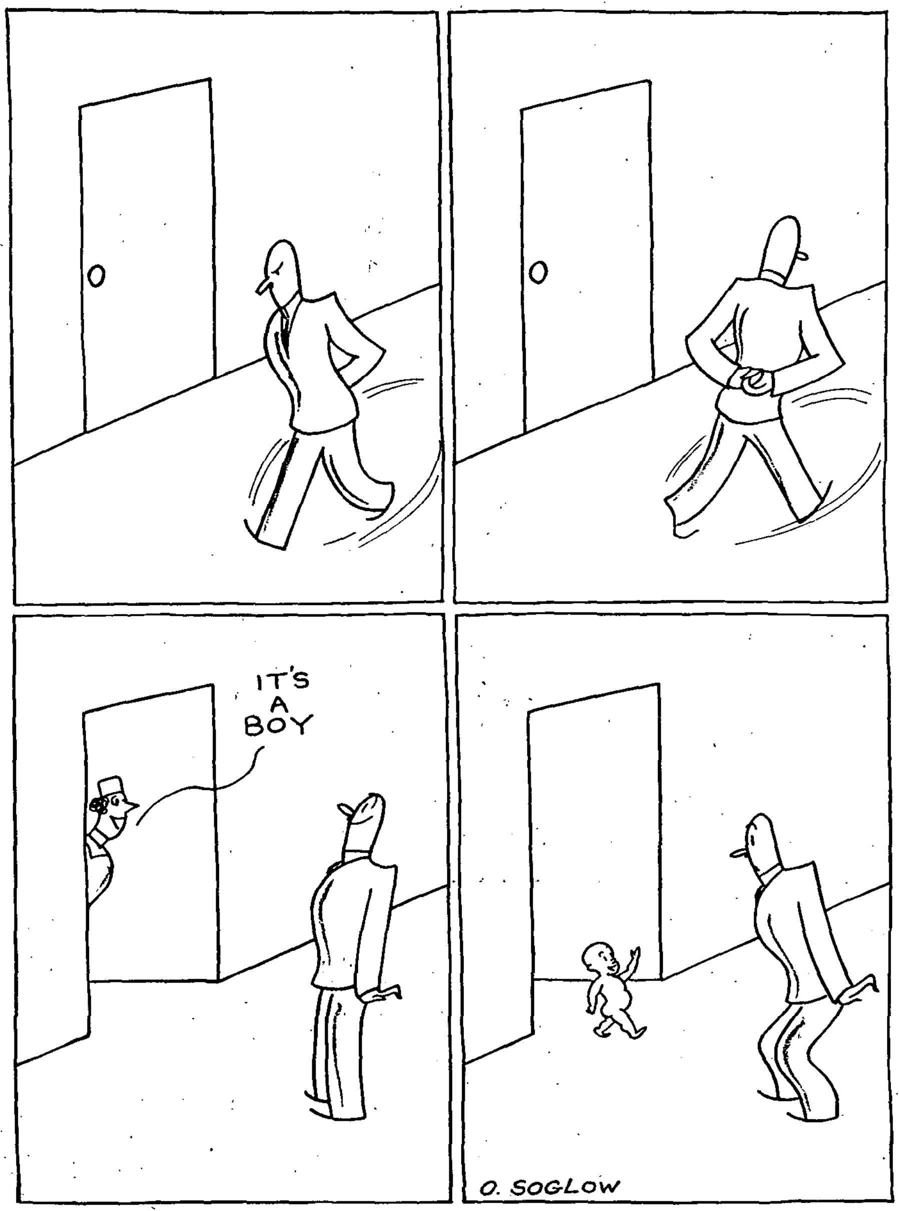
"I never thought you had it in you, Andrew," his companion meditated. "I knew you were a crafty fellow, but I thought that you were too careful of your skin to play a game like that on me. I should probably have shot you before I recognized who it was, if you hadn't taken my automatic away. Then this smoking-room would have been a very different place, all a-buzz with talk and gossip. Why on earth didn't you make your effort in the daytime?"

"Because you keep your door locked," the Scotchman told him. "I know that, for I made three attempts at quiet times of the day. I came on board this ship for a wee glance into that steel trunk, and I had to have it, although, as you're pointing out, it might have cost me something."

"We are certainly conducting our campaign of hatred and robbery upon the most modern principles," Reuben Argels observed dryly. "We should congratulate ourselves that, up till now, we have avoided the slightest suspicion of being in earnest."

"Aye, lad, we've done that," Andrew Pulwitter acquiesced, filling his pipe with long, deliberate fingers. "Maybe

(*Continued on page 45*)



# This sensational new film doesn't need bright light.....

*With* Kodak Verichrome Film, *snapshots taken in dull light, in shade, are as clear as those made in the sun.*

Sun or shade... dark days or fine . . . early morning, late afternoon—even in rain ...you get the finest, clearest snapshots you ever looked at... with the new Kodak VERICHROME Film.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York

EASTMAN
VERICHROME
KODAK FILM
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.
Kodak
VERICHROME FILM

*Made by an exclusive Eastman process. No other film is "the same as"* Verichrome

# "For People with Modern Ideas"

## PALMER HOUSE ◆ WHITE ROCK PRODUCTS

PALMER HOUSE
CHICAGO

**Two more national advertisers select Collier's to head their 1931 campaigns—and tell about the fast sales action it offers them in the following words:**

"OUR selection of Collier's as the backbone of our 1931 magazine campaign reflects our belief that Collier's is read by the kind of people who demand the most modern, up-to-the-minute service, both at home and when they travel.

"Because we know that such people are interested vitally in keeping themselves physically and mentally alert—and because the Palmer House offers many unusual refinements in hotel service, plus a convenience of location that cuts down Big City fatigue—we feel confident that we are reaching, in Collier's 2,250,000 readers, exactly the type of people who will respond most quickly to the things we have to sell."

PALMER HOUSE

"WHITE ROCK is a product that appeals to those who enjoy living, and have the means to do it well. It wins favor with modern-minded and quality-conscious people. For these reasons we selected the Collier's reader as an ideal White Rock prospect.

"White Rock Ginger Ale, appealing as it does to those whose good taste selects White Rock, will also seek favor with the millions who read Collier's every week.

"White Rock products have national distribution. They are known the country over as the leading mineral water and the most distinctive ginger ale. With increased business and an ever widening market, we felt that Collier's circulation could be used to advantage for White Rock."

WHITE ROCK MINERAL
SPRINGS COMPANY

# Collier's — for Action!

*now more than* 2,250,000 *paid circulation*

# The Man from Sing Sing

*Continued from page 42*

we'll be jumping into the real thing before we know where we are."

Reuben Argels lit a cigar with great care.

"I must confess," he said, leaning back in his chair, "that there is one thing which puzzles me. You would like, perhaps, to gratify my curiosity. How, in the name of all that's amazing, did you get the five keys that are necessary to unlock that box? I told you the truth about mine. They are in Marseilles at the present moment."

"It was Moran's idea," his companion confided. "He has not been trusting you for a long time. You know that, Argels. He's had you watched, day and night, and when you ordered that steel box, he made friends with the locksmith. It cost him a thousand dollars, but he got a spare set of keys. When the trouble came and he knew that he would be arrested, he handed them over to me. 'Follow the box, Andrew,' he begged me—and I followed it on board here."

"YOU'RE a stanch friend," Argels mused.

"Scotchmen are that," Pulwitter rejoined. "Moran Chambers always played the straight game with me, as he did with all his friends. I'm on his side to the end. If we can get a new trial, I shall go back to see what I can do about it."

"A new trial," Argels meditated, "might place you on the stand, if you were in the country. I fancy the matter would be too complicated for extradition."

"I am willing to take what's coming to me," Pulwitter declared. "I'd even enter the dock, if I felt sure that you'd be by my side."

A steward entered the room, carrying a large, square envelope. He brought it across to Argels, who stared at the sight of his own name written in large characters across it. Andrew Pulwitter, looking over his shoulder, frowned.

"That's the handwriting of your lady acquaintance," he remarked. "It's clear to see she wasna brought up in Scotland, or she wouldn't have been allowed to waste note paper like that."

Argels tore open the flap of the envelope. There was no beginning or end to the few words which were scrawled at any angle across the large, perfumed sheet:

*"I feel more amiable. Come at once."*

Argels laid down his cigar and tried to hide the trembling of his fingers as he pressed it into the ash tray.

"A royal command," he observed, as he nodded his farewell to Pulwitter.

To Reuben Argels, sensitive always to atmosphere, there seemed something unusual in the steely reserve with which Francis, the *maître d'hôtel*, ushered him into the salon, and something almost feverish in Ambouyna's manner as she greeted him. The salon, notwithstanding its well-ordered luxury, bore traces of its occupant's disturbed expression—a pile of crumpled cushions, a book flung face downward upon the floor, a great cluster of roses reposing upon the table, with her cigarette case. Ambouyna herself called him almost imperiously out onto the balcony. Coffee and liqueurs were arranged, and easy-chairs drawn back into the shadows.

"I was a fool to send for you, and I do not know why I did so," she exclaimed nervously. "Since you are here, though, I am glad. Sit down. You will help yourself, please. The coffee is hot. Francis has made it himself in the machine. Give me some, please, and place it on this table by my side."

He obeyed her orders almost in silence. Even when he dropped sugar into her cup, he held up the tongs in mute question. She accepted green crème de menthe, and drew the cigarettes to her side. He helped himself to brandy and coffee, and also seated himself. There was a lack of repose, however, troubling the atmosphere. His efforts to appear at ease were abortive.

"I am glad you sent for me," he remarked, as he assumed a more comfortable position. "One gets tired of the smoking-room, and our friend Andrew Pulwitter is overpleased with himself. He exudes the self-conceit of the Scotchman who feels that he has the best of a bargain."

She looked at him intently, studied his sallow complexion, the fine chiseling of his too-perfect features, his curved nose, his jet-black hair, his lips lurking under his black mustache, a trifle too full and yet not repulsively so.

"Of what nationality are you?" she asked abruptly.

"I am American by naturalization."

"One knows that!" she exclaimed impatiently. "What were you by birth?"

"Why should I tell you my secrets?"

"Your birth is a secret, then?"

"Not if your curiosity were a real one. There are records, of course, one cannot conceal."

"If I were not a woman," she confided, "madly in love with another man, I do not think that I should risk myself with you, or talk to you at all."

He smoked his cigarette nearly halfway through before he answered her. Then he merely made an observation.

"Scarcely madly, I think," he meditated. "Devotedly, would be better."

HER eyes flashed. He clenched his fists, unseen amongst the cushions of his chair, until he nearly broke one of his perfect nails. The beauty of her when she was angry!

"What do you know about it?" she demanded.

"Instinct," he murmured. "I know a great deal about people, without troubling to find out. I know about you. If you had not been a great artist, you would have been a glorious woman. As it is, you're not so bad."

"I shall not receive you again," she declared icily. "Your manners are too familiar, and I do not like you."

"Then I must make the best of my last opportunity," he said, taking her fingers, which were hanging over the side of the chair, into his.

"Look at me, please, Ambouyna."

She snatched her hand away, but not before she had left it there for several seconds, and not before she had returned with a sudden angry passion his caressing grasp.

"Why do you not talk to me? You came here to entertain me, and you say nothing. Since when have you learned this habit of silence? You do not even answer my questions."

"Forgive my rudeness," he apologized humbly. "Repeat them, if you please."

"Of what nationality are you?"

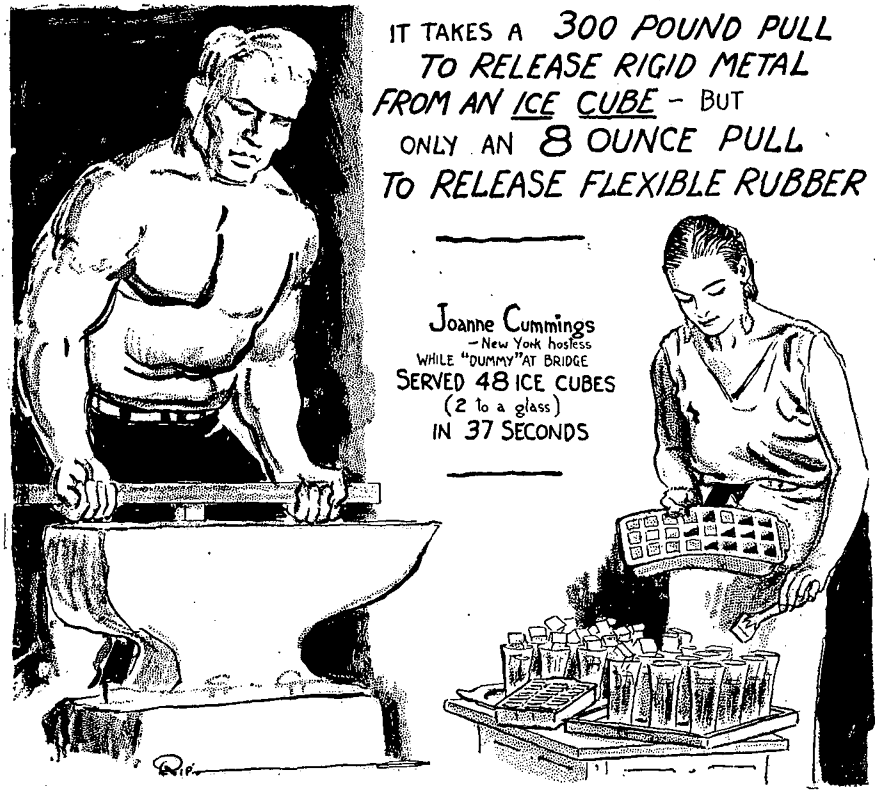
"My father," he told her, "was a Greek; my mother was a Levantine Jewess. My real name is Agropolis, but it would have been a little against me in Wall Street. Your interest in my antecedents is flattering."

"No wonder these poor, honest Anglo-Saxons have no chance against you!" she scoffed.

He sighed assentingly.

*(Continued on page 46)*

BELIEVE IT OR NOT -------- By Ripley


IT TAKES A 300 POUND PULL TO RELEASE RIGID METAL FROM AN ICE CUBE - BUT ONLY AN 8 OUNCE PULL TO RELEASE FLEXIBLE RUBBER
Joanne Cummings
—New York hostess
WHILE "DUMMY" AT BRIDGE
SERVED 48 ICE CUBES
(2 to a glass)
IN 37 SECONDS

EXPLANATION OF RIPLEY'S CARTOON BELOW

Ice freezes solidly to a rigid metal surface. The peeling action of flexible rubber releases the ice cube easily. That's why ice cubes can be removed instantly from the new flexible rubber freezing trays without melting—pounding or splashing—no more sticking of cubes to rigid metal trays.

NOW—a modern freezing tray

Take out only the cubes you need...save the rest...no cubes are wasted. The cubes are not partially melted...they are larger, colder, clean, wholesome, dry and sharp-edged. Because they are dry, stored cubes from flexible rubber trays do not stick together.

Now used by all leading manufacturers

This modern convenience is standard equipment in all the leading makes of automatic refrigerators—and these trays are enthusiastically endorsed by leading household economists.

Bring your refrigerator up-to-date

An inexpensive, flexible rubber ice tray is made to fit every automatic refrigerator—the Quickube tray for Frigidaire—the DuFlex tray for General Electric—and Flexotray for Westinghouse, Kelvinator, Copeland, Leonard, Electrolux, Servel, Universal, Norge, Majestic, Trupar, Apex, Starr and others.

Telephone or see the local dealer for your make of refrigerator or write us direct, giving make of refrigerator and number of ice-cube spaces in your present trays.

THE INLAND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. E-9, DAYTON, OHIO

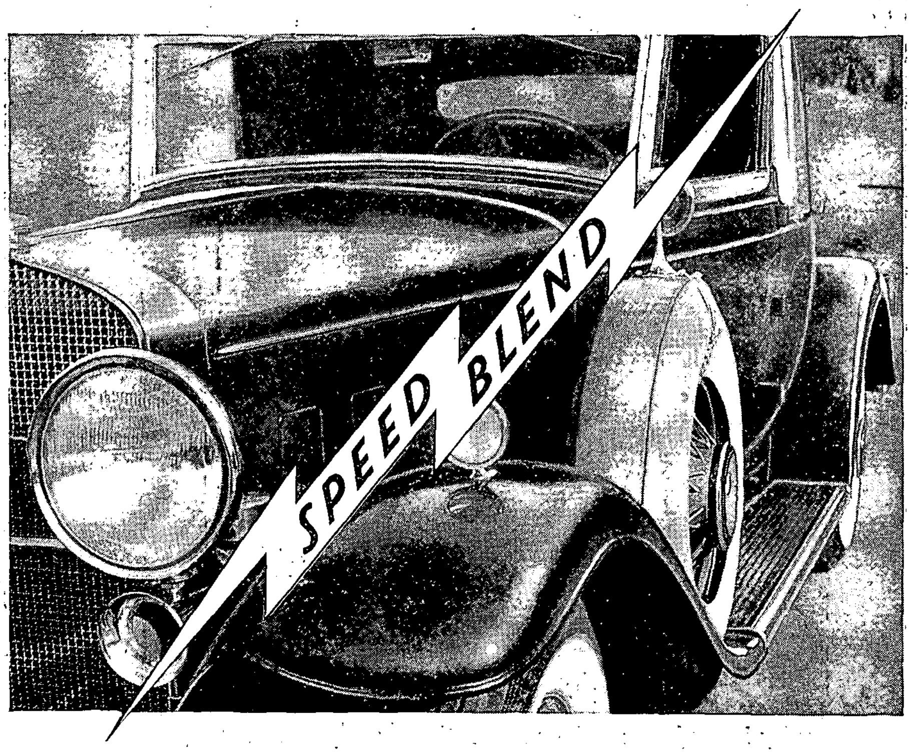
Flexo Tray
Registered U. S. Pat. Off.
Patented and Patents Pending

ICE CUBES THE MODERN WAY

Clean and polish your car

*quickly . . . easily . . . with*

SPEED BLEND



*the new, fast-working No. 7 Duco Polish—*
*made by DU PONT*

WHY take half a day and tire yourself out making your car shine? Get a can of SPEED BLEND. Rub on a little of this magic polish. Wipe it off. That's all. The job is done. Traffic Film* is gone, and the clean bright finish gleams again in the sunshine as on the day your car was new. SPEED BLEND is safe. No acids or grit. It is a product of the same du Pont chemists who created Duco. Whether you polish your own car or have it done at a garage—insist upon this NEW speedy No. 7 Duco Polish.

**STOP RUST-CHOKE!**
Clean out rust and scale from your engine cooling system with No. 7 Radiator Cleaner. You'll be amazed at the increased power, better engine performance.

**QUICK CURE FOR WORN SPOTS!**
Touch up worn places and scratches on fenders, bumpers, tire carriers, etc., with du Pont No. 7 Touch-up Black. Brush supplied in can.

**KEEP BRIGHTNESS BRIGHT**
with No. 7 Nickel Polish for radiator, lamps and hardware.

**PRESERVE THE LUSTRE!**
After polishing car, use du Pont No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream to *preserve gloss and protect finish* against weathering. Much easier to use than ordinary waxes.

**SAVE THE TOP!**
Restore the lustre, waterproof the top with No. 7 Auto Top Finish. You can brush it on in half an hour. It dries overnight. No. 7 is made by du Pont, the world's leading maker of auto top materials.

**SEND COUPON—GET BEAUTY KIT**

Containing generous samples of (1) *No. 7 Duco Polish,* (2) *No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream,* and (3) *No. 7 Auto Top Finish.* Enclose 10 cents to help cover postage.

• • •

***TRAFFIC FILM** — Oily, sticky dust and grime, baked by the sun into a hard film which soap and water can't remove. Speed Blend takes it off—*quickly—easily—safely.*

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC., Desk C10
General Motors Building, DETROIT, MICH.
*Canadian Industries Limited, P & V Div., Toronto 9, Canada*

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay the mailing cost. (*Good only in U. S. and Canada.*)

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY____________STATE________

*(Continued from page 45)*

"I cannot decry my own intelligence," he maintained. "My particular corner of the Orient is famous for producing men with a certain type of brain."

"Do not talk about yourself any more, please," she begged hysterically. "Do you know what you are—the English word? You are smug, and I hate smug men. Smug and conceited."

"And I try so hard to please!" he lamented.

She was silent for a moment. He watched her covertly. The signs of her disquietude were a joy to him.

"Tell me this," she asked, steadying her voice: "will these documents which Andrew Pulwitter took from you prove Moran's innocence? Will they mean freedom for him?"

"They will not prove his innocence," Argels confided, "because, up to a certain point, he was guilty of misdemeanor. They certainly minimize the blame that might be attached to him, however."

"Will they mean freedom for him?"

"That depends on how skilfully they are used. I will answer your question fully at Marseilles."

"Will their loss bring trouble upon you?" she continued eagerly.

He shook his head.

"Nothing that could happen would bring trouble upon me," he assured her. "I choose my way through life too carefully."

"You avoid all risks?" she scoffed.

"I take them when they are worth while," he rejoined. "I have a streak of cowardice in me, but I am not a coward."

She knew that he was speaking the truth. She looked at him, and she decided that she hated him more than any man with whom she had ever spoken. It was a hatred of which she was afraid. No one had ever made her feel like this since those early days, or even before that.

"You take a risk when you come to see me," she warned him fiercely. "I love Moran Chambers, and I detest you. It is through you that he is in prison. I sometimes wonder that I don't kill you outright. That would make me happy."

"Would it?" he queried quietly. "I wonder?"

"I do not speak of the things of which I am not convinced," she insisted.

"It is possible that you do not know yourself," he murmured imperturbably.

SHE sprang to her feet with a little gasp of anger and walked up and down for a moment like a tigress. Then she disappeared out of the salon. Argels drew a long breath of relief, fanned himself with his perfumed handkerchief and carefully wiped his forehead. He rose to his feet and, looking into the mirror, straightened his tie, discovered whisky and soda upon the small sideboard, helped himself, and returned to his place. Presently she reappeared.

"I fear that I am a bad hostess," she apologized. "Please forgive. You make me very angry. You spoil my beautiful scheme. I was to have been like your lady in the Bible who cut off the man's hair, learned all his secrets and made *him* crazy for love of her. I cannot move you. You are the first man whom I could not move. I give up my task."

"Then we can be friends," he suggested.

"Why not?" she agreed, throwing herself upon a chair. "Underneath I shall always hate you, but no one need know that—not even you. I am humiliated. Our young friend who scratched your shoulder, he frightened you; he made you feel that your life was at his mercy. He did his part. Andrew Pulwitter entered your stateroom, risked a bullet from your automatic and stole your papers. He has done his part. I was to make you crazy and make you suffer, and I have failed. Therefore, I am angry with you. Therefore, I hate you. We will be friends, as you say, but friends at a distance. Do not come and see me any more. Our battle is over. You have won. I have failed. I must admit it to Moran."

She rose, threw open the door, and waved him away. Her hands were clenched, her bosom was heaving, but her eyes refused the challenge of his.

"Hurry—hurry—hurry!" she cried.

Nevertheless, he lingered upon the threshold.

"We shall reach Marseilles in three days," he remarked. "One more visit I shall pay you before we land."

She slammed the door behind him, and he heard her stifled cry as she flung herself back into her chair. He was far too clever to make the mistake of returning.

FOR a day and a half, the four hundred and odd passengers on board the Fernanda were deprived of the spectacular vision of Ambouyna and her beautiful toilettes, her freely dispersed smiles, and the sound of her musical little torrents of laughter. She remained entrenched in her room, and not one of the many invitations from Ned Belmore and his group provoked more than a curt and verbal refusal.

"*Madame est fatiguée,*" her maid announced to everyone.

Madame refused almost to speak. She ate nothing, and drank nothing. Another twenty-four hours, and it would be an affair for the doctor. Andrew Pulwitter was the first to break through her isolation. After keeping him waiting for more than an hour, she came quietly and with languid footsteps into the little salon where he was seated with a sheaf of radiograms in his hand.

"Sorry to hear that you have been unwell, Ambouyna," he said, rising to his feet at her entrance, and studying her with curious eyes. "I'd not disturb you, but the matter is important."

"I had to be disturbed some time, I suppose," she remarked wearily. "We reach Marseilles the day after tomorrow, they tell me."

"That's so," he assented. "If we are punctual and I can get off the ship in the police or the doctor's boat, I shall be trying to catch the Italian steamer back to New York."

A flash of momentary interest lightened her face. She had denied herself the use of even the simplest of cosmetics. She had the appearance of one who has lain upon a sick bed for weeks.

"Is there any fresh word from the lawyers, then?" she demanded eagerly.

His bushy gray eyebrows contracted in a frown. He had the air of being worried.

"I have several messages I can't quite get the hang of," he admitted. "In any case, they can't move till they have the documents. That's why I'm thinking of hurrying straight back."

"I think," she decided, "that I shall come with you."

"That you can't do," he dissented, shaking his head. "You have your contracts, your pictures in Germany and London to make; and I'm thinking your work with Argels isn't finished yet."

"God," she moaned, "how I hate that man!"

Andrew Pulwitter stroked his chin, and regarded his companion thoughtfully.

"I'm not exactly fond of him myself," he agreed, "but there are times it's best to hide your feelings. He hides his own passably well—no more than that though."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

There was a reminiscent twinkle in his keen blue eyes.

"The man bluffs well," he confided

"but I've caught his expression when he's been down to lunch and dinner, and found your place empty. He whistles to himself and shakes out his napkin and orders his meal cheerfully enough. Then the waiter goes away, and he looks across to where you ought to be sitting, and he sees ghosts. That's what he sees, lassie—ghosts. I've watched him, and I've chuckled."

"He's a beast!" she exclaimed passionately.

He studied her shrewdly, but, in a measure covertly. He was a man who understood most things without difficulty, but some women—this woman in particular—defeated him. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he preferred not to allude for the moment to her share in the Reuben Argels adventure. He had no wish to know what lay behind that tortured expression.

"What might your plans be from Marseilles?" he inquired. "There's a special train to London, you know."

"I have made no plans," she answered listlessly. "I have no heart for London. I ought to go home for a week or two, but it is a dreary journey alone. More than anything, I should like to break my promise and return to America."

"I'd not be advising you to do that," he warned her. "Moran was very firm about it. You gave your promise, too. 'You need not come to me,' he said. 'I shall come to you.' He had courage."

Her eyes filled with tears.

"Poor dear Moran!" she murmured.

"If you'd accept my recommendation," he proposed, "I'd be making for London. You'd be well in touch with us all there whether I go to the States or not, and you'll hear the latest news. As for the man Argels, don't you lose heart, lassie. I'm watching him, and I'll be telling you that he's not the man he was. There's no knowing when that sort won't crumple up."

She threw away her handkerchief with which she had been toying.

"Oh, I have not finished with Mr. Argels yet," she declared. "The trouble of it is that he wears armor."

Pulwitter was puzzled.

"I'm not quite understanding you," he admitted.

"He is like that man a German poet wrote about," she went on. "He is sheathed in a mighty ego. He wears a crust of selfishness so thick that his whole nature is encased in it."

"It's just finding the right spot," the Scotchman surmised. "He was made to suffer like other men. Is there anything more I can do for you, young lady?"

"I want to speak to Julian Franks for a moment," she confided.

PULWITTER looked grave.

"Is it wise to bring him to this end of the ship, do you think?" he asked. "It seems to me to be fairly probable that Argels might recognize him."

"What would be the harm if he did? The man inflicted no injury—just shook his nerve a little. I want to speak to him, Andrew. I have a message for him to take back to New York."

"I'll send him along, without delay," Pulwitter promised.

He rose to take his leave. Her wan face and the rims under her eyes moved him to sudden pity.

"You mustn't fret too much, lassie," he enjoined. "You've got big work before you, remember. It's been a troublesome voyage for all of us."

"You have been successful enough," she said bitterly. "You have done your part all right."

"And I'm not convinced that you haven't done yours," he reassured her, as he patted her slender fingers. "Reuben Argels hasn't the air of a man any too well content. He smiles too much, and he is in the bar too often. When a man is bred a hypocrite," he concluded, "you can never be sure of him."

He took his leave, pausing outside on the deck to light his beloved pipe. Ambouyna rang for her maid. There was a sudden change in her. She was full of life. Her eyes shone.

"Suzette," she announced, "I am well again. Send up the coiffeur—my hair has no gloss—and the manicurist—my nails are terrible. I will wear the crêpe de Chine tonight—the dress that Monsieur Simon himself said was designed by a satyr for a Venus."

"Madame will dine in the salon?"

"But that is what I am trying to tell you," Ambouyna replied. "Hurry! If a little man from the second class comes to speak to me, admit him. Don't let him go away on any account."

"As Madame desires," the woman murmured.

WHEN Julian Franks arrived Ambouyna received him at once. He was a young man of ordinary appearance except that, for his size, the muscles of his arms and legs were unusually well developed. He was neatly enough dressed, but his expression was repellent, almost repulsive. During the last twelve months he had turned his evil profession to good account by playing the part of a thug in a film of the New York underworld.

"Well, Julian," Ambouyna inquired, "how are you enjoying the voyage?"

He made a grimace. One felt that he would have spat.

"It's like going back to the nursery," he confided. "Never herded up with such a lot of milksops in my life. Not even a game of craps going."

"Tonight," she told him, "is the last night but one."

"Good job," he declared heartily.

"Have you any orders—how do you call it—up your sleeve?" she asked.

"Not one," he replied discontentedly. "I was to give that guy Argels a start at the beginning of the voyage, and come to you at the end if you needed me. I am sick of this make-believe business, though."

"So am I," Ambouyna agreed, looking at him steadily.

There was a moment's pause. A slow grin, revealing several yellow teeth, enhanced the natural ugliness of the young man's expression.

"Maybe you've an idea of your own, Miss," he suggested. "I'm all for the boss—he knows that. He got me away from Geeney's gang when they meant having me. Laid two of them out, he did, and drove me home to his apartment in Fifth Avenue as though I'd been one of his own pals. He's bought me, body and soul. I'd do what he told me, even if it were to walk up on the bridge and do in the captain."

"Reuben Argels," she confided quietly—"the man whose shoulder you pricked—is Mr. Chambers' worst enemy."

"Don't I know it!" the young man exclaimed. "Blew the gaff on him in court. Got him fixed for fifteen years. You ain't going to let him go free after that, are you? Why don't you let me tip him off? He walks the deck every night. I can get up those ropes quicker than a monkey, and send him overboard with a knife in his shoulder to make sure. It's coming to him, too. Say the word, lady."

Julian Franks, the thug, was the sole witness of a queer expression in the great actress' face which, if ever it had been photographed, would have held men and women spellbound in the great cinema palaces of the world. He paid her, perhaps, a compliment as great as would have the acclamation of millions. He picked up his cap and, without waiting for the word, he stole away.

*(To be continued next week)*

Welch's
The National Drink
Grape Juice
4 FL. OZS. NET
Pure Juice of Concord Grapes
With Added Sugar
The Welch Grape Juice Co.
Westfield, N.Y. U.S.A.

Drink a Bunch of Grapes . . .

Tucked away in this chubby little bottle is the concentrated goodness of one and a quarter bunches of purple sun-ripened Concord grapes. It is the new Welch sampler size, just right for a single serving.

Keep a supply in your ice box and "drink a bunch of grapes" whenever you are hungry or thirsty. Welch's is a delicious liquid lunch which yields quick, refreshing energy any time of the day or night. Here is Nature's tonic-food which does not add a single undesired ounce to one's weight.

In the New Junior Size Everywhere 10c

Also in pints, 30c

*Slightly higher in the West*

Ask for Welch's at leading fountains, hotels, clubs and restaurants, or wherever soft drinks are sold. Include it in your diet for one month, then check results. The pint bottle is most economical for household use. Write for health-and-weight-control booklet . . . Welch's, Dept. C-3, Westfield, N. Y.

Welch's
PASTEURIZED
GRAPE JUICE

# The Mortgage Racket

Continued from page 16

of what the high-pressure salesman can do to overcome "sales resistance," weakened as it was by the fact that everyone was then making money by buying pieces of paper. Perhaps he had been himself such a salesman earlier in his career. Then, too, he was no longer satisfied to earn his legitimate commissions as a broker. He had an interest in the promotion of the property to be mortgaged, and so to float the biggest mortgage possible. In his ceasing to be a disinterested agent, in becoming a principal while masquerading as a disinterested agent, the racket began, among the dishonest. Honest men, or men wise enough to see that the end of a Ponzi scheme is always failure or jail, could and undoubtedly did play this double rôle of mortgagor and mortgage broker, remaining sensible of their responsibilities to the investment public.

But the racketeer was either inherently dishonest or a fool. In any case he seems to have been carried away, at least to some extent, in the less shameless cases, by the notion that the boom in real estate would never end.

Or the racketeer, "honest" at first, like the banker who misappropriates a little money to speculate, loses, and then goes deeper and deeper into crime in the hope of recouping his losses and wiping out his embezzlement, may, having placed one mortgage on which the interest could not be met, have gone on pyramiding mortgages in the hope that some day he could save his business and extricate himself. But in some cases the get-rich-quick method of real estate financing seems to have been deliberate.

### High-Pressure Pitts

The story of the F. H. Smith Company, prosecuted in Washington, is illustrative. The original business was started by a man named Smith many years ago. He was an old-fashioned mortgage broker. That is, his sole interest was to place mortgages on a commission. He wasn't a real estate promoter. He had no end to serve in placing too large a mortgage on a piece of property. On the contrary, his success depended on safeguarding his clients, the people who invested through him. He ran the business first as an individual and finally he incorporated it. It was the boast of the company that no investor ever lost a dollar through it.

Fifteen or sixteen years ago he sold the business and G. Bryan Pitts got control of it. Pitts was impatient with the conservative methods of the old company. He wanted to make money faster than it could be made in the commission business. He began to promote property on his own account, that is, he became interested in placing mortgages larger than prudence would approve. He was by temperament and probably by training a high-pressure salesman. He had an irresistible manner. He put prominent politicians on his board of directors, including a former head of the Federal Reserve Board.

He paid himself ninety thousand dollars a year, an extravagant salary for the head of a corporation of the size of the F. H. Smith Company in a city like Washington. He was not content with this, for he embezzled an amount estimated at from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000, so that whatever happened he would come out of it rich.

He was a particularly bold racketeer. This is an example of his methods: He mortgaged several buildings for more than they were worth and sold the mortgage to the clients of the F. H. Smith Company. Then when the buildings failed to earn enough to pay operating expenses and interest on the mortgages, he grouped the buildings together and issued a new mortgage secured only by stock in the building companies, of no value whatever, since the buildings did not even earn interest on the mortgages. This he called a collateral trust mortgage and sold it to the public, using the proceeds to pay interest on the first mortgages and on this new collateral trust, thus concealing for a time the utter insolvency of the whole proceeding. That was straight Ponzi finance.

Another instance of his financing: A builder here in Washington put up an apartment house called Hilltop Manor. He mortgaged it through the F. H. Smith Company to the extent of $1,000,000. It did not earn interest on this amount. Control of the property passed over to the Smith Company; that is to say, to Pitts. Pitts changed its name to the Cavalier Hotel. On the strength of the new name Pitts put a new mortgage of $1,000,000 on it. This he called a first and refunding mortgage. It was really a second mortgage, since the early mortgage on the property under its original name was not retired. Thus on a property that could not earn interest on a million-dollar mortgage, there were now mortgages for two million dollars, the second mortgage being of course worthless.

Pitts was convicted of embezzlement.

In an Ohio case a so-called investment banker sold mortgage bonds on the installment plan. It was represented to buyers that the bonds were set aside and that they were credited with an interest in them equal to the amount they had paid. The bonds were not thus set aside. And when the installment banker failed, the installment buyers were only general creditors of the banker, having a claim only upon his insignificant assets.

The investment banking or mortgage racket deals in bonds and mortgages or mortgage notes, which are large mortgages split up into hundred-dollar or thousand-dollar bits for distribution among investors. Now what is so calculated to overcome the sales resistance of the average small investor as a bond or mortgage? Everybody has been brought up to believe that the safest and most conservative thing in the world to put your money in is a bond or a mortgage. "His word is as good as his bond" is the highest praise that can be given to a man. Grandpa, a shrewd old man, used to lend his money on farm mortgages and never lost a cent.

And conditions favored the racket. The war, with the United States issuing billions in bonds which it was your patriotic duty to buy, got people into the habit of paper evidences of indebtedness. Moreover, the great fever of speculation which excited the more adventurous into buying securities in Wall Street made more cautious and conservative buyers peculiarly susceptible to the approaches of the bond salesman.

### Destroying Public Confidence

What the investor failed to learn was that with the development of the investment banking racket the old protection which the investor in mortgage notes enjoyed had disappeared. The real interest of the old mortgage broker, as I have said, was to protect the client with whom he placed the mortgage or the public to whom he sold the mortgages, split up into notes. His success, his continued prosperity in business, depended upon his seeing to it that his clients, the public which invested through him, did not lose money. If some other mortgage broker was willing to float a larger mortgage than he thought was justified, that other broker was taking chances which he should not take, and would in the end be sure to destroy the confidence of the public in his operations. If a valuation of the property was made it was made by experts who had no interest to serve except their own reputation for accurate valuation.

### Fleecing and Re-fleecing

But the investment banking racket has improved upon all this as a means of getting rich quick. The device of incorporation has come to the racketeer's aid. One corporation promotes the real estate. Another corporation takes the mortgage. Another corporation splits it up and sells it to the public. Another corporation builds the hotel, office building or apartment house. But they are all different names for the same group of persons. Corporation ABC is the promoter. Corporation DEF is the builder. Corporation GHI holds the mortgages. And Corporation JKL is the banking investment company. But they are all Jones, Brown and Robinson, in which company Jones and Robinson are dummies and Brown is the racketeer.

It may go even further. The corporation that makes the valuation of the property to show to investors and convince them that the amount of the mortgage is reasonable may be Corporation JLM, another name for Jones, Brown and Robinson, or some friendly, affiliated corporation or some person who is not above turning an easy thousand. And the corporation that insures the title to the property may be corporation NOP, which again is Jones, Brown and Robinson or, otherwise, some other friendly corporation or person likewise eager for a bit of money in return for a scratch of the pen.

So all the insurance you get, Mr. Small Investor, in that safest of all things, a bond and mortgage, is the word of Mr. Brown, a racketeer.

Let us see how this works. Mr. Brown of Jones, Brown and Robinson buys the property and promotes it. As a building contractor under another corporate name he lets himself the contract for building a hotel on it, allowing himself an exorbitant profit on it as builder. Then under another corporate name he appraises it, much too high, paying himself well for this service. Then under another corporate name he may insure the title, perhaps, also profitably. Then as another corporation he takes a mortgage on it, paying himself a commission. Finally as a banking investment company he distributes the mortgage to the public, collecting a commission for doing this.

"You see, he has taken a profit all along the line. Whatever happens to the promotion, he is sitting pretty. But he does not stop there. The money is easy. He puts out, as an investment banker, a second or third mortgage on the property, mortgaging it for more than it is worth, thanks to the very favorable estimates he can easily obtain or which he, as the appraising corporation, puts upon its future earnings. Then he forecloses these second or third mortgages and buys them in for a song under the name of another corporation from the sheaf of corporate names he keeps on file.

An odd development of the racket here in Washington has been the refleecing of those already fleeced by the F. H. Smith Company. This is the special racket of a small operator here. His method is to approach the holders of depreciated mortgage notes, buy notes from the more pessimistic investors who will sell them for less than they are worth, and sell them to other holders of the same notes who are more optimistic and will pay for them more than they are worth. This re-fleecer offers a commission to a fortune teller to furnish names of the gullible and to predict a rosy future for the notes!

There is only one way to be safe in purchasing mortgage bonds or notes and that is to inform yourself from unbiased sources as to the character of security offered. The previous reputation of the house dealing in the bonds or notes is no certain guarantee, for, as we have seen, old and honorable houses sometimes pass into the control of racketeers.

If your state has a blue sky law, consult your state blue sky commission and get the advice of your banker on the character of the security. And consult your attorney. Consult the local Better Business Bureau about the person or corporation you are dealing with.

Property is often mortgaged by the racketeer far in excess of its value. Cases have come to the attention of the department in which the total outstanding mortgages amount to two or three times the real value of the property. Appraisals furnished you by the salesman may be collusive and fraudulent. Have your attorney find out for you everything that throws a light on the real value of the property, such as the appraised value of the property, the net income of the corporation operating the property as reported to the internal revenue collector in the preceding year. The fire insurance carried on the building and its contents, the price paid for the site, the contract price of the building, the actual cost of its furnishings—any and all of these things will help you to estimate the real value of the property mortgaged.

### What to Avoid

The mortgage should be based on the actual value of the physical property. If you buy a mortgage on the basis of estimated earnings of a property you are really speculating. You are really buying something equivalent to stock in the company. But possible earnings may sometimes help to indicate whether a mortgage is reasonable or not. For example, two hotels in Washington were mortgaged at the rate of ten thousand dollars a room. This meant that every room in them would have to earn, above operating expenses, an average of nearly two dollars a day to pay interest on the mortgages. And remember that hotels, office buildings and apartment houses often depreciate rapidly in value. By the time the mortgage expires the property may not be worth the amount of the mortgage. The mortgage should be conservative. If you buy a mortgage in the belief that the property will increase in value, you are speculating in exactly the same way that you do when you buy stock.

To guard against collusion, have your attorney find out whether the trustee of the mortgage has any corporate relationship to the mortgage dealer. This simple precaution would have saved the holders of mortgage notes vast sums of money.

And be on your guard about the high-pressure salesman, solicitation by telephone and offers of mortgage bonds by mail. In general, good securities should not require such aggressive marketing. And in general, good securities ought to be able to find a market at home when they are located in moneyed centers. If property in an Eastern city seeks money in Iowa, for example, that is ground for suspicion, at least.

# Three ways to fight decay!

## Remove film . . . eat right
## See your dentist

**Film** is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

WIPE out decay! That is the goal of modern dentistry. But as yet authorities are not completely agreed on what it is or how it starts. It appears that part of the trouble is within and part must lie without.

So the safe thing is to remove *outside* destructive causes and build up *inside* natural resistance.

### 3 *simple rules to follow*

First, drink plenty of orange juice, eat other citrus fruits, fresh vegetables and tomatoes. Diet helps to keep your teeth and gums strong and healthy—increases their "disease-resistance".

Next, go to your dentist twice a year or oftener. Have him remove the tartar deposits that develop at the gum line and become a constant source of irritation—and a mask for cavities.

Last, but of prime importance, remove film from teeth twice daily. Film is the basis of tartar. It invites dental troubles. In it are germs believed to cause decay. Film is not easy to remove from teeth. It clings like glue and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. That is why Pepsodent was developed.

### *The special film-removing tooth paste*

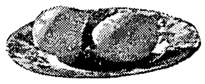
Pepsodent removes film thoroughly, completely. Its unique action is due to a revolutionary polishing and cleansing agent. One that is extremely smooth and fine—twice as soft as that commonly used in other tooth pastes. It is supremely safe for the delicate teeth of children.

Yet with all its softness this new agent cleanses teeth and polishes enamel to a degree heretofore unknown. In fact, many who long ago despaired of ever ridding teeth of ugly stains today possess the lovely teeth they've envied.

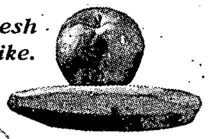
So if you seek glorious health in teeth and gums as well as healthy beauty—eat right, use Pepsodent, see your dentist twice a year.

**USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—**
**SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR**

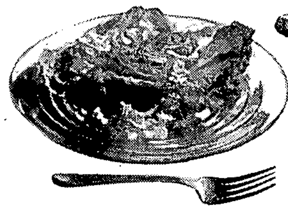
### Include these in your diet:



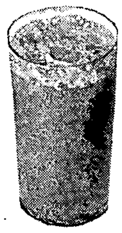
*One or two eggs, depending on your age.*



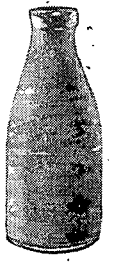
*Raw fruit and fresh vegetables you like.*



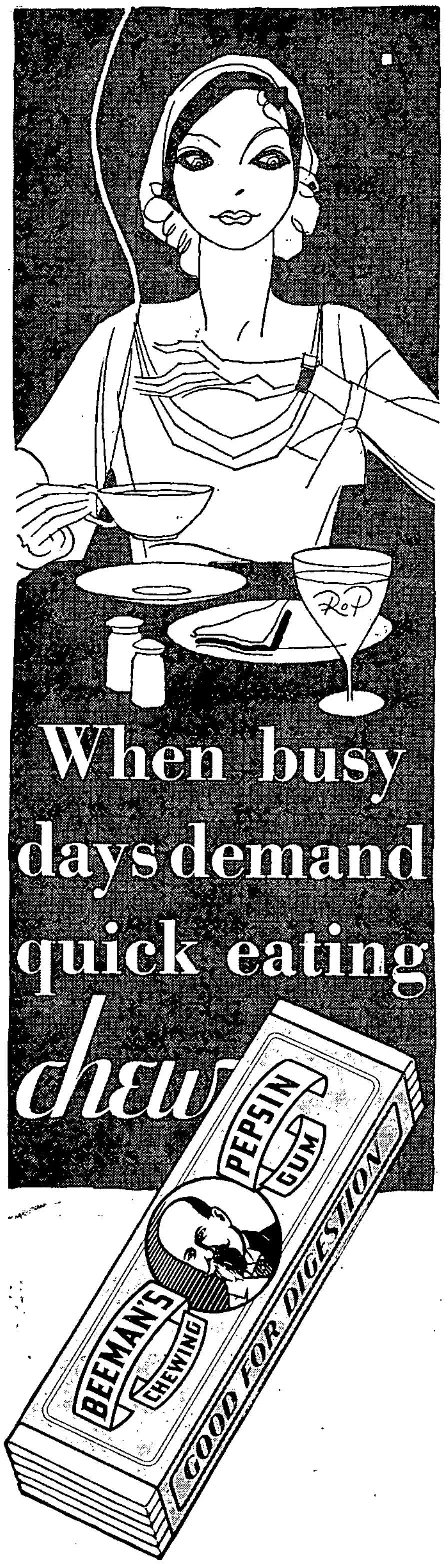
*Head lettuce, cabbage or celery.*



*½ lemon mixed with orange juice to make 1 pint.*



*Plenty of milk every day.*


When busy days demand quick eating chew
BEEMAN'S CHEWING PEPSIN GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION

**for digestion**

**If there's a practice detrimental to good digestion — it's eating too fast, as most of us do during busy days at work or at home.**

**That's why chewing Beeman's after meals is such a healthful habit. It's *the pepsin gum* — perfected over 30 years ago by Dr. Beeman as a pleasant way to aid digestion.**

**Since then, millions have praised this chewing gum for its smooth and flavorful goodness as well as for its healthful qualities. When you stop in a candy store, ask for a pack of Beeman's.**

**BEEMAN'S**
**PEPSIN GUM**
***aids digestion***

# Irish Eyes

*Continued from page 15*

"How long since I've seen my mother? Four years."

"Oh—" Sheila said, widening her eyes into their surprised babyish look. "That's too long."

"Without seeing your mother, hay? Well, that," Ken said, with his patronizing, complacent air, "that's what it is."

"Maybe mothers are different," Sheila suggested. "But my mother is crazy about us. She was left a widow, you know; she had to take state help, for a while. But she never would give one of us up, she just raised the roof when they wanted to take Angela and keep her in a hospital. No matter what you do, my mother'll make excuses for you. Once I was terribly saucy to Sister Regilus—"

She fell silent. For a few minutes Ken was silent, too.

Then he said, in a nettled tone:

"And what makes you think my mother's any different from yours?"

Sheila considered this.

"Well, I hope she is!" she said finally, with a little laugh.

"Why do you hope she is?"

"Because if she isn't—she's worried."

IT WAS almost dark in the kitchen now, but the fading light without, and the fire's glow within, threw an almost unearthly beauty over Sheila's face and figure. Her slim hips and rounded breasts were outlined by the plain dress she wore; a fringe of glittering copper crossed her low white forehead, and the sapphire blue of her eyes seemed to be welling and pulsing with light.

"To show you how crazy she is—my mother, I mean," Ken said. "I had an old hound—listen, he didn't amount to a hill of beans. He was just naturally an old ringer. You wouldn't have fed him."

He stopped to laugh and to remember, and seemed to forget her for a minute.

"This old wreck," he began again with relish, "would sorter hang around, and finally I got to calling him 'Cap,' and he stayed with us; he was my dog. Well, after I left home, darned if my mother didn't keep that old dog and take care of him, and every time she wrote to me it'd be how old Cap was coming on, and how he missed me, and everything. It was a riot!"

"If Ma ever has to write a letter she gets out the ink bottle and she clears off the end of the kitchen table—"

Sheila wondered suddenly what Ma was doing tonight, and fell silent. She suddenly wanted her mother—

"I guess my mother does about that way," Ken said, clearing his throat. "I guess the old dog was sorter company for her, at that," he added, in a lower tone.

"Are there other kids?"

"Nope—just me."

"Well, I can tell you something about your mother then," Sheila said, briskly, after a pause. "I don't care whether it means anything to you or not, but I know how it is, because I know how we are, with Ma."

"My mother goes into Joe Carscadden's room every night, and kisses him, after he's gone to bed, and tucks things in around his neck. And she'll say, 'Did you say your prayers, Joe?' and 'Do you love Ma, Joe?' as if he was two years old."

"Sure—" Ken began. He cleared his throat again. "Sure, they're all like that!" he said with bravado.

"Your mother," Sheila continued inexorably, "never goes into church but what she prays for you, that you'll be good and that you'll come home some day. You can bet on that! Every time she meets the neighbors she tells them how well you're doing. Every time she cooks something you used to like, she thinks, 'This is the way I did it for him!'"

"I know, I tell you," Sheila said, warming, "because I know how Ma is! She wants us with her; she doesn't care about anything else as long as we're all home."

"It would be a swell thing," Ken said, in a guarded, careful tone, "to go home to your mother without your stake, and without a job! You told me yesterday," he said, "that I'd never make my stake at this kind of thing. Well, maybe I never will. I was thinking last night that even some of the old fellers, even when they keep out of trouble, haven't got anything to show for it. There's too many in the business, and there's too many down and out that come to find you and make a touch," he said. "I've not got anything. If I could put my hand on five thousand dollars, it's all I could clean up in a hurry."

"Five thousand dollars!" Sheila echoed.

"What the hell kind of a business could you go into with that!" he said irritably.

"That seems to me a lot of money. I wish my brother Joe had it," Sheila added, as Ken did not speak. "When my brother had pneumonia last year," she went on, "the doctor at Lincoln told him to get into some business that he had to work hard in—you know, with his hands. The doctor said that if more men had to work in—" Sheila hesitated, "in perspiring businesses, you know?—" she resumed, "there'd be much less illness. And Joe said that if he had a few hundred he'd go over to Astoria, or somewheres like that, and go into the building business."

"A carpenter, hay?"

"Well," Sheila retorted sharply, stung by his lazily scornful tone, "Our Lord was a carpenter!"

"That's right, too," Ken admitted.

"And you wouldn't have to stay a day-laborer. You could get to be a contractor."

UPON this Ken made no comment, and after a while Sheila's thoughts reverted to a previous topic. She felt tired, relaxed, sleepy, but there was another feeling, an odd sense of being happy, completely at ease. It was as if she and this strange, dark, sinister-looking young man were speaking to each other's souls directly, without self-consciousness, in the soft warm gloom of the old kitchen. She might not have been able to express it, or even to analyze it. But she was pleasantly, dreamily conscious of it none the less.

"I can't get over your mother taking care of that old dog," she said.

Again Ken made no comment. After a moment he asked, abruptly:

"Know what Monk said?"

"Monk?"

"He's one of those fellers." Ken jerked his head toward the old parlor, to which the men had been coming constantly from the cellar, with logs, as the crashing and the tramp of their feet had testified. "When I got here," Ken continued, in his lazy, indifferent tone, "I was half-frozen, and starved. I asked them what the chances were of eating. And Monk says, 'Dinner's ready. But your woman tells us we have to wash our hands!'"

A new sort of terror seized Sheila's heart and shook it like a rat. Her mouth filled with salt water; her hands grew cold.

Ken seemed to sense some emotion, for although it was too dark to see her face, he answered her thoughts in his half-contemptuous, half-amused way.

"You don't have to be afraid. Nothing is going to hurt you. You'll be back with your mother tomorrow night, as safe as ever."

Sheila could not speak. She swallowed, with a dry throat.

"I wish to God it was true!" Ken muttered, after a silence.

There was another pause. Then he chuckled suddenly.

"Poor old Monk!" he said. "He hasn't washed his hands for dinner for five years!"

SHEILA was praying and made no answer. Presently Ken said:

"You're not stuck on this feller?"

"On Peter? He's going to be married Tuesday."

"Well, I thought you weren't."

"I was up at Tiller's Beach with some people this year," Sheila volunteered, "and I met him there. We liked each other, all right. Then I didn't meet him again until last—until—I guess it was Friday night. It seems years ago."

"And you and him made a date, hay?"

"Well, he wanted to see me. To explain—"

"Explain why he threw you down?"

A silence.

"He didn't throw me down," Sheila said mildly, ending it. "He wanted me to know that he hadn't run out on me. He'd lost the number of my house."

"You know he's yeller, don't you?" Ken said, in dissatisfaction. Sheila made no answer, and he mumbled once or twice, "Sure, he's yeller," before settling down into silence again.

After another interval the man began again, with his air of superiority:

"You know there isn't anyone who has anything on me!"

"Has?" Sheila echoed alertly.

"Hasn't."

"You mean the police?"

"There isn't one of them could pin anything on me."

Sheila pondered this.

"You mean because there isn't anything to pin, or just because you're lucky?" she asked simply.

"I mean that they haven't got anything on me. I never pulled a gun on anyone," he said. "I carry one; that's all right. But I don't get into the rackets. I just think things out for the boys, and then Renn and I talk 'em over."

"You're the brains of the organization," Sheila observed mildly, recalling another favorite phrase of young Sig.

"I don't know what you call it," he said, offended.

"I should think," Sheila mused aloud, "of course I don't know. But I should think that the person who did the planning would be the very one the police would want to get!"

"And what could they do to him when they did get him?" Ken asked.

"Oh, leave it to them, they'd manage that!" Sheila assured him with a laugh.

Shortly afterward, when the men returned, and the kitchen became suddenly filled with the odor of their drying boots, their pipes, their unwashed bodies and unwashed clothing, Sheila felt suddenly unbearably tired and stiff and sleepy. It was Ken who briefly suggested that she take possession of a very small room off the kitchen; perhaps once a servant's room, or an old grandfather's room, but furnished with only a desolate-looking iron bed like those in the larger room.

"Lay down in there," Ken said. "It's warm from the stove, and nobody'll bother you."

Sheila gathered some blankets, made herself as decent a bed as she could, loosened her gown and took off her shoes, and gratefully succumbed to the stupor of sleep that had been drugging her all day.

She closed her door, but she could hear the voices in the kitchen, hear the shuffling of the men's feet, the creaking of the old rocker. Gradually all these sounds blended and faded, loomed loud again, and were gone. She slept until winter sunshine, striking through the dirty, uncurtained farmhouse window, sent a brilliant glitter from the snow about the discolored walls of the little kitchen chamber.

YESTERDAY'S experience of thawing and limping, yesterday's brief, unrefreshing toilet preceded a kitchen breakfast, but even then the bright promise of the day made Sheila's heart lighter, and when Ken said lazily, over his coffee, "Well, you folks ought to be home about eight o'clock tonight," she felt that she could have danced for joy.

"We got to dig out of here, first," he observed. And after the meal, when Sheila would have fallen upon her obvious task of clearing the kitchen, he said, "Let all that go, Sister, and get out here for a while. It'll do you good!"

"Think there's really any chance of our getting away from here today?" Peter seized an opportunity to ask her sourly. He looked pallid and untidy, his hair tumbled, his clothing disheveled.

"Well, certainly!" she answered brightly.

"Well, I don't," he mumbled gloomily. Ken rejoined them with an old coat and thick gloves for Sheila, who also seized a fire shovel.

The truck that had brought them to the lonely old farmhouse in the hills was bedded deep in snow; the men were digging busily about it. Sheila and Ken began to clear some sort of track for it around the corner of the barn that had hidden it, down past the house and so to the road.

Handling her shovel, flinging the snow about, breathless and laughing, the girl worked enthusiastically if with small results. She and Peter and Ken shouted at each other in the invigorating sunshine as they dug.

"You own this place?" Peter asked.

"I never seen it before yesterday," Ken answered.

"Then who does own it?"

"I don't know," the man said. "One of the boys found it a while back. They use it, off and on. Monk went into the real estate office—in Worcester, I think it was—and asked about it, once. They said the owner was an old lady, and lived in Florida, and sometimes her nieces used it summers. They're artists, or teachers or something, from Boston."

"But—but anyone going by—neighbors," Sheila exclaimed, "wouldn't they see smoke, and motor tracks?"

"There ain't many neighbors," Ken observed, unalarmed. When Peter had worked his way to some distance, Ken said suddenly to Sheila, "So you think I ought to get out of this racket while the getting's good, do you?"

"I think you would be lucky if you could."

"Oh, I could, all right!" Ken boasted, gloomily. He went to get her a drink of water, and she stood drinking it and laughing, and panting, against the background of snowy hills and bared trees and blue, high winter sky.

The truck came duly chugging down the new road a few minutes later, the men hanging on like monkeys, watching the track as the great toboggan tires flattened the snow.

"You don't have to watch the roads—you'll never get up here again!" Ken said amusedly to Peter later, as once again seated on the floor of the car they bumped and slid on their long way.

Peter withdrew his gaze from the surrounding landscape and colored in sudden embarrassment. It was only a few minutes later that Ken said suddenly, "Stop here, Monk," and indicated to Peter and Sheila that they were to descend.

To them the gently rolling, snowy hills all about, the occasional distant cluster of roofs and farmhouse columns of smoke, the road deep in dry white shining powder, were exactly what they had been seeing for the past two hours. But Ken was bidding them goodby.

"Walk to the top of that hill there, and there ought to be a village about a mile below. On your way!" he said.

He did not look at Sheila. He walked about the truck in the snow and climbed up on the front seat, and she saw one of the other men get down upon the rough floor of the vehicle and roll himself up in a blanket there.

The rest was a floundering walk in the snow, more like three miles than two, and a long, dreary, empty wait at an empty station. The sign over the station said "Capitol Junction"; there was no house near by. But toward the middle of the afternoon a rickety train did rattle up, and Sheila and Peter boarded it. The conductor sleepily informed them that they were in northern Connecticut and obliged them with tickets to New York. There was no diner on the train, but when they transferred to a roaring leviathan farther on, they thankfully went into a brightly lighted buffet-car and had club sandwiches and coffee.

"And so ends our adventure!" Sheila said, on a long sigh. "What we've got to tell the folks at home will last us for one while!"

PETER, emboldened by food, warmth and safety, answered with a contemptuous laugh: "Don't you fool yourself that our adventure is over! I'm going to send every last one of that gang to jail, and don't you fool yourself!"

"I'm not fooling myself," Sheila answered with dignity. "But I'll bet you *anything you never catch one of them!*"

"What do you suppose our families have been doing all this time? Do you suppose for one minute they haven't been raising the devil?" Peter demanded, indignantly. "Why, they've got the whole police department roused by this time! This Ken fellow—by the way, did you get his last name?"

She hesitated a second.

"No."

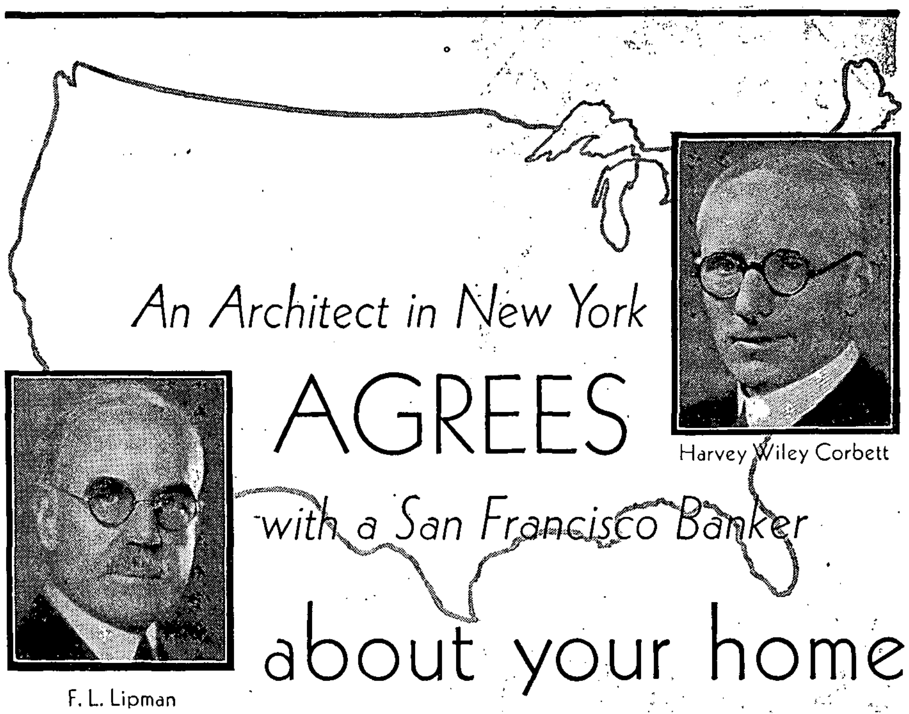
"It doesn't matter. They've got it, you bet. And I'll tell you something," Peter predicted darkly, "you think this adventure is ended. I tell you that it's only just begun!"

"You're crazy!" Sheila said, laughing. "They didn't hurt us. They didn't rob us. And what we saw was only what the cops could see any day of their lives if they took the trouble to look. We'll never hear any more of this, and by dinnertime we'll both be back home and it'll all be over!"

"I tell you it hasn't commenced!" the boy persisted, darkly.

And long afterward, remembering the innocence and ignorance of this trip home in the snowy sunshine, Sheila had to admit that this time Peter had been right.

*(To be continued next week)*



An Architect in New York

AGREES

with a San Francisco Banker

about your home

F. L. Lipman

Harvey Wiley Corbett

A CONTINENT separates them . . . their business interests are different. Yet they agree almost word for word on the economy of Copper, Brass and Bronze for home building.

They both speak from experience. Mr. Corbett of the New York architectural firm, Corbett, Harrison and MacMurray, has designed many notable buildings. Mr. Lipman, President of the Wells-Fargo Bank & Union Trust Company of San Francisco, has financed construction costing millions. Their statements, side by side, show how thoroughly they agree:

**What the Banker says**

**"The use of Copper, Brass and Bronze in building one's home means a smaller rate of depreciation and therefore a better investment."**

**F. L. LIPMAN**

**What the Architect says**

**"From my own experience in commercial and monumental work, I should say that Copper and Brass are a very wise investment."**

**HARVEY WILEY CORBETT**

Notice how they both stress the *investment* value of Copper, Brass and Bronze. Copper and Brass for plumbing . . . Copper gutters, downspouts and flashings . . . solid Brass or Bronze hardware and lighting fixtures cannot rust. Their use in any home is assurance of life-long service.

And their cost is not excessive. To install these enduring metals in vital parts of the average $15,000 home will add only about $382 to its total cost. As Architect Corbett says, "When one considers how very little more Copper and Brass cost, it seems extremely foolish economy to gamble with the rust troubles that so often occur when corrodible materials are used."

Study the table below—then write for free illustrated book about the advantages of using Copper, Brass and Bronze. If you so request, we will refer your inquiry to our member companies who manufacture and distribute these products.

**COPPER & BRASS**
**RESEARCH ASSOCIATION**
25 Broadway, New York

**This table shows how little more you pay for the durable service of Copper, Brass and Bronze.**

| | |
|---|---|
| For Copper or Brass Plumbing . . . | 1/2 of a cent* |
| Copper Gutters, Downspouts and Flashings | 1/2 of a cent |
| Bronze or Brass Lighting Fixtures . . | 1/2 of a cent |
| Brass or Bronze Hardware . . . | 1 cent |
| Bronze or Copper Insect Screens . . | 1/10 of a cent |
| *Extra amount for each building dollar spent is only* | **2 3/5 cents** |

* Compared to cost of best grade of rustable pipe

**Sound Advice from a Sound Source**

**"BUILD FOR PERMANENCY WITH COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE"**

500,000 STRONG
the grand army of
Analgetic Shavers

"it lulls the skin"

SHAVING CREAM
Creme de Savon pour la Barbe
COTY

You may be one of the half-million men who've discovered the "analgetic" shave—the new-day, new-way shave. If so, you know that Coty Shaving Cream embodies the "analgetic" shave . . . that it *lulls* the skin because it contains a rare, balm-like ingredient. And that this *lulling* sensation lingers, saving the skin from after-burn.

If you haven't joined the grand army of "analgetic" shavers, buy yourself a huge tube of Coty Shaving Cream for a trifling 50c. Or—clip the coupon below for a *free* introduction to painless "analgetic" shaving.

COTY
SHAVING CREAM

Other Coty "analgetic" preparations for the man:
After Shaving Lotion Talc Hair Lotion Hair Dressing

COTY, Dept. X,
714 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
I want to test the "analgetic" shave.
Please send me my free trial tube of Coty
Shaving Cream (Postpaid).
Name........................................
Address........................................

# Pillars of Sport

*Continued from page 11*

had fought Fireman Jim Flynn. He forgot to mention that he received the amazing fortune of three hundred dollars for meeting Flynn.

The young man was William Harrison Dempsey, destined, two years from that moment, to be heavyweight champion of the world under the nom-de-guerre of Jack Dempsey.

Kearns it was who stuck the name of the Nonpareil Jack Dempsey on the youngster from Colorado; Kearns it was who acquired him and Kearns it was who with this colorful killer stormed the championship throne and won it and went to make sport a leading industry with million-dollar gates.

The United States was at war. Mr. Kearns was not eligible for the first registration; Dempsey was. Dempsey got a job as a riveter in a shipyard—of which much was later to be heard. The job was elastic in time requirements. Dempsey had plenty of spare hours to fight. He smashed the chins of all the artists between him and Jess Willard, the then reigning champion, and by the summer of 1918 Jack Kearns found himself possessed of the logical challenger for the heavyweight crown.

Scenting this enormous prize, Mr. Kearns' naturally sharp wits became razor-edged. There was that notorious bout with Fred Fulton in hard-boiled Harrison, New Jersey, where the boys are reared in the simple belief that beer is good and bottles are made for umpires. Fulton was knocked out in nineteen seconds. He claimed he had agreed to lay down to Dempsey, and that Dempsey double-crossed him. Dempsey simply right-crossed him and Fulton lay down.

The rapid transit from hobo to champion was naturally beset with obstacles. Dempsey's early managers, such as John the Barber, who valued him at twenty dollars or ten a round, became vastly impressed with his possibilities as Mr. Kearns developed them. Lawsuits showered down upon the pair. Doc Kearns' footwork in ducking process servers outside the ring was even better than Dempsey's feinting inside the ring.

Kearns had a warm affection for Dempsey. He also split fifty-fifty with Jack on all earnings. These were not large at first, but Kearns didn't mind. He knew, when he had made Dempsey train for months with nothing but his left hand, harnessing the right, that he had the man with the most dangerous weapon the ring had ever known—Dempsey's left. It needed to travel only ten inches to knock out an ox.

### As Good as His Bond

Besides process servers and other patriots who shouted "draft-dodger" at Dempsey and planned to insert the A. E. F. champion, Bob Martin, in Dempsey's place in a match with Willard, Kearns encountered plots unsanctioned by the forces of law and order. There was an occasion in Madison Square Garden, when Dempsey, a little off training, agreed to box one Joe Bond for the benefit of the Red Cross. Mr. Dempsey went to the Garden ready to give of his best. Mr. Bond went to the Garden, but not into the ring. Mr. Bond had seen Dempsey hit before. More to the point, he had seen gentlemen after they had been hit by Mr. Dempsey, notably the late Bill Brennan, whose ankle cracked when Dempsey punched his jaw in Milwaukee.

That night when Bond's and Dempsey's turn came, the mighty Joe Jeannette, colored contender for the championship, stepped into the ring and challenged Dempsey. Dempsey sprang toward him, but Kearns dragged him back.

"You're here to box Bond," snapped Kearns, "and nobody else."

Paddy Mullins, a sturdier if less picturesque pillar of sport—famed as the manager of the tamed terror of Harlem, Harry Wills—told Kearns to keep his man out of the ring. Mr. Mullins had a motive. He held the patent on black threats to white supremacy; he wanted none of Mr. Jeannette.

### A Manager's First Principle

Versions abound of that colorful moment in the history of pugilism, when the lithe and bitter Dempsey bowed beneath the reverberations of Bronx cheers through the old Garden. This chronicler is able to state exactly what happened, for he occupied the seat next to Mr. Kearns, being overpowered by the effulgence of the Kearns personality.

As Dempsey, chagrined under a barrage of boos, strained toward the ring, Kearns pushed him back in his chair.

"Stay where you're put, big boy," he growled. Then, after minutes of pandemonium, he grabbed Dempsey's wrist:

"Let's get to hell out of here," he said.

And they got.

In the face of the American Legion and other patriotic howling against Dempsey—this psychological opportunity for popularity, vetoed promptly by Mr. Kearns, shows that Kearns let nothing interfere with the first principle of good management—care for the meal ticket. Nothing? Well, one thing he let interfere with it—but that comes later.

Public opinion suddenly rose to vindictive passion against Dempsey. He was pictured as a lolling draft dodger in tasseled overalls, feigning energy in the shipyards, but really barnstorming as a boxer and vaudeville showman. Post-war irritation had to have a goat, even in sport—and Dempsey was selected.

A false step in management at that time and Dempsey's chances of becoming champion might have been irretrievably ruined. Kearns smartly kept him out of the ring—save for one or two minor engagements. They toured the sticks with Max (the Goose) Kaplan. Mr. Kaplan's part in the act was simple. He doubled as bodyguard for Kearns and punching bag for Dempsey. The act went well, displaying Dempsey's prowess without tapping his energy. For Kearns took no chances. Occasionally, a promising beef-eater would arise in answer to Kearns' challenge from the stage. The beef-eater would take even a smash from Dempsey in the hope of remaining four rounds to win a grand. In such ambitious and misguided cases Mr. Kearns would welcome the candidate in the wings. Mr. Kearns would survey his physical assets.

"Fine build you've got, pal," he'd comment. Then, suddenly—as the candidate tied his trunks, Kearns, whipping his left hook to the body, would inquire:

"How's the wind?"

Gasping, the candidate would be saved a reply and pushed on to the glowering Dempsey.

Max the Goose was relieved when this happened. It saved his chin from the tempered punches Mr. Dempsey administered to Max—but even a carbon-copy wallop from Mr. Dempsey is something to remember him by.

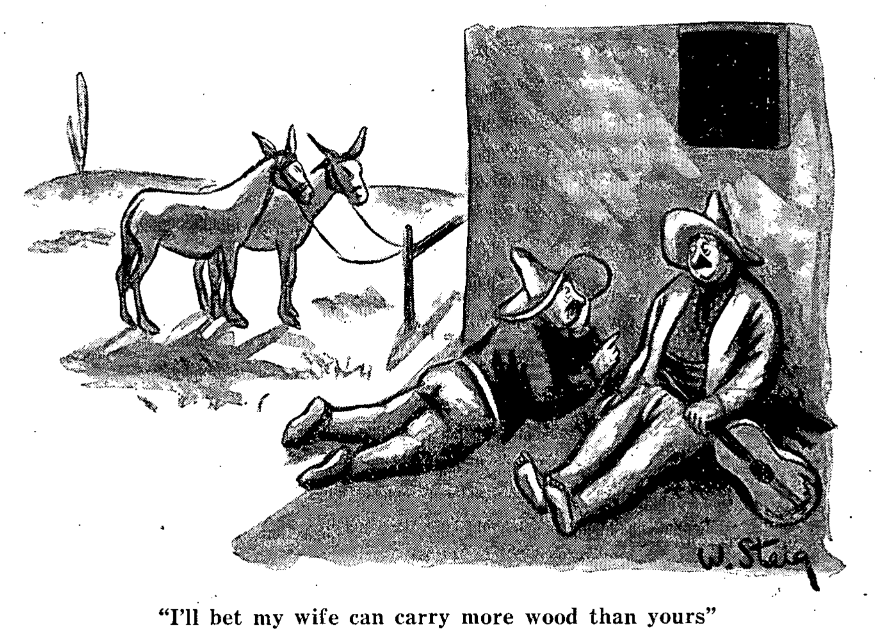
### Enter Mr. Rickard

But all this picking up of considered trifles by Mr. Kearns was his method of ballyhoo—not the perfected technique he displayed in later years, but it publicized Dempsey advantageously in the pre-radio era. The score or two of men Dempsey had flattened gave him prestige more because of his dispatch than because of their reputations. Yet Kearns, after eliminating all the recognized opposition—with the exception of Roly-Poly Willie Meehan, who outpointed Dempsey in one of those quick-lunch Pacific Coast four-round bouts—could not cinch a match for the championship with the ponderous Jess Willard.

So it came to pass that Kearns gave grave thought to these matters and slid into obscurity with Dempsey in the wheat and other belts while the patriots denounced the so-called logical contender. He emerged with the resolve that Tex Rickard should make the match between Willard and Dempsey.

At the time he canvassed Rickard, Kearns heartily disliked him, yet Mr. Kearns argued, harangued and almost socked Rickard into greatness.

The scene is the old Biltmore bar. Rickard is there, Kearns is there and



"I'll bet my wife can carry more wood than yours"
*William Steig*

Muggsy McGraw (John J. the Giant-Killer) is there. Kearns has imbibed a trifle and is on edge and sore at Rickard. He confides to Mr. McGraw that nothing would please him better than to slap the cigar out of Rickard's mouth with a left hook.

"Don't be silly," advised Muggsy McGraw. "Don't sock him. Con him if you want Dempsey matched with the champion."

He did, with this result: Rickard summoned the newspaper men and announced that he would match Dempsey against Willard, guaranteeing Willard the sum of $100,000.

Mr. Kearns glowed with satisfaction. He had put across his ace. Now he had a joker. When it came to the signing of articles—accompanied by a barrage of champagne corks—Kearns brought up the subject of Dempsey's compensation for the championship bout. "Thirty-five thousand dollars," he said.

### A New Chapter in Sport History

Rickard laughed, cynically. Kearns didn't budge.

"You've already announced you've matched these men," he told Rickard. "I stick by my figure."

He got it—and more: the championship.

Those who witnessed the tragedy of Toledo when the giant Willard was cut down in seven seconds and made a one-man shambles, will remember how tigerish Dempsey was. True, the rule of the ring was broken through confusion when Dempsey left it. Not probably true, but none the less possible, Dempsey went into the ring with gloves on and nobody saw what was concealed beneath them besides his fist. It has been supposed that he cherished a youthful hobby of collecting tinfoil—in his glove. Anyhow, Willard, still on his feet, still self-supporting, went from that ring with a head like a balloon. Dempsey had beaten men badly, but none ever looked so frightfully slugged as the giant Willard. How Mr. Dempsey's hands were bound is his secret and Kearns', and not of very sinister significance in a game filled with wits and wiles.

A new chapter was opened in American sport. Kearns again romped Dempsey into vaudeville, into everything with money in it—but the ring. He set the example of well-spaced championship bouts to make money out of a title while it was still fresh: to cop the crown jewels without dropping the crown. He sold Dempsey's endorsements of many articles of commerce—from leather belts to nostrums.

A pause in money-making was occasioned by the abortive trial for draft-dodging in which they were picturesquely prosecuted by a woman Federal district attorney. Friends with flexible memories rallied to the defense and even Kearns' estranged wife couldn't swing the jury to a conviction.

With this hurdle over, Mr. Kearns proceeded to show how a modern champion's manager should do the right thing by a modern champion—and by himself. There seems to be no record of his bookkeeping available for the eyes of the curious, saving, perhaps, the Federal income tax authorities. Kearns was not and is not one to flirt with Federal authority. But Kearns dreamed of millions—and the millions came.

He took other fighters under his wing, such as the promising lightweight Joe Benjamin, who almost provoked the irascible and continuingly athletic Kearns into giving him a thrashing one day. They parted company, to make peace in a genial mood in Miami some years later. Kearns doesn't bear grudges against people who are unimportant in his plans.

Concentrating on Dempsey's making money—and easy money—he steered the champion away from difficult matches for a year. The two most difficult were against Harry Wills, who had pulverized Fred Fulton, and Bill Brennan, the hardy perennial of pugilism. Dempsey, to oblige his friend Floyd Fitzsimmons of Michigan, insisted on giving Fitzsimmons the promotion of a heavyweight championship fight. Kearns was agreeable so long as he could pick his man's opponent. He did. Billy Miske rolled up to ringside in a wheel-chair.

Kearns' managerial problem was not to stage pin-money fights such as that with Miske. He wanted to point Dempsey to big money quickly but found Mr. Rickard exceedingly conservative. True, they arranged a bout with Bill Brennan that netted the Dempsey-Kearns partnership one hundred thousand dollars and Mr. Brennan the worst beating of his career. But where Rickard thought in terms of one hundred thousand dollars, Kearns was thinking in very much higher brackets. He even broached the rash theme of the million-dollar gate.

Rickard was naturally cautious. He had almost lost his shirt on the Toledo fiasco, and at all times he had use for his shirt.

But Kearns was adamant. Spontaneous ballyhoo arose for him to send Dempsey in against Wills. Kearns was willing. So, at first, was Dempsey. But Kearns had battled too long the prejudice against Dempsey as a non-military fighter to step into the caldron of the colored question.

He had a bright idea. There could be an international match. Georges Carpentier, the Frenchman, had disposed of Mr. Joe Beckett, the sleeping beauty of Southampton, whose cradle was sprinkled with rosin by a fairy godmother with an eye to the future. Europe versus America was Kearns' notion of the million-dollar gate. He was right.

### Business with "Furriners"

Everybody in the fight industry knew that Carpentier was no match for Dempsey, Rickard knew it and told Kearns so, as if that were news to Kearns. Rickard balked, claiming Dempsey ought to meet a worthier opponent. But Mr. Rickard was no match for Mr. Kearns in guile.

Especially, thought Kearns, after Mr. Carpentier made his début in America with the ancient Battling Levinsky, then light-heavy champion, who feinted a few times, took a right to the Adam's apple and swooned. Carpentier thus won a title. The ballyhoo boomed.

But Mr. Rickard still balked. Mr. Kearns was talking through his elegant hat when he said Dempsey's end for a title fight should be at least a quarter of a million dollars. But Mr. Kearns increased his wardrobe, sprayed his kerchiefs, ducked more lawyers clamoring for cuts in his earnings and Dempsey's and insisted on his price.

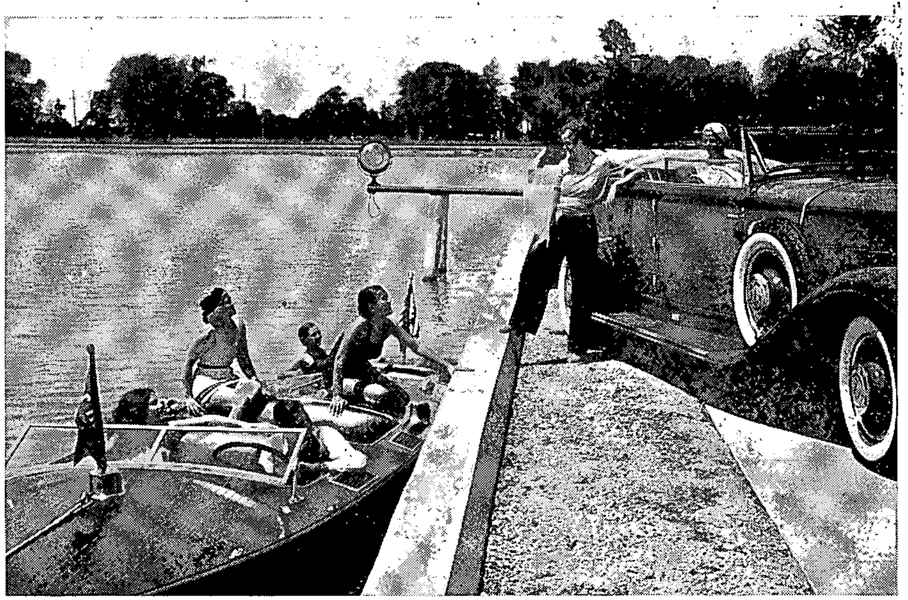
There was argument and some bitterness. Until one day emissaries of Mr. Rickard reported to the gaunt gambler that Mr. Kearns was doing business with "furriners."

"I never seed anything like that," said Tex, and went forth to see.

Mr. Kearns was in conference with two Cuban gentlemen. Spanish in loud and large doses emanated from an apartment in which Mr. Kearns was known to be. Olive-skinned blokes were plainly seen hurrying up and down the hotel corridor. Mr. Kearns himself vouched the information to all who would believe it that wealthy Cuban sugar and cigar men wanted the Dempsey-Carpentier bout for Havana. Rick-

(*Continued on page 54*)

COMMON SENSE . .
demands
SAFETY GLASS
in all forms of transportation



On the water—on the road—in the air—in any form of transportation—Safety Glass is essential to the protection of those who ride. The danger of broken flying glass is no longer tolerated by thinking people. It is too hazardous.

Your family, your guests and yourself are entitled to the relaxation and the feeling of security that Safety Glass provides.

Insist that the automobile or the boat you buy has L·O·F Safety Glass. Insist that the taxi you ride in—or the bus—or the airplane—be equipped completely with Safety Glass.

Libbey·Owens·Ford Safety Glass is a perfected product—manufactured by an exclusive process which provides unusual clarity of vision and long life. It provides protection not available in any other form. When Safety Glass is so easily obtainable it is only Common Sense to demand it.

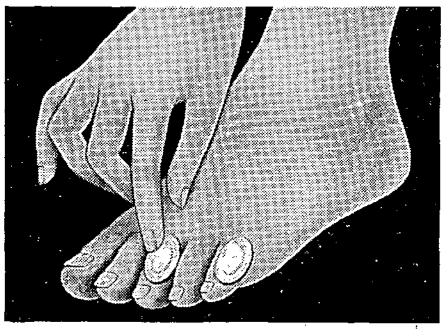
The following are users of L·O·F Safety Glass: Packard, Graham, Studebaker, Franklin, Reo, Willys, Willys-Knight and Ford. It is also used in Dietrich and Le Baron Custom Bodies, Reo Speed Wagons, Paige Commercial Cars, Twin Coaches, Brill Trolley Buses, Cincinnati Trackless Trolley Coaches, Bender Bus Bodies, Hackney and Springfield School and Passenger Bus Bodies, White School Buses, York Hoover School Bus Bodies, Stinson Aircraft, Gar Wood Boats and Matthews Cruisers.

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD GLASS CO., TOLEDO, O., *manufacturers of Highest Quality Flat Drawn Window Glass, Polished Plate Glass and Safety Glass; also distributors of Figured and Wire Glass manufactured by the Blue Ridge Glass Corp. of Kingsport, Tennessee.*

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD
SAFETY GLASS

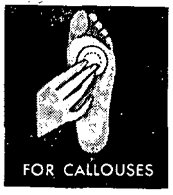
L O F

CORNS



**Relief in 1 Minute**

No waiting! In *one minute* painful corns or tender toes are completely relieved when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Their healing, soothing medication gives you this magic relief. Their cushioning, protective feature *removes the cause*—shoe friction and pressure.



**100% SAFE!**

Zino-pads are positively safe, sure. Using harsh liquids or plasters often causes acid burn. Cutting your corns or callouses invites blood-poisoning. Zino-pads are small, thin, dainty, easy to apply. Made in special sizes for Corns, Corns between toes, Callouses and Bunions. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—only 35c box.

FOR CORNS BETWEEN TOES

FOR BUNIONS SWOLLEN JOINTS

**Dr Scholl's Zino-pads**

*Put one on—the pain is gone!*

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

You can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Earn Extra Cash

Easy Way To Make Money

Show Artistic GREETING CARDS

Increase your earnings!

Full or spare time! Sell our Personal Christmas Cards and Box Assortments to individuals, business firms.

Samples Sent FREE

Amazingly low prices land orders easily, quickly. No experience required. Start at once—big money now to Christmas. Write—

ARTISTIC CARD COMPANY
Dept. V, Elmira, N. Y.

Start NOW

DOUBLE YOUR $ $ $ INCOME

JUST AS Mr. Arend of Ohio and hundreds of other men and women are doing, you may increase your income in spare time by securing new and renewal subscriptions to COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. Look over this attractive offer at our expense. Write today!

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-33
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

How can I earn extra money in spare time?

Name ..........................................
Address ..........................................
Town .......................... State ..........

(*Continued from page 53*)

ard was among those who believed it. The Cuban magnates, said Kearns, had made an offer that was hard to refuse, much as, through patriotic considerations, he would like to see the American champion defend his world's title on American soil.

Mr. Rickard, also professing patriotic motives, but really stampeded by Cuban competition, agreed to promote the bout on Kearns' terms, which were by that time more than three hundred thousand dollars—a colossal sum. Articles were signed, minus champagne. This was in 1921 and an eminently patriotic proceeding.

### The Slaughter of the Century

Days later Mr. Rickard, dining in a favorite restaurant of Mr. Kearns', observed two waiters with faces he seemed to recall. The waiters deftly ducked. Just as well, for in proper Spanish make-up Mr. Rickard might readily have recognized them as Mr. Kearns' two urgent Cuban capitalists. Had Mr. Rickard so recognized them he would have been right.

The world knows how the Battle of the Century ended in comic slaughter, with Georges Carpentier, idol of France, getting all the cheers, and all the clouts.

In a pre-battle conference, however, the authorities in charge of this earth-shaking event, seeing the customers attend in multitudes, had made it clear to Mr. Kearns that if he and his champion desired to re-cross the Hudson to New York in good grace, or even in comfort, the bout had better go far enough to give the masses at least a ghost of a run for their money. It lasted four rounds. Carpentier struck one blow, and to show how hard Dempsey was hurt by that punch the newspapers printed X-ray pictures of Carpentier's broken thumb! Mr. Kearns and Mr. Dempsey went from there laughing.

Still, the bout goes on record as the first championship bout in which Dempsey did not commit a technical foul—saving the fraternal affair with Billy Miske. Kearns himself has always viewed lightly this moral indignation regarding fouls. His manner of handling Dempsey indicated clearly that among the prerogatives of the champion was that of literally smiting his opponent, hip, thigh and anywhere else so long as it served the purpose of disabling him.

Definitely on the highroad to the millionaire class, he desired, not so much to have the money as to spend it. Kearns became sartorially more magnificent than ever, financially more ambitious in his demands. He raised Dempsey's title-fight price to a cool half-million. The fact remains he never got it; but he fully expected to. He knew the last ounce of value in the jewel he held in common with Dempsey. He was determined to get that last ounce. The road was clear ahead toward great wealth, and Kearns trod it in custom-made shoes.

But he hadn't gone very far before something happened, something that Kearns did not foresee. Dempsey fell in love.

On the Universal lot in Hollywood or thereabouts, where Kearns had taken Dempsey to make real estate investments that weren't so hot and pictures of the same quality—although the latter were profitable—Dempsey was finishing work one day. His director asked him if he'd like to meet a charming girl. Dempsey had met that kind before and was willing to repeat the experience. He was introduced to Estelle Taylor. Her slim, brunette beauty captivated him at once. Kearns spotted his infatuation with the girl.

"Okay by me," said he. "Have your fling."

That isn't what Dempsey wanted. He was in love, as deeply stricken as a moon-calf.

Kearns made his first managerial mistake by taunting Dempsey on his love for the actress. Dempsey was really in love.

When they were settling details for the Dempsey-Firpo bout, while the Wild Bull of the Pampas was benefiting by the same ballyhoo that made Carpentier rich and obsolete, Kearns and Dempsey sat in a room with gentlemen who talked large and wholesome turkey. Miss Taylor entered the room.

"Are you coming, Jack?" she asked.

They were not married then. Kearns spoke up:

"Please leave him here, Miss Taylor," he said. "We're talking business about the Firpo fight."

Her black-brown eyes were hot with pride as they challenged Kearns' cold gray gaze. She swerved her glance to the fidgeting Dempsey.

"Are you coming with me, Jack?" she repeated.

"Let him finish this, Miss Taylor," urged Kearns. "I'm trying to make some money for him."

Estelle walked to the doorway and turned.

"Are you coming, Jack?" she said again.

Dempsey wrenched himself from his chair.

"Yeh, dear," he said huskily. And he went.

That was decisive, although Kearns refused to believe it. The Firpo-Dempsey bout went through roaringly, with more hundreds of thousands in their common purse. Kearns went courageously forward to make that million with Dempsey as his touchstone.

Courageously is the word. At Shelby, Montana, when he milked the cow country for all it had, Kearns' life was actually threatened. He walked everywhere, impudent and unarmed. Tom Gibbons, who fought Dempsey for glory and received nothing else whatever, was high favorite. Kearns' relentless demands for the contract price was too much. It broke Shelby while it ballyhooed it. After draining what cash he could out of the promoters, Kearns took off his coat and sold tickets on the street himself—for any price, from fifty dollars to fifty cents. Federal revenue agents were summoned to the town under wraps to take Kearns; but Kearns had another idea. He departed discreetly with the cash in old traveling bags to a locomotive under full steam which sped him on his way across the Montana border.

### The Final Break

But Cupid made the rift between him and Dempsey that adversity and prosperity could not make. Kearns was comparatively rich; but he wanted to be richer. He wanted to match Dempsey with Wills. Dempsey refused to go through. Miss Estelle Taylor became Mrs. Dempsey, and Kearns realized in bitterness the truth that no man can serve two managers.

Was he downhearted? No. He had made one heavyweight champion. He could make another. He had made the title a two-million dollar asset. Dempsey could be happily married. Kearns wanted to be happily or unhappily rich.

He had heard of and seen a fighter named Jim Maloney in Boston. Kearns went to Boston, sought out Maloney's manager and suggested a deal by which Maloney should challenge Dempsey. Kearns, with Dempsey under contract, would accept the challenge. Later, Dempsey, after a two-year layoff, would announce that he couldn't get into shape and relinquish his title to Maloney, who by that time would have slid under Kearns' management. It was a nice idea, but Maloney couldn't see it. He never became champion. He never will become champion; but his stand remains to his credit.

Baffled, Kearns turned blithely to Dempsey, who, probably by his wife's suggestion, played a waiting game—waiting for Kearns' contract to expire. Kearns in the meantime had promised Paddy Mullins that Dempsey would fight Harry Wills. There were wrangles. With an impetuosity that overcame his characteristic slickness, he brought things to a head with Dempsey. They met in a hotel room, alone. Kearns had previously used hard words to Dempsey. Once, in training camp, before witnesses, he had wagged his left fist under Dempsey's nose and exclaimed:

"You may be a two-to-one shot against anybody else, but not against me."

At this showdown meeting, so Dempsey may tell you as he told me, Kearns was vociferous and violent.

"I could have thrown him out the window," Dempsey reflects, rubbing his blue chin. "I didn't. I thought, maybe, he was prodding me to do something just like that."

Dempsey knew his Kearns.

That road to the million was closed to Kearns. With more malice than many of his friends deemed possible in the dapper Jack he commenced a legal campaign of torture against Dempsey. He sat in the ringside in the rain at Philadelphia and saw Dempsey lose to Tunney but gain $700,000. Kearns had harassed Dempsey to distraction with suits and threats of suits. But Dempsey went to more and more money. Yet the man whom Kearns made a multimillionaire was not Dempsey, was not Kearns. His name is James Joseph Tunney. He was the benefactor of the Kearns' vision of multimillion-dollar gates for heavyweight bouts.

### Dapper and Undiscouraged

His dream shattered, did Kearns lose "front"? Not, dear fellow patriots, so you could notice. He spotted one Napoleon Dourval, a husky fistman, and started him on the road to championship. But this Napoleon was too fond of Waterloos. Kearns turned from him to the welterweight champion, Mickey Walker, whom he built up into the middleweight championship and into a contender for heavyweight honors. He likes Mickey as he never liked Dempsey, or so he'll tell you.

The dapper Kearns may go anywhere, may go nowhere. He's always busy, always superlatively well-dressed, always throwing money away while he has it. It's an axiom along Broadway that when Kearns hits a night club everybody in the place makes money but the proprietor.

But wherever he goes or whatever he does, it's Kearns the manager of a heavyweight champion who made boxing big business; who knew the public would pay millions to see a killer and followed the rule of making his man finish 'em fast. He never bet on Dempsey or any other fighter he handled—not a penny, although he'll bet his shirt against yours at cards or craps. But if you tender Mr. Kearns the compliment of putting the prize in prize-fighting, a Barnum light will gleam in his smart eyes and he will utter, harshly:

"Boloney."

---

**The second article in the Pillars of Sport series will appear in an early issue of Collier's. The subject will be Jack Curley.**

# Mitzi, Mike and Oscar

*Continued from page 21*

amateurs who feed animals all kinds of rubbish only knew how many specimens they've killed off in their time they might change their tactics.

Lal vowed to look after Mitzi in the typical Lal manner. The boy kept his promise but he didn't get the breaks. The morning after my departure (I was due to be gone two days) the assistant who relieved him while he performed his morning ablutions, an important religious ceremony, noticed that the rope which tethered Mitzi to a tree had become considerably kinked and twisted. Pursuing a foolish desire to be of service, instead of squatting on his haunches and letting well enough alone, Lal's sub untied the animal and started unkinking the rope.

### Mitzi Has Her Cake

Mitzi, quickly sensing the situation and seeing the opportunity for a romp, was off before her assistant keeper, whom she dragged after her, could figure out what it was all about. With an instinctive feeling for genteel surroundings she headed for Chouringhi Avenue, the Fifth Avenue of Calcutta. Dodging gharries and rickshaws—there's plenty of such traffic in this part of the town—she kept going until she wound up in front of Peleti's, the restaurant made famous by Kipling. Unable to get in, she decided to investigate the window, in which there was a most inviting array of cakes and pastries. She kept running her trunk against the window in a futile effort to reach the cakes.

That's how Lal found her when, after his ablutions were over, he returned to his post near the hotel, and, missing his ward, he started a frantic search for her. The gathering crowds guided him, of course, in following the little fugitive.

Lal was a regular demon in handling natives that got in his way. I can readily credit his statement that he made short work of the curious Hindus that crowded around to see what was going on. But just as he was about to retrieve his runaway a young woman, touched by the picture of the baby elephant trying to reach the cakes, advanced with a bag of them she had hurriedly purchased in the restaurant. How could he, poor humble Lal Behudar, refuse a "mem Sahib" (white woman)? It was all right for Buck Sahib to refuse such a person but one of his (Lal's) lowly station was hardly in a position to pursue such a course.

Lal was happy when I assured him I understood his position. Mitzi was little the worse for her experience and that was all that mattered.

A few days later I loaded the little lady, along with many other animals, aboard the old Santa Cruz, which plies between Calcutta and San Francisco. Mr. Singer, whose act was playing in St. Louis at the time, had a representative on the dock at San Francisco when we arrived. This chap was greatly pleased with the little elephant. From the standpoint of height she was ideal, standing only three and a half feet (only six inches taller than Baby Boo, the smallest elephant ever seen in America, which I secured for a movie company when it needed a three-foot pachyderm).

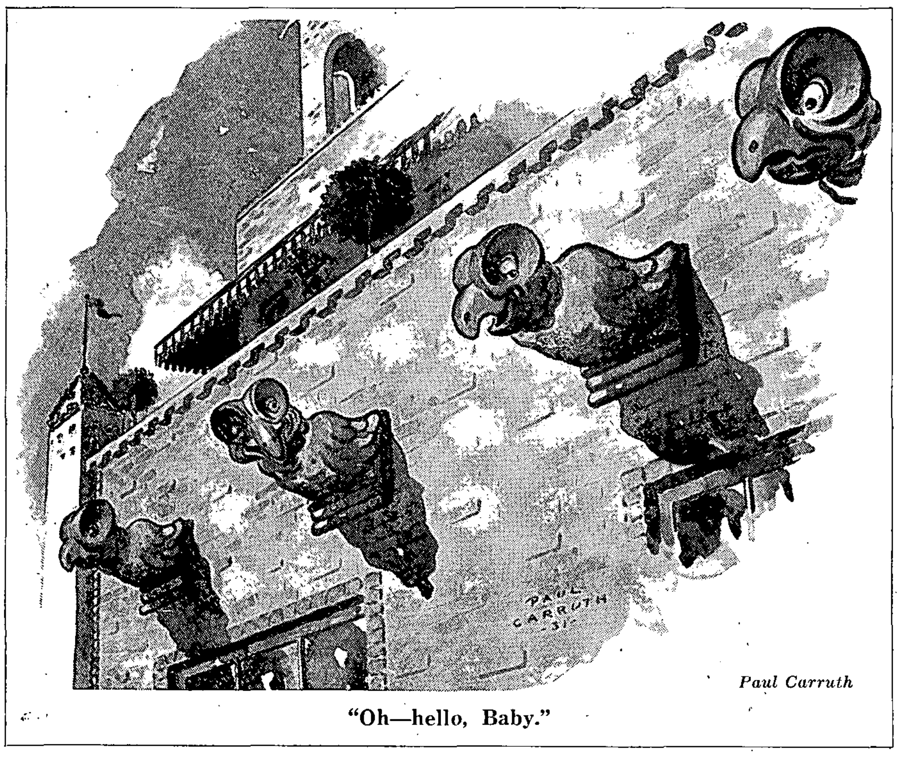
A year and a half after I sold Mitzi I arrived in San Francisco with another collection of animals. I noticed by the papers that Singer's Midgets were playing at the old Orpheum Theater and I thought it would be amusing to run in and see the little lady. I had heard of her success on the stage and it seemed only decent to congratulate her.

Arriving at the theater shortly before the midgets were due to go on, I went backstage and joined Mr. Singer, who was standing in one of the wings. He greeted me cordially and again I heard Mitzi's praises sung.

During our whispered conversation, I chanced to look straight ahead and saw Mitzi standing in the opposite wing, waiting to go on.

"Why, there's Mitzi now!" I exclaimed in a louder tone than I had any right to use, for a dramatic sketch was in progress. Mitzi, at the mention of her name, looked up and came galloping toward me, crossing the stage and almost bowling over the leading lady, while the audience broke out into as hearty and prolonged a laugh as I've ever heard in the theater. The actress was furious, though I always thought her ungrateful; for Mitzi came very close to sending her into the arms of the man whose coldness she was lamenting when I arrived.

(*Continued on page 56*)



Paul Carruth

"Oh—hello, Baby."

Announcing!

THE NEW CROWELL MONEY-MAKING PLAN

THIS attractive offer is based on a profit sharing commission and bonus arrangement which enables you to earn a steady extra income without interfering in any way with your regular occupation. Mr. Russell Shirk of Indiana has used our plan successfully for a number of years—why not try it yourself?

*Earn While You Learn*

THIS pleasant, profitable employment gives you a chance to earn while you learn. You receive free instruction, personal advice from a competent Division Manager. Let us help you make extra money by acting as our special local subscription representative for COLLIER'S, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Invest in a penny post card or a two cent stamp. In return you will receive free supplies which may enable you to increase your income $10.00 or $15.00 a week. Write at once!

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-32
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your new money-making plan.

Name....................

Address....................

Town.................... State....................

LEARN TO WRITE SHORT STORIES

Jack London Said: "As a veteran in the Short Story Game I feel justified in giving my judgment that your simple, direct, straight-from-the-shoulder method of presenting the course is excellently comprehensive and practical." He endorsed no other.

With our unlimited personal criticism and manuscript sales service, you too, can learn to write the stories of your dreams and experiences. Many earn $5,000 to $10,000 yearly. Over 25,000 publications buying stories today. Write for FREE BOOK. "The Art of Story Writing." We also have a special course in English for those who wish it! No obligation.

HOOSIER INSTITUTE, Short Story Dept. 239, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

LITTLE AD—BIG BARGAIN $1

200 note sheets and 100 envelopes, each neatly printed with your name and address, sent postpaid for $1.00. Correct style, high quality. Try a box. Money refunded if you're not pleased.

AMERICAN STATIONERY CO. 100 Park Ave. PERU, Ind.

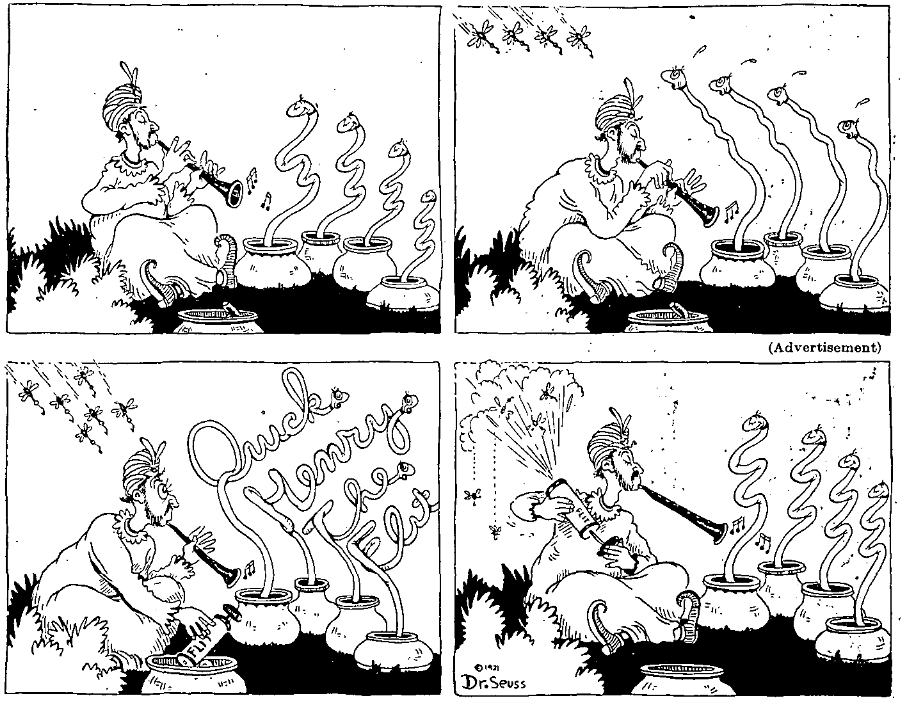
YOUR SPARE TIME is worth $500 in next 4 months

Take orders from your friends, relatives and neighbors for most amazing Christmas Greeting Cards Process ever produced—the "Famous Artists" line! Hundreds of brilliant colorful designs—many by James Montgomery Flagg—imprinted to suit customer. They sell for same as ordinary cards by unknown artists – banks, business houses, tradespeople, *everybody buys!* No sales experience necessary – we train you to turn your minutes into dollars from first day. Over million dollars paid in daily commissions, bonuses, prizes. Write TODAY for big outfit FREE—stating time you can devote.

THE PROCESS CORPORATION
Dept. 958-B. 21st and Troy Sts., Chicago.

NO CALLING ON STRANGERS
BIG OUTFIT FREE

$240 on 1 order earned by G. Peace, Shreveport, La., in 55 minutes. Mr. Lillis of Detroit made $338 in 10 days.



(Advertisement)

An Easy way...

to patch
that hole
yourself

Rutland Patching Plaster makes it easy to patch that crack or hole in wall or ceiling yourself. Requires no special skill. Just add water, then apply. Doesn't set too fast like plaster of paris. Gives you plenty of time to smooth it in place. Makes permanent patch. Won't shrink, crack, swell or fall out. Takes paint or wall-paper perfectly and won't show through. At paint or hardware stores. Made by Rutland Fire Clay Co., Rutland, Vt.

RUTLAND
PATCHING
PLASTER

RUTLAND
PATCHING PLASTER

EARN MONEY
AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
140 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

WANT TO MAKE SOME EASY MONEY

**COMBINE PLEASURE and Profit** Show our wonderful **Christmas Greeting Card Assortment.** Friends, neighbors, everyone delighted with the marvelous creations shown. Dainty water colors, wonderful engraving and embossing, tipped-on illustrations, glistening gold metallic effects that command admiration. 21 amazingly attractive cards and folders, *each with tissue-lined envelope*, in handsome Christmas Box. **Sell at only $1.00. Your profit 50c. We pay all shipping charges. $1,000 extra in cash prizes.** Write immediately for **free samples** and particulars. *America's largest makers of Christmas Box Assortment.*

Waltham Art Publishers, Dept. 20, 7 Water St., Boston, Mass.

INVEST YOUR LEISURE HOURS

In good magazine reading. Our sales representatives are highly trained, bonded experts, courteous and trustworthy. They know all magazines thoroughly and can meet your needs exactly—at lowest possible prices. You eliminate all risk when you buy your magazines from our representative. When he calls, have him show you his bond credential.

PERIODICAL SALES Co., Chicago

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept-940-H, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,100 C. P. A.'s

New Extra Money Plan

Selling Hertel Christmas Cards
Stenographer earns $1000 in lunch hours; housewife $850 spare time; clerk $500 evenings. You can do as well!
Weekly Pay — Monthly Bonus Checks
No experience needed. Outfit free. Write!
The John A. Hertel Co., Dept. 95-A
305 West Adams St. Chicago, Ill.

(*Continued from page 55*)

Alas, poor Mitzi! My latest information is to the effect that she was seen on Broadway in April of this year, acting the rôle of sandwich man for a jungle movie. Across her broad back—long ago she ceased to be a baby elephant—was flung one of those big double signs heralding the arrival of a picture that no one could afford to miss. So it goes in the animal world. Today a stage star, tomorrow a walking billboard.

### Mike Cures the Banker's Wife

Mike was easily the tamest, most playful and generally most amusing tiger cub I have ever handled. When he was about five months old I picked him up, along with a number of other animals, up on the Siamese border. Not many days after I installed him at Singapore he was the pet of the compound. He was so tame I could safely give him the run of the place and it didn't take him long to strike up a friendship with everyone on the premises.

After I had had Mike for about a month I received a cable from my friend Monk Antrim, the most celebrated host in the Far East, asking me to spend the Christmas holidays with him. Antrim is the manager of the Manila Hotel, in Manila. I had grown so fond of Mike I decided to take him along. He was my notion of good company and he seemed to fit into the holiday spirit.

In characteristic fashion, Mike lost no time in making friends en route to Manila. There was a banker's wife on board our steamer who fell especially hard for the little heart-bruiser from the Siamese border. When she learned my business she announced that she wanted a cub just like Mike for a pet. Would I take her order? A small order like that is always a nuisance but why argue with the lady? Once I infuriated a woman who with much ceremony ordered a monkey of me, by giving her the name of a dealer to whom I'd just delivered five hundred and suggesting that she take the matter up with him.

I figured that the banker's wife would change her mind about wanting a tiger cub for a pet if she spent a little time with Mike. Mike was a mighty tame tiger cub as tiger cubs go but with the passing of each day he was growing friskier and rapidly approaching the stage where a novice would not find him easy to handle. The third day out I was nominated for a poker game and it struck me that it wouldn't be a bad idea to turn Mike over to the banker's wife while I tried to earn an honest penny at jackpots. To this arrangement the lady readily agreed.

The game was at its height when the banker's wife, Mike in her arms, came tearing into the salon, looking as if she'd been in a hair-pulling match. "Take him!" she shrieked. "He's gone mad!"

"Set him down," said the captain of the ship, who saw nothing alarming in the situation. Besides, he probably held a good hand and didn't want to be bothered.

"He won't let me put him down," wailed the woman, still holding the cub.

But by this time I had gone to the lady's aid for I knew just what she was up against. One of Mike's tricks was to resist being set on the floor when he felt like being held. He would twist and squirm and pull his hind legs clear of the floor, holding on with his front paws. Only a person experienced in handling animals knows what to do in such a situation. I soon got Mike away from the lady and sold him the idea of sitting calmly beside my chair.

Not until I had done this did I get a good look at the banker's wife. The upper part of her dress, where she wore a silk flower, was torn. I had forgotten to warn the lady that Mike was a poetic lad and always made a bee line for flowers, real or artificial. It seems that Mike had also managed to drag along with him a Spanish shawl he had found in the lady's room—and while it wasn't exactly ruined when I disentangled him, some of the flowers on it looked a bit the worse for wear.

Announcing, in a manner plainly suggesting I was being punished, that she had decided to cancel her order for a tiger cub, the banker's wife made a haughty exit and we went on with our poker-playing.

When I arrived in Manila I arranged to have Mike assigned to a shed behind the hotel. There he was sought out by people who had heard about him and again he was enjoying wide popularity.

The climax of the series of festivities that week was the New Year's party in the Manila Hotel that Antrim gave for his close friends. A big round table was set for sixteen and beautifully decorated with flowers.

Just as we were about to sit down for supper a member of the party, who was very fond of Mike, suggested that the tiger cub be placed on the table as a sort of centerpiece.

"Not with all these flowers around," I warned. "He'll go for 'em."

"Let's give him his own private bouquet to play with," this friend of Mike's persisted. We decided to try the experiment and curiously enough it worked. Mike was fairly quiet, occasionally slapping his bouquet with needless violence, but staying where we placed him, which was all we asked. He got a bit out of hand when one of the guests tried to give him a drink of champagne, sending the glass skimming across the table with a slap of the paw, but we soon quieted him down, and he again settled down to studying and mutilating his posies.

All went well until the lights were turned off for a minute at midnight and a terrific din started. The horns, ratchets and other noise-making devices of the guests at the table, and the shouting of the crowds in the street, and the ringing of bells and the screeching of ships' whistles in the harbor were too much for Mike. Whereupon he started a riot. Not one of your puny little riots. A real one. In record time he upset glasses and bottles and sent dishes crashing to the floor. He jumped from screaming guest to screaming guest (no one likes to have even a tiger cub suddenly land on him in the dark) until the place was in an uproar.

### Oscar's Bay-Window

The confusion was increased by the efforts of at least five people to reach the lights in a hurry. In their haste they bowled each other over, also the waiter who had been posted at the switch—and a full two minutes elapsed before the lights were on again.

What a scene greeted our eyes! One of the most touching of the casualties was a dignified dowager who lay sprawled on the floor. She had caught her foot in an ice bucket and had gone over in a heap.

Mike, no longer content with his bouquet, was galloping around the table, slapping all the flowers in sight. I gathered him up and took him out to his place in the shed and Manila's historic New Year's riot came to an end.

Mike, alas, died an inglorious death. The victim of too much rich food given him by foolish visitors, he developed intestinal trouble and died shortly after I left Manila for Borneo. I had left him at the hotel, planning to pick him up on the way back.

Oscar the hornbill had a less strenuous career than Mike's but it was not without its colorful moments. When I first got him he was the most grotesque-looking bird I'd ever seen—the homeliest and the awkwardest—and he didn't improve much. No hornbill is exactly handsome, but Oscar had an edge on most members of the family because he was a fledgling, positively nude except for a few pin feathers around the sides and ends of the wings, and a few on his sad-looking equivalent of a tail. He was about the size of a full-grown Plymouth Rock hen and had a bluish skin that added to his weird appearance. He had a long yellow bill characteristic of the great pied hornbill (his particular species).

I found myself attracted to Oscar, the ungainliest member of an ungainly species. I suppose it was because he suggested a waddling, pot-bellied comedian. For, after a while, Oscar got so fat his stomach touched the ground and in his efforts to reach me in a hurry he would lose control of his short stubby legs and go over in a heap. It was my own fault that Oscar grew so corpulent. He had a great facility for catching in his huge beak bananas thrown at him, a trick I made the mistake of letting my friends witness. The result was that wherever I went people were tossing bananas at Oscar for the fun of seeing him catch them.

### Stop That Barking

After returning with Oscar from a series of collecting trips that took me all over the Asiatic continent, I wound up at the Grand Hotel in Calcutta. It was my turn to throw one of those teas (at which tea-drinking is not compulsory) and, to please a friend, among those I invited was an American lady whose head was swollen to pumpkin size because she had recently been invited to Government House.

The lady in question spent all of her time raving, in an accent I had never heard before, about "that wahnderful, WAHN-DER-FUL Governor General." To take my mind off the imbecilic female I started fooling around with Oscar, whom I had let out of his cage so that he might say hello to the company.

Oscar seemed to be having a good time until he caught a glimpse of the dog—a supercilious little Pekingese gal—that sat in the raving lady's lap.

The canine returned his glare. Her mistress was so busy talking about the Governor General (who would have been pained to hear her piffle) that she didn't notice it when her darling jumped from her lap to the floor.

The Pekingese barked at the hornbill, and, when the latter backed away cautiously, made the mistake of thinking she had the bird on the run. Some dogs have the worst judgment! This one, following up what she thought an advantage, advanced boldly and barked louder this time, and right in Oscar's face. This was too much for Oscar. He waddled off to one side and, taking a hop that must have been quite an effort for a bay-windowed bird, landed on top of the yowler and started pecking the daylights out of her with his heavy bill. For half a minute the mutt's yelping, her mistress' screaming and Oscar's hoarse croaking filled the room.

"Stop it!" shrieked the Governor General's admirer.

I did—after Oscar had gotten in some good licks.

Oscar—now fully equipped with feathers but still an awkward fellow—finally wound up in the aviary of Kenyon V. Painter, Cleveland's famous bird fancier. I hated to part with him, for no bird ever afforded me such amusement. It's always painful to part with the Mitzies, the Mikes, the Oscars. But parting with them is my business.

## Racing Final

*Continued from page 9*

place at the corner of Thirty-ninth Street, he yanked on the emergency brake, causing his conveyance to wince and wail. He fished out his pipe, tamped home some black tobacco with his thumb, lit up and spread the paper out on his knees.

There was something queer about that paper, terribly queer. The Morning Ray was printed in a chaste fine type; but the type that looked back at Alf that morning was black, bold, glaring.

He was so accustomed to reading the Morning Ray at that time and place that for nearly a minute he did not comprehend the obvious, which was that the paper on his dungareed knees was not the Morning Ray at all, but the more flamboyant Evening Meteor, the six-star racing final.

Alf emitted a short, provoked growl; for he thought that by mistake he had picked up a stray copy of the paper of the night before. Then he looked at the date, and whistled. The date was June tenth, and June tenth, he was sure, was the date of that day. A sudden perplexed frown screwed up the face of Alf Bewell. There was some mistake here; or some joke. Then he remembered the tall stranger with the odd eyes who had spoken to him in The Place the night before.

Habit made him scan the racing news, and his baffled frown deepened. There, in their regular place, were the race results for that day.

ALF BEWELL gripped the paper tight and peered down at it with protruding eyeballs. The print danced wild jigs, then stopped, suddenly, and stood out stark and plain. He did not understand how it had happened, but it had happened—the miracle he had wished for.

Excitement surged through him. He must hurry at once to Honest John's place and put down his bet before others had seen the paper. He looked quickly at the pedestrians, scurrying along to work, papers in their hands; but he saw no other copy of the Evening Meteor. Still he must hurry.

He made swift calculations. His week's wages, untouched, reposed in his pocket. That was thirty dollars. By earnest pleading he could, he thought, induce Honest John to loan him another thirty, perhaps even fifty. He might, since magic seemed to be in the air that day, even persuade Mr. Zimmer to advance him a week's pay. Then Eddie Dorgan owed him ten and, if sufficiently pressed, might pay it back; and he could approach Beefsteak Benny and make a quick touch for twenty there, though Benny would probably insist on knowing what enterprise was afoot, and, if told, would demand a share. But Alf was not going to tell him, or anybody. This peep into the future belonged to him, and to him alone.

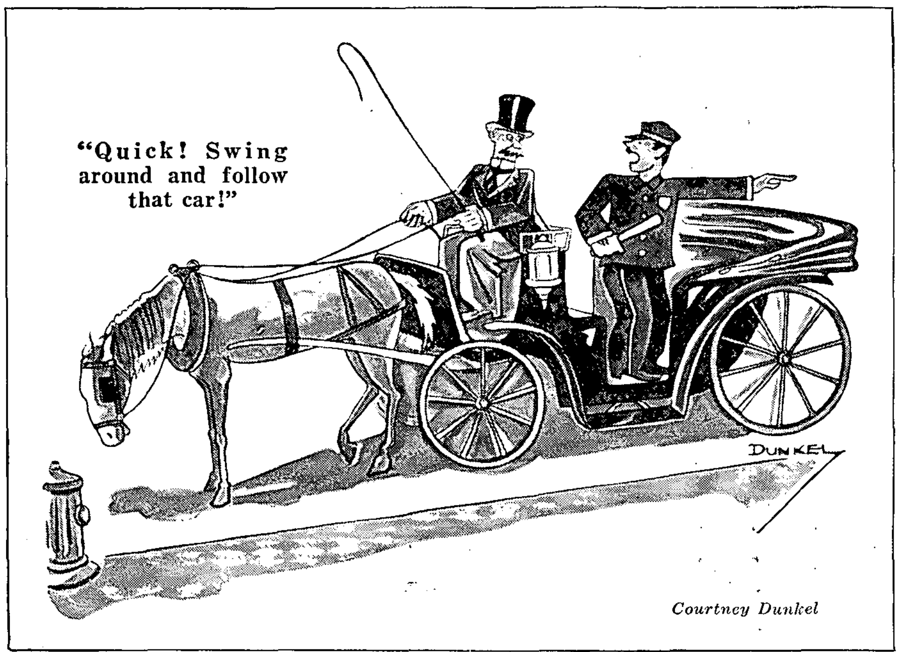
He had been dispatched that day to pick up a load of books in Washington Square and to transport them, as speedily as possible, to a store on Morningside Heights. Let the books wait. A day like this comes but once, if at all, in a man's life.

HE WAS about to start his truck and head it for Honest John's place when curiosity stayed his hand and made him look again at that phenomenal paper which had stolen a march on time. Alf chuckled. It was something for him, just an ordinary, everyday no-account sort of fellow, to know all the news before it happened.

His eyes ran over the first page. At three that afternoon a celebrated gangster, now reposing tranquilly on silken sheets, was due to have his coat-of-mail vest pierced by lethal steel; just before closing time the stock-market would spurt upward a dozen points; a fire, late that afternoon, would devastate a Jersey suburb; a cabinet minister would shoot himself—then, as a familiar face leaps out from a crowd of strangers, a familiar name leaped out from the columns of the evening paper. Alf bent over the paper and read—down in the corner, almost hidden by a shaving-soap advertisement:

"This morning, at ten minutes past eight, a team of horses attached to a truck of the A. B. C. Ice Company ran away on First Avenue, and crashed into a truck standing at the corner of East Thirty-ninth Street. The truck, owned by the Zimmer Delivery Service, Inc., was demolished, and its driver was instantly killed. He was identified as Alfred Ellis Bewell, 44, unmarried—"

Alf Bewell sat like stone, staring at the words. His hands, as if worked by machinery, fumbled in his vest pocket and pulled out his cheap watch. It was exactly ten minutes past eight. He drew in his breath, and raised his eyes from the dial of his watch. A sound like near-by thunder roared in his ears, and he saw, not three feet in front of him, and bearing down on him, two great, frenzied, charging horses.



"Quick! Swing around and follow that car!"

*Courtney Dunkel*

# *Quiet Nerves* and Sound Sleep

## The Drugless Way that Brings Natural Sleep and Rebuilds Vitality While You Sleep

**Mail Coupon Below for 3-Day Supply**

NOW there is instant relief for thousands who seek sleep each night in vain.

If you are run down, nervous, unable to sleep properly, please accept 3-day trial supply—mail the coupon below.

It is not remotely a drug, so physicians everywhere endorse it.

It brings sleep as soon as you go to bed—no matter how nervous you may be—and it builds you up *while* you sleep!

You sleep like a top the whole night through and wake up feeling full of new pep and energy.

### *What It Is and How It Works*

It is called Ovaltine—a pure food-drink that you take with warm milk. In the World War, it was made a standard ration for building up invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. They found it does 3 things no other food in the world will do.

*First,* it induces sound, restful sleep by a *natural* process.

*Second,* it aids digestion, since it contains in high proportion a remarkable food property known as diastase, which is a natural food substance with the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs.

*Third,* it rebuilds worn-out nerve cells. Because it contains in concentrated form a natural vital property called "lecithin," which is the important part of nerve and brain tissue. And this rebuilds nerve and brain cells as you sleep.

### *Try It Tonight*

Just try Ovaltine tonight. Note how quickly you go to sleep. See how differently you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will *show* the result of this restful sleep and new vitality.

Thousands of people, on doctors' advice, also take it as a stomach "conditioner." So whenever you begin to "feel" your stomach, just take 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a half glass of warm milk with your meal. You will be surprised at the way it helps your stomach and rests your stomach.

For Ovaltine, when taken with a meal, will digest the major portion of all starch content of other foods you have eaten. In this way Ovaltine not only relieves distress but *actually combats* the cause of the trouble.

This is also one of the reasons why Ovaltine helps to put you to sleep at night, for digestive unrest is one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

Start tonight! Just 'phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed.

Whatever you think of the claims made for Ovaltine, just try it! It has brought restful sleep and teeming energy to thousands. You'll be surprised at what it does for you.

**MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY**
*(If unable to obtain locally)*

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. C-31 S
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

*Name*..............................
*(Print name and address clearly)*

*Address*..............................

*City*..............................*State*..............
*(One package to a person)*

**OVALTINE**
*The Swiss Food-Drink*
*Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula* 837

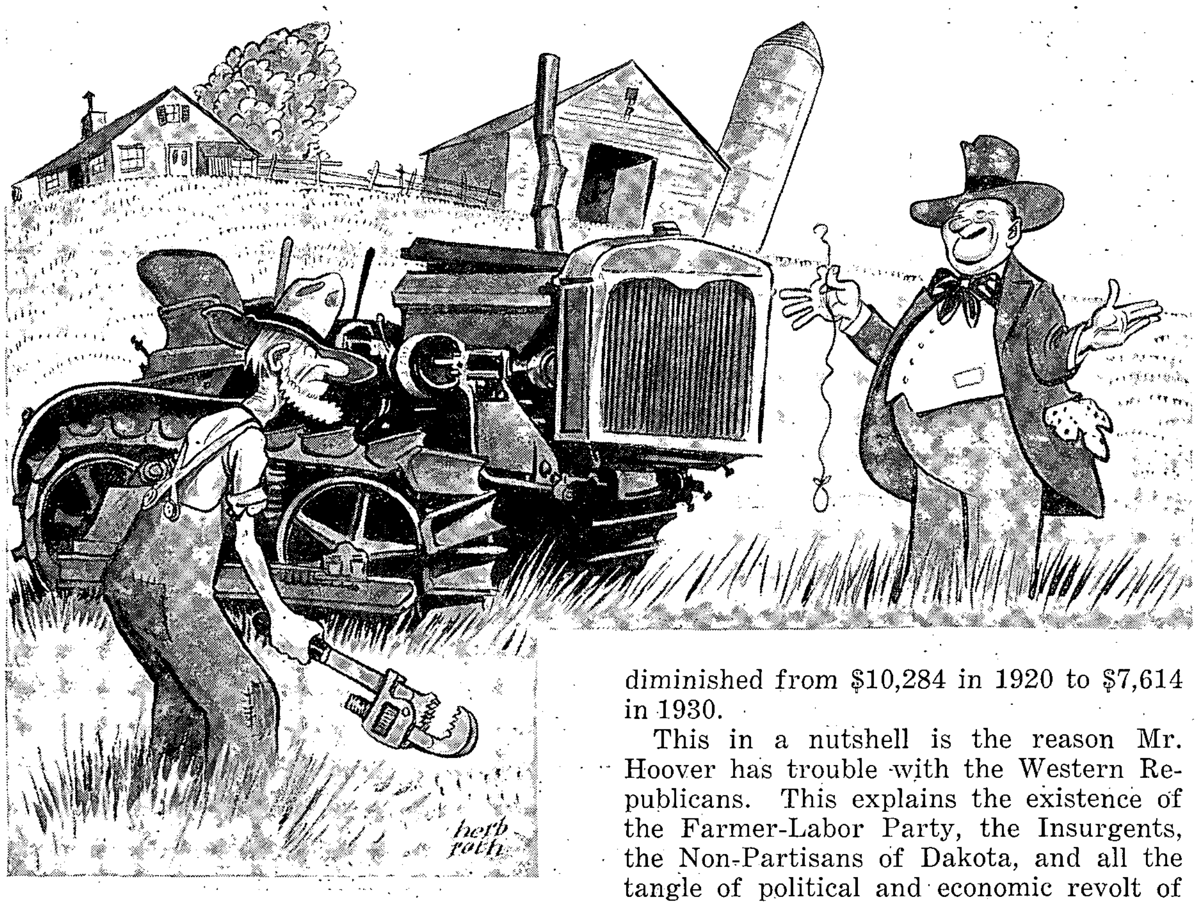
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THOMAS H. BECK
*Editorial Director*

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
*Managing Editor*

# The Machine hits the Farm



DURING the last ten years we have been wrangling over the farmers' troubles. No domestic issue except prohibition has been more irritating. George Moses, the sharp-tongued gentleman from New Hampshire, called the Western senators who speak the farmers' mind, "sons of the wild jackass." Theodore Roosevelt, the elder, had used the term "wild asses of the desert" in a similar connection. Joseph Grundy, Pennsylvania's ancient tariff lobbyist and boss, denounced the agricultural regions as "backward states."

Harding, Coolidge and Hoover all felt impelled to fight some of the plans proposed in Congress for the relief of farmers. Then, finally, under Hoover, the Federal Farm Board was established. Its administration has been one long, bitter controversy. Today the farmers of the Middle West, although traditionally Republican, are in more or less open revolt against a Republican President.

There is fire enough beneath so much smoke.

If we want to get a comprehensive picture of what has been making the dissatisfied farmer dissatisfied, we have merely to consider the crude facts put at our disposal by the census bureau.

The big fact is that within the ten years between 1920 and 1930 the value of farm lands and buildings shrank from 66 billions to 47 billions. The number of farms decreased. The value of the average farm diminished from $10,284 in 1920 to $7,614 in 1930.

This in a nutshell is the reason Mr. Hoover has trouble with the Western Republicans. This explains the existence of the Farmer-Labor Party, the Insurgents, the Non-Partisans of Dakota, and all the tangle of political and economic revolt of which so much is heard.

The census, however, is mere bookkeeping. It tells us only what has happened. We must go farther.

The outstanding fact is that the machine age has hit the farm. Agriculture is being transformed—as long ago industry was transformed—by the use of power machinery.

Farmers are in the very center of this change. On some farms muscle of men and of horses is in competition with the energy of complicated machines. In the long run the machine wins. We are not a lazy race but few of us willingly perform unnecessary labor.

As was the case with the old-time factories, so now on the farms the use of machines lowers the costs of production. New England farms, which in many regions are ill adapted to machine agriculture, are being steadily abandoned.

Science and machinery have rendered it possible for us to produce more food at less cost and with fewer farmers. This is the underlying cause of all our agricultural discontent. In the long run we shall be benefited by the change. Farmers will be freed from unnecessary drudgery.

All this, viewed in the long light of history, is good. Looked at from the standpoint of the individual farmer of September, 1931, the picture, however, leaves much to be desired. Not every farmer has the money to buy labor-saving and cost-reducing machines. Not every man has the training to use such machines economically. The man who from necessity must use old-fashioned methods in competition with the new has a hard row to hoe.

Governments have very little control over these matters. When machinery first came our fathers opposed it and further sought by law to forbid the organization of corporations. The laws, fortunately, were not obeyed. If the use of machinery and corporations could have been prevented, we might now be where Russia is.

The government today is encouraging the use of farm machinery and advocating the formation of coöperatives which may do for agriculture what corporations have done for industry and commerce. No longer is the government fighting this tendency.

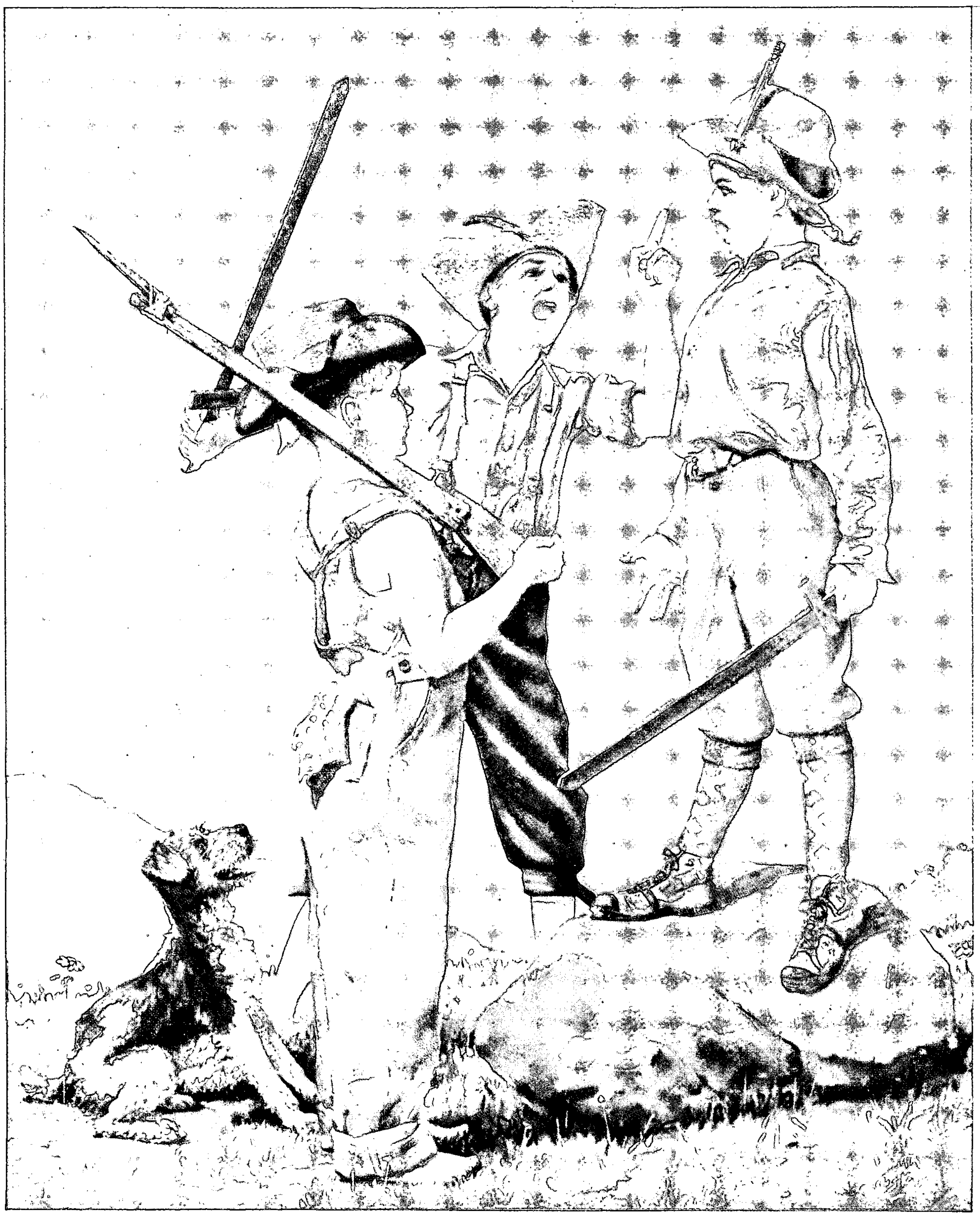
Still, under the pressure of political expediency the Farm Board expended hundreds of millions of good tax money in a vain effort to peg the prices of wheat and cotton. That futile effort solved nothing. No government acting alone can control the prices of commodities sold in a world market. The vast sums wasted in futile speculation to control prices might better have been given away.

Meanwhile, however, the political lines which separate city and country are being more sharply drawn. The antagonism between city and country is becoming more acute. In Congress, as well as in the state legislatures, country representatives are definitely hostile to the cities. Much of this hostility is sheer emotion without reasonable basis. More of it arises from the very real difficulties which the farmer faces.

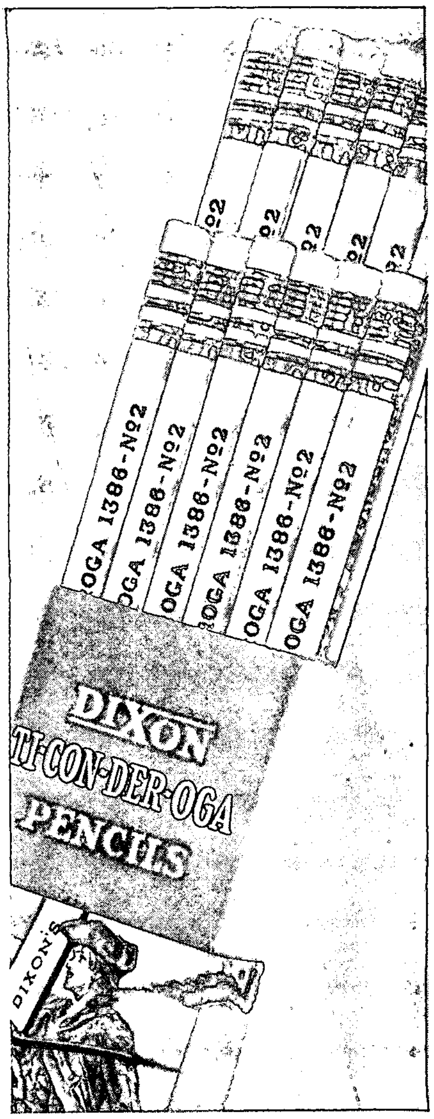
The senseless controversy between East and West, between Chicago and Southern Illinois, between New York City and upstate New York, will be dissipated if business men are wise enough to offer sincere and intelligent coöperation to their country customers and friends. Many business men and some notable corporations are already doing this and with marked success.

While agriculture is adapting itself to machine conditions, farmers still have to live. Their children have to be fed, clothed and educated. They and their wives are entitled to enjoy the comforts of our material civilization.

In every section in which agriculture and business meet, business men can serve themselves and serve their country by exerting themselves to assist farmers to obtain profitable prices for their crops. For as a modern nation can neither be half slave and half free, neither is it possible for industrial and commercial classes to enjoy continuing prosperity while farmers live without profits.



*A reproduction of this painting by Alan Foster will be sent on request. Write Pencil Sales Department 52-J, Joseph Dixon Crucible Company, Jersey City, N. J.*



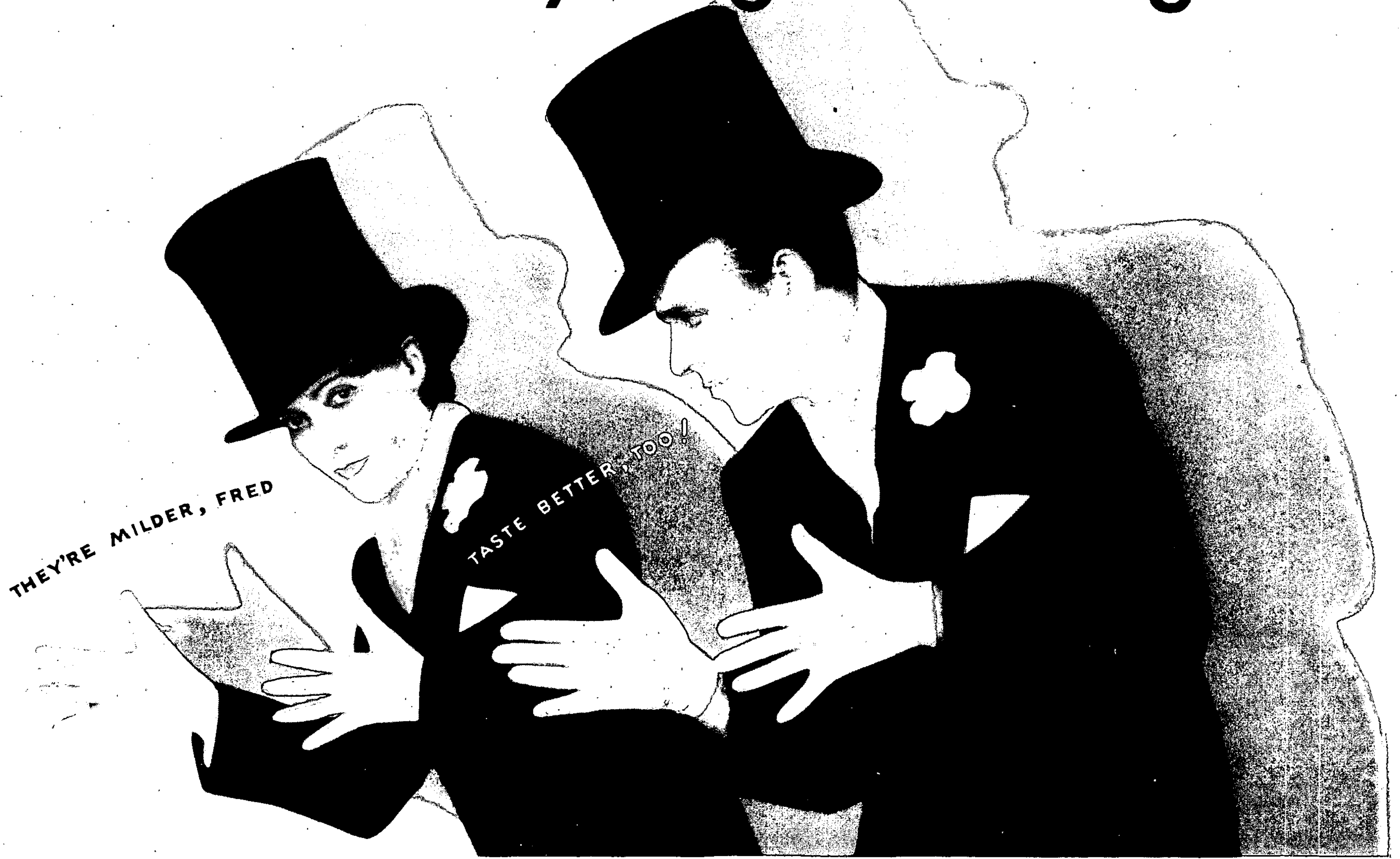
IMAGINE the many offices, schoolrooms and lecture halls of America suddenly laid open before your eyes. If such magic in some way could be exercised you would be astonished to notice everywhere small, sparkling spots of a busy golden glittering —Ticonderoga pencils in action—in constant use! For Ticonderoga is America's favorite 5-cent pencil.

THIS colorful Ticonderoga leaflet, with its reproduction of Ethan Allen and Fort Ticonderoga, contains interesting facts about the famous old fort and about Ticonderoga pencils and why they were so named. When buying Ticonderoga pencils ask for your copy. Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J., Dixon Pencil Company Ltd., Newmarket, Ont., Canada.

"Hey, if you're going to be Ethan Allen, why dontcha get a feather? Ethan Allen never wore a pencil in his hat!"
"That's OK. It's a Ti-con-der-oga pencil and that's a feather in anybody's cap!"

**TICONDEROGA** A FINE AMERICAN NAME FOR A FINE AMERICAN PENCIL

# GOOD .. they've got to be good!


THEY'RE MILDER, FRED
TASTE BETTER, TOO!

*Fred and Adele Astaire in Broadway's musical hit, "The Band Wagon"*

## Darn good—you'll say!

Everybody wants a mild cigarette. And when you find one that is milder and *tastes better* too—you've got a smoke! Chesterfields are so much milder that you can smoke as many as you like. Mild, ripe, sweet-tasting tobaccos—the best that money can buy. That's what it takes to make a cigarette as good as Chesterfield. And the *purest* cigarette paper!

Every Chesterfield is well-filled. Burns evenly. Smokes cool and comfortable. *They Satisfy* sums it all up!

**EVERYBODY'S GETTING ON "THE BAND WAGON"**

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

© 1931, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED